

MCCALL'S

MAGAZINE

10 Cents

November
1918



MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S NEW SERIAL



*Eminent authorities
on the skin say:*

That the water used for cleansing the skin should be tepid. They say that extremes of heat and cold will ultimately result in unfavorable reaction.



Nose and Chin

For her own good reasons, Nature feeds the little oil glands here generously. Fairy Soap helps Nature by carrying away surface oil and dust without "drying out" the necessary oil glands. Pores cleansed twice a day with Fairy Soap are safeguarded against becoming enlarged or coarse.



Checks and Forehead

No soap must lodge in the pores or "dry" this delicate, transparent skin. Pure Fairy lather gently creams in *and out* of pores. It rinses away perfectly—leaving clear satin smoothness.



Neck

Your neck will pay the price of haphazard methods and soap. Necks should be "kept young." Help Nature and your neck by twice a day *abundantly* creaming in pure Fairy lather—so invigorating to the skin because so free from "drying" effects.



Price of McCall's Magazine

McCALL'S MAGAZINE is 10 cents a copy at any news-stand or McCall Pattern Agency. If your newsdealer does not carry McCALL'S, please notify us. The subscription price is now \$1.00 a year (12 issues), postage free for United States, Alaska, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands; for Canada, \$1.25 a year; foreign countries, \$1.75 a year.

When Your Subscription Expires

If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Fill out the blank, enclose stamps or Money Order, and mail within ten days, so you will not miss the next number.

All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER
VOLUME XLVI

1918
NUMBER THREE

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office August 5, 1897

Copyright, 1918, by The McCall Company. All rights reserved

Published monthly by THE McCALL COMPANY,

McCall Building, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

ALLAN H. RICHARDSON,
President and Treasurer

O. B. CAPEEN,
Secretary

ROBERT CADE WILSON,
Vice-President

Change of Address

If you intend to change your address, please give four weeks' notice. Be sure to give your old address (complete) as well as your new address. If possible, give date you subscribed.

Manuscripts

The editor is not responsible for loss or injury to manuscripts, drawings or photographs submitted. Always send stamped, addressed envelope for return of manuscripts.

Advertisements

McCALL'S will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms or business men. Any advertisements found to be otherwise should be reported at once to the McCall Company.

BRANCH OFFICES:

418-424 South Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.
140 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.
24 to 30 Chauncy Street, Boston, Mass.
82 North Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.
70 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada.

I MET her first with dread in my heart. A woman celebrity is often so terrifying. The speeches you have prepared in advance are either swept aside by the force of her own ideas, or are uttered feebly in one gulp during the early processes of hand shaking, and are lost to all but the one restaurant waiter who is taking your wraps. There is only food to cheer you up for the rest of the meal.

But on that evening, as I approached Mrs. Rinehart, I found immediate solace in her coiffure. It was correctly, soothingly normal. Only a hair to cling to! But upon working from the pleasant, dark undulation downward, there was encouragement in a balanced brow, not gleamingly high, in humorous blue eyes and a white effect of teeth as she smiled, which in no way suggested the lurking wolf of the nursery tale. "The better to eat you with, my child," did not come into my mind.

I rustled with growing importance into my seat. "Positively beautiful," I reflected, and, moreover, was not put out by it.

She must have asked me if I were tired after my work in the theater, for I remember telling her that I was, and later—home in bed—flagellating myself for not, in turn, questioning her about her own fatigue. Upon reviewing the evening, I found that I had asked her nothing at all about herself. The thing was to give her my entire life's history that she might have a perfectly charming time!

It had passed through my satisfied mind, now and then, as I retailed my various accomplishments, that, while a delightful woman, she was not especially clever. But, toward morning, I found myself complaining to the darkness of my bedroom, as I the more thoroughly analyzed the reason of my success: "Not clever? Preternaturally clever, you fool!" She had by a passive headress, a human frock and a friendly attitude, concealed the keen mental processes by which she "got at" people. Still, the evening had been wonderful, and, now that I had shrewdly discovered her to be clever, I could be on my guard. She may have been drawing me out for plots!

In the passing of years, I grew nearer to her, and then I found I was not liking her because she was clever, or beautiful, or well-dressed, or possessed of a name with which to conjure, for besides all these things, she was kind. And it comes to me, as I mark her exceeding social popularity, that there is a trait which any woman could possess for the struggling, even if nature had not tossed it into her lap. Yet we count ourselves as failures if we are denied the gifts of the beautiful arts!

I cannot fully express Mary Roberts Rinehart, even now, when I know her intimately enough to call her "Mary;" neither can her photographs (I have never seen one that was like her). In the early stages of our friendship, I thought them to be fair likenesses. It may be that she removes little veils from her face as one grows to know her better, until we are permitted to see all the generous qualities of her soul. It seems to me that only a motion picture could depict her countenance, indeed, her life.

Her story from girlhood would, in the language of the movies, "film well." We would see her as a schoolgirl (no doubt wearing a bustle like her elders,

Mary Roberts Rinehart

As Louise Closser Hale knows Her

if let), passing along the streets of Pittsburgh, with that little imperviousness to smudges on the face which is the rich privilege of the Pittsburgh citizen, although denied the visitor. I think she romped with the boys, but that is a pure venture on my part.

CERTAINLY her health and spirit were sufficient for her to feel that the rigorous activities of a nurse were not too great for her to take upon herself. She had her training in the Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital, and toward the end of her two years as a student, just after she received her diploma, there occurred an incident which would give great opportunity to the director "making" the picture. It would probably read something like this in the scenario:

Mary Roberts enters ward, sees new doctor looking at patient's tongue. She registers interest—Close-up of Dr. Stanley Marshall Rinehart—Several long shots of the doctor admiring Mary—Mary in the nurses' dormitory struggling with herself—Sub-title: "Which Shall I Choose?"—Two visions of Mary are now projected, the first as a nurse looking after sickly children: the second herself as a mother surrounded by three fine boys of her own—This should be followed by a sudden meeting of Mary with the doctor who registers that he is proposing—Flash back of the second vision—Moonlight scene with Mary taking

these lads a splendid start, she had given them all the resiliency which once had sent her wing-footed through long hospital wards. It is hard to imagine her without the fine color in her cheeks which had come to her from her Irish and Welsh ancestry, but from twenty to thirty it was gone, though the color did not die from her soul, nor was the spirit denied far voyages because the body was cloistered.

While her physical being knew only the four walls of her home, her imagination was making little excursions into the realms of fancy. Short flights at first, in verse, few of which ever threw so much as the shadow of their thought across a page. Longer journeys in prose, as her mind, developed through its daily touring into far countries, found adventuring on paper a relief from the passivity of her existence.

I SHOULD like to think, and I am sure that Mrs. Rinehart would be the first to grant, that it was not all easy. She once spoke of her first fear-some business trip to New York, toward which we all journey with our wares, and of the unconquered city rising from the mist as she crossed the river by the ferry of earlier days—high hopes for all of us as we approach the soaring walls, heavy hearts for some of us as they recede when we are home-

ward bound. She, too, once knew the weight on the breast and must have felt also the fierce incentive of first defeat. And always with her has been the struggle between her work and her children and husband. She feels these difficulties to this day, although she no longer picks out a story on a typewriter with a baby in her arms. But the hungry, selfish public is unhappily sure that if she must definitely choose between the exercise of her fine talent and the stalwart four who lovingly enclose her as do the Seasons, the world will lose a novelist of note.

FROM the first published mystery story, "The Circular Staircase," to the last war novel fresh from the presses, "The Amazing Interlude," there is truly an interlude as amazing. Twelve other books have appeared in this interval, each one dealing with conditions she knows, streets that we recognize, and characters humanly possible.

Of late, unusual opportunities have come to her. With reestablished health, she now takes her body with her mind on long, hazardous marches. She knows our mountains of the far West, and, as you will read, she knows our deserts. With her quick championing of the downtrodden, she took up the cause of the Blackfeet Indians and presented it to our Chief Executive. She is now a daughter of the tribe, known to them as Running Eagle, and wears their blanket with as maddening a style as any Indian princess.

More than ever this year is she part of that great band of women who are giving. Her husband and one of her sons are in the service of our Country, and long ago she purchased that slender outfit of homely underlinen which the real workers carry overseas. The rich fabrics which so become her will be laid aside if she is called, and this novelist who loves to dance and ride and play at bridge may wink out for a little space. The presses may not know her, and her name will be found only in a Red Cross ledger, which will curiously record: Mary Roberts Rinehart—nurse.

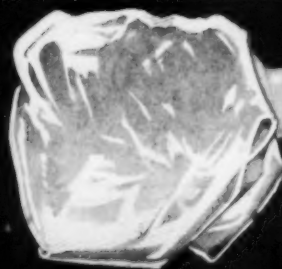
Mrs. Rinehart, mother, author, and outdoor adventurer. Her greatest joy is her boys at home. Seated at her modest little desk, Mrs. Rinehart has earned over half a million dollars

off her cap and smiling at Dr. Rinehart. "Iris out." But the band is not yet playing the audience home with National airs. This is but the first part, and it pleasingly surrounds advancing years in a rosy cloud to realize that a woman's interest in life need not be comprised in a one-reel feature ending in rice. Nor is the second part cloyingly sweet. There is a cessation of pretty pictures for a while. As motherhood came swiftly to her, the black wings of anxiety, made more sinister by physical depletion, beat about her head. It would seem for a time that, in order to give



Clean Windows

without Water



For perfect, quick
cleaning of windows
especially so in
Cold Weather
without the use of water.
Place a small amount of Old Dutch
on a thin cotton cloth; fold so one
thickness of cloth covers the powder
rub over the glass, the fine powder
comes through and cleans easily
quickly and thoroughly



*** How two women rode three hundred miles on horseback through the Mexican province.

NOW this is not a discussion of the Mexican question, which has been a life work for a good many people and is not solved yet. Also it has nothing whatever to do with Villa. I am mentioning him because every proper article on Mexico contains his name at least once. And now we are through with him.

In the same way it may be well to get rid of one or two other things generally expected of Mexico. We will get them out of the way at once:

Shot at from Ambush: Not at all.

Tarantulas: None.

Bandit raids: None.

Long distance view of cannibal Indians: None.

Rattlesnakes: One.

Mountain sheep: Hidden.

Ticks: Also hidden. [Perhaps ambushed is a better word.]

This is really the account of how two women rode three hundred miles on horseback through the Mexican province of Lower or Baja California, and, save for minor mishaps, came out unharmed; and of how they were received with courtesy and kindness at the very time when the newspapers were announcing daily gun battles on the border between American troops and Mexican outlaws.

Now the war had been pressing very hard on Mary Elizabeth and myself, and there was a certain waiting period which had to be filled in. There were things, too, which it was better to forget for a little while, in order to think more clearly when the time came: long lines of marching men, and the slow rumbling of field artillery as it lumbered through the city streets, and those maddening head-lines in the newspapers which, when our hour really comes, shall have left so little to say.

But it was more than that. I was curious about Mexico. East of the Colorado, my curiosity might possibly have ended, in a short time, in the complete knowledge of eternity. But west of the Colorado—what? Here was a great territory of almost thirty thousand square miles, with perhaps ten thousand people, more than a thousand being Indians. It has a border line along our southern boundary of a hundred and fifty miles of mountain and desert, an extremely difficult boundary to patrol and one where opium smuggling and the smuggling of Chinese keeps government agents constantly busy.

Was Germany busy in Baja California? If she was, and the Agassiz incident looks extremely like it, it was very probably without Governor Cantu's knowledge. An astute man, with a military policy much better than his economic one, because he is a soldier rather than a statesman, Governor Cantu unquestionably looks to the United States for the commercial future of his country. Otherwise, he is pocketed. His land, totally undeveloped save in the east, where irrigation from the Colorado has turned it to immense fertility, holds great potential wealth, and his only practical outlet is through the United States.

Colonel Cantu knows this. He knows his country and he rules it with an iron hand. He is severe, but he is just. He pays his army, pays it daily, and he supplies its uniforms. Until recently his soldiers received a dollar a day in gold and called themselves rich. They are now receiving double that amount.

A soldier himself, he knows how to use soldiers. And he realized when he took office that the first necessity was order. He has brought peace to his province. I think he will ultimately bring prosperity, when he realizes the failure of his present system of prohibitive export duties.

A mine in the crater of a volcano where slackers are not allowed. Water is twenty-five miles away.

On the Trail in Mexico

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

THE AMUSING ADVENTURES OF MARY ELIZABETH AND ME

BUT the entrance of Mary Elizabeth and myself into Mexico was marked by an incident which caused us for a moment to doubt the assurances we had had that that portion of the country was quiet. We were going to Mexicali, there to call on Colonel Cantu and request permission to visit his province.

Waiting at the border in Calexico for the various formalities through which we must go, we heard a shot fired. Whereupon Mary Elizabeth and I got out of our car, our curiosity being stronger than our knees, which shook, and saw some two hundred feet away, an American sentry firing at a Mexican.

He was a little man, the Mexican, in a suit of blue overalls and carrying a bundle tied up in a bandana handkerchief. He had been turned back for lack of a passport, and had tried to cross the border by the simple and primitive method of slipping behind the customs house and walking across.

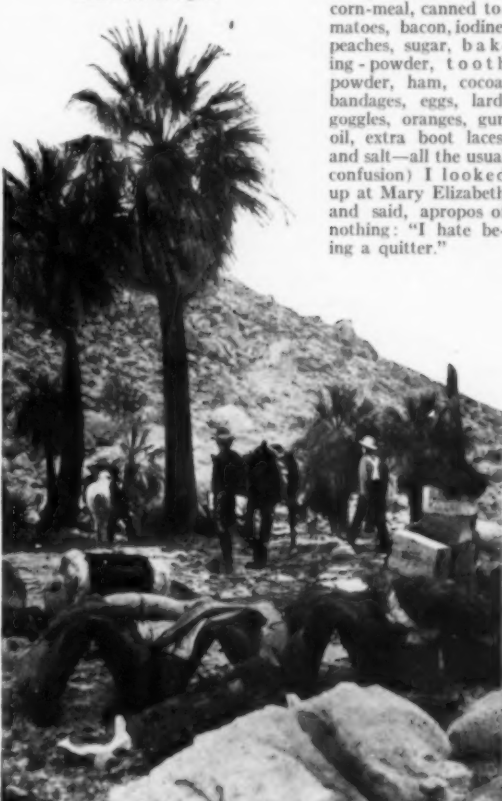
I daresay the trooper fired over his head. But our first view was of the Mexican lying flat on the ground, and our first feeling was one of total lack of enthusiasm as to a Mexican venture.

"Don't you think," Mary Elizabeth observed as we crawled back into the car, "that they're horribly casual with their weapons around here?"

I did not say anything.

That night, however, making our camp list (coffee, flour, sun-burn lotion, corn-meal, canned tomatoes, bacon, iodine, peaches, sugar, baking-powder, tooth powder, ham, cocoa, bandages, eggs, lard, goggles, oranges, gun oil, extra boot laces, and salt—all the usual confusion) I looked up at Mary Elizabeth and said, apropos of nothing: "I hate being a quitter."

Saddles in a neat row and weary riders out of sight.



The barn lot where they spent their first night

"Anyhow, we've told everybody we're going," said Mary Elizabeth, with a far away look in her eyes.

"We might get a telegram—or something," I said hopefully. "Somebody might get sick."

Mary Elizabeth said nothing, but her eyes wandered to my bed, where lay, in order of size, our two revolvers and three rifles.

NOW arranged in New York, it had all seemed simple enough. We would ride into that part of Mexico where rumor said the mountain sheep played about on every crag and peak, and deer came into one's camp at night and carried off the canned goods. Or perhaps it was a mountain lion that did that. And having killed our sheep and been photographed with him—or them—we would ride out again, becomingly sunburned and with the heads dangling from our saddles, and have them mounted to hang in the billiard room for casual visitors, and such conversation as this:

Visitor: "That's a fine head. Where did it come from?"

Self (modestly): "Mexico."

Visitor (thrilled): "Mexico! Who shot him?"

Self (without swank): "I did. Got him just behind the shoulder. He was three hundred and fifty yards away, across the canyon, and going to beat the band." And so on and on, including details of recovering the body after several hours' climbing. Also producing photograph.

When we reached California, however, things took on a different aspect. There was a sort of hysteria in the air. We would never come out of Mexico. The most hopeful gentleman we saw said he wouldn't take his wife there for a million dollars. He owned a ranch down there—at least he used to. He wouldn't go down to see if it was still there. An old miner, ignoring the bandit question, wrote me how to find water, in case he could not dissuade me from going. He had gone in with a party of five and two had died of thirst. Kindly people we had never met called to protest.

And to help along our reluctance, the newspapers were filled with scare-heads like this: "Mexicans fire over border at United States soldiers." "Ten Mexicans killed at Yuma." "Ranchers on border arming against Mexican bandits."

But Yuma was sixty miles west of Mexicali, where we were to start, and not under Governor Cantu. We did not know about Cantu then or we would have felt differently.

Then, at last we started, the saddle string ahead * * * and before us stretched that strange and mysterious country which is western Mexico.



Some six days of this left us rather shaken. I remember going into Mary Elizabeth's room one night with a newspaper in my hand, and saying:

"You know I'm willing enough to go myself, but it's a terrible responsibility to take you. Your mother—"

"You're not taking me," said Mary Elizabeth. "I'm going if you are. That's all."

"Well, I wasn't going to be called like that, so I simply observed that of course I was going, and went to bed and tried to sleep. But if, at any time, Mary Elizabeth had met me half way—however, it came out all right, so I shall not reproach her. But I stopped reading anything but war news.



Tony, the guide, and Mary Elizabeth

On the last day there came a ray of hope. We could not find a cook. I went on with the lists and packing doggedly, but I observed that going without a cook was impossible. Mary Elizabeth felt as I did. We were going to ride hard and long, and we had no intention of cooking for ourselves, a guide, two American men who expected to get some game, and seven Mexican soldiers.

For there were seven. Governor Cantu had been better than his word. We had a captain, a lieutenant, three sergeants and two privates.

We had had no idea of taking a part of the Mexican army with us. We had meant to go as quietly and as unostentatiously as possible, and with visions of Villa in our minds, to bank our camp fires at night and take by-ways out of the regular brigand route. That there were no brigands does not alter the fact that we thought there would be. But perhaps Colonel Cantu realized what stories we had heard, or—and this is more likely—he wished to show us every possible courtesy. He not only gave us a military guard, but he provided all the pack mules we needed. And we needed a lot.

I wonder what would happen if two Mexican ladies, on a riding tour, would call on the governor of one of our border states and ask permission to go through his territory. Would it ever occur to him to offer them an escort, and pack mules? I rather think not. I doubt if he would even think to give them a card to the country club!

On many questions connected with the management of his province I disagree with the governor. I am sure he will regret this! But as a host, both Mary Elizabeth and I give him our deep approval and thanks.

So—we packed in front of the Quartel, or fortress, in Mexicali, and—still we had no cook.

Rigid sentries with fixed bayonets looked on impassively. A small crowd gathered, mules were blindfolded and piled high until they looked like inverted cones. The governor having offered us pack animals, was taxed to the utmost by our demands on his generosity! I dare say he had not expected us to take grapefruit, or cases of eggs, or feather pillows, or strawberry jam. Most men are ready for a camping trip with a slab of bacon, a sack of flour, six cans of tomatoes and a blanket.

Still no cook.

At four that afternoon a cook appeared. At least he said he was a cook. He turned out later to be a barber. And the story of that cook is a sad one. He was a bald-headed man, and, I regret to say, slightly intoxicated.

"Well, here's a cook," I observed to Mary Elizabeth with forced gaiety.

"That's fine," said Mary Elizabeth. And sighed.

And yet, even then, the open road was calling. I paused for a moment from my rapt observation of the horse that was to carry me through aching miles of desert and mountain, to look south and west. There, purple against the desert, still shadowy from the sand-storm that had raged all day, lay the hills that we were to cross. Beyond them lay the dead sea, the Laguna Salada. Beyond that were mountains, and then we knew not what.

We had been able to buy no detail map of the country. In my New York hotel I had found an atlas of North America, but below the border there was a complete blank, with the one word "desert" written across it. Even the map looked as dry as ashes.

"Well, we won't be crowded," I had observed to Mary Elizabeth.

But we had a map of a sort and when we reached Ensenada we were given a real one. The

one we started with was a rough one that had been made by a smuggler, and if his smuggling was as faulty as his map drawing, I am not surprised that he was captured.

The main thing, of course, was water. In certain parts of the province, if you find the water holes, all is well. If you do not, you die, and your bones join other heaps of

that Jesse James or Blinkie Morgan represents the citizens of our own land.

Borders are strange places. To them, drawn by the immunity promised by the neighborhood of foreign territory, gravitates the worst element of the country. It has been always so. It will always be so. It is like—a border man said to me—two pieces of sandpaper rubbed together.

The average Mexican of the province through which we traveled had little reason to love us and even less to understand us. He had seen our government make threats we had never fulfilled. His rare newspapers, if they come from the City of Mexico, are likely to be German



Mountain wall and long, slim road fading into the purple shadow

bleached bones which lie in the sun and stare with empty sockets at the sky.

Twenty-three years before, Tony, our guide, had made the trip. He was sure of water, he said. But Mary Elizabeth and I, conferring apart, considered twenty-three years a considerable period. Personally I cannot remember the name of the matinee idol I was in love with twenty-three years ago—although I remember that he had a large black mustache.

"Besides," I observed, "it has been a dry winter. There has been no rain. All the water holes may be empty."

I even confided this to Tony. But he laughed.

"Water! You'll have water," he promised. "And palm trees. On the second night you'll sleep under a palm."

But even palm trees did not reassure us, for just then Mary Elizabeth discovered that there were thirteen in the party. It was a bad moment.

Then, at last, we started, the saddle string ahead, the pack behind. The mules came on a steady jog, guided by shrill whistles. Spurs and buckles clicked. The setting sun shone on our rifle barrels, on the dark faces of our soldier escort, on our Dutch oven, carefully packed on top of a miscellaneous assortment of boxes and bags. And before us stretched that strange and mysterious and lovely country which is western Mexico. We had set out to learn its beauty and its habits. We could not be turned back now.

Here and now I must pay a tribute to our Mexican escort. They were cheerful, polite, and tireless. And it is time, I think, that something be said for the Mexican. We have known them only by their bandits. And of all bandits, the Mexican renegade is surely the worst. But what of the people themselves? The small farmers? The peasants? The peace-loving, gay and hospitable Mexican of the little towns? Francesca Villa no more represents them

controlled. It was quite within his power, had he so desired, to be unfriendly and inhospitable.

Yet we found him both hospitable and courteous. His house was ours. His fare was ours, his corral for our horses. And on that first evening out any lingering fear we might have had as to our reception south of the border died of a cheerful phonograph and a hot supper.

We had ridden into the sunset. Dusk came. The road was a broad white streak which faded into the purple shadow of Signal Mountain. Night came, and a full moon. And at last there were lights and a ranch yard and the barking of dogs. We rode in. Shadow figures moved about, an incredible number of them. Horses whinnied and the mountain loomed overhead, a high black shadow crowned with silver.

We dismounted at a great grain shed, roofed and walled with Kafir corn cobs, and some one brought a lantern. Mary Elizabeth and I dismounted rather stiffly and were immediately surrounded by a ring of barking dogs who did not speak English.

NOW, among other things, we had heard that Mexican dogs are incredibly ferocious. We, therefore, retreated to a strategic corner of the barn, and, our guides having disappeared in the darkness, sat on a bale of hay and held tight to our quirts. Nothing untoward happened, however, and it was but an hour later that, having been taken to the ranch house, I was sitting in a low chair with the largest animal in the lot sitting on my lap—a position of his choosing rather than mine—while a musically inclined Mexican rancher, with a large revolver at his hip, was tending a phonograph and playing Italian opera.

They gave us supper there that night: fresh eggs, beans, of course, tortillas and coffee. To have offered payment would have been a serious affront. We were their guests.

And the ferocious Mexican dogs waited with their heads on our knees for any scraps we might choose to give them.

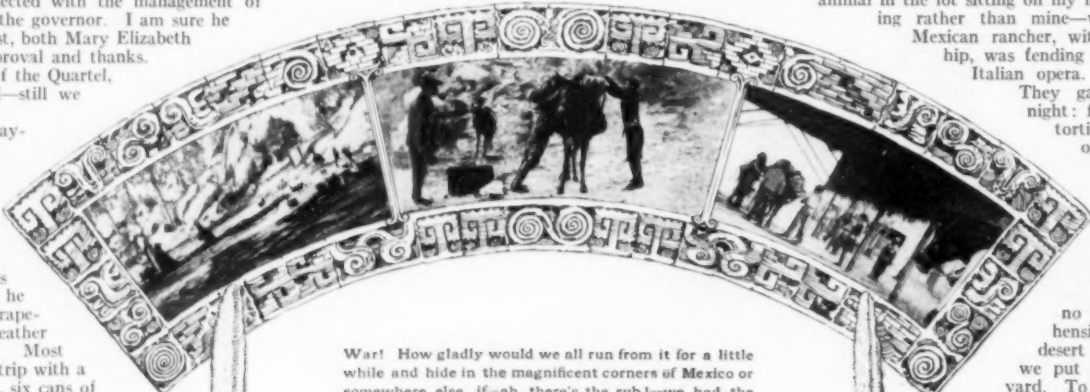
We had elected to carry no tents, through a misapprehension that it never rained in desert country, and that night we put our bed rolls in the barn yard. To avoid being stepped on by horses, we chose a spot between an irrigating ditch and a great mound of loose straw, and thus made our first tactical error.

Not the first either. The first was made when a young man with ingenuous eyes and a gold tooth sold me a pneumatic mattress, in the City of New York.

Now the soft heart of mother Earth is exactly as gentle as the heart of a Prussian soldier and as warm as a dog's nose. I had tried it; I knew. And once in the wilderness, while my devoted family was hunting branches to put between mother and terra firma—particularly firma—I watched a forest ranger going to bed on what looked very like a huge hot water bottle without the neck, and I felt, through sheer jealousy, an unholy desire to stick a hat-pin straight into it.

So the first thing on my list had been an air-mattress. This is not an attack on all air-mattresses. There are some, I am told, gentle but firm, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, as old Chesterfield has it. Now there are those who will tell the unwary that, in case the air-pump goes wrong, these beds may be blown up by the human lung. Pumps frequently go wrong, and even the most conversational lungs will be hard put to it to inflate the bag. I would as soon essay to blow up a dozen automobile tires.

[Continued on page 32]



War! How gladly would we all run from it for a little while and hide in the magnificent corners of Mexico or somewhere else, if—ah, there's the rub!—we had the courage, or perhaps it is the time. Think of it! Sleeping out under the sky in splendid hills which people have not marred; waking up in a land of no rain and finding oneself an island in a swirling pool! It would make less adventurous persons than Mrs. Rinehart and Mary Elizabeth forget "the slow rumbling of artillery!"



The Divilment of Jimmy Donnelly

By Miriam Michelson

SKETCHES BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

QUIT your larkin', Jimmy Donnelly," Ann murmured indistinctly, "or I'll get the strap."

She was asleep, sitting before the fire in the dusk, but her memory of the boy never slept. That memory could make her feel, despite the tragic years between, the tug of her grandson's teasing fingers loosening the strings of the kitchen apron that used so often to fall about her busy feet.

"None o' your divilment, now!" she added with a chuckle. Even in dreams, her blind eyes still closed, she smiled a withered smile at that quality which had given the lad his capacity for make-believe, his delight in pretending, his impish pleasure in jokes of all sizes. It had touched hidden springs of fancifulness in the old Irish woman; the two had been rare playmates.

"Jimmy—" she called, and the sound of her own voice waked her. It seemed to echo eerily in the quiet of that low-ceiled little room, before it yielded to the leisurely ticking of the clock.

"Dreams," said Ann Donnelly, drawing her shoulder shawl about her, and rocking drearly, "dreams—dreams!"

There came a tap at the door and she turned, expectant. She was seventy, and—save one—the war had spared no man of all the stalwart Donnellys. Yet she always expected Jimmy.

Two of her neighbors entered.

"Eh, the poor blind old body, she's not et the supper I left," said the younger woman, glancing at the table where the teapot stood full and cold.

She bustled about, speaking of Mrs. Donnelly in her presence as though the old woman were deaf, as well as blind. But she lighted candles and stirred the fire with the habituated, kindly hand of one whose help is a matter of course.

"Times I fear she'll lose her wits if the boy never comes back," she said, shaking her head.

"Please God, she'll not so!" said her companion devoutly. "Hasn't all her own sons been kilt, an' herself standin' up through it all, at all?"

"But Jimmy's a son's son. That's dear an' double dear. You mind me now. Eat a bit—eat a bit, Mrs. Donnelly," she added, laying a warm hand on the old woman's shoulder. "It's Marthy Connor come to see ye, an' Mrs. Boyle."

"Eh—Marthy, but it's good o' yerselves to look in." Mrs. Donnelly lifted her eyes to the broad, kind face she could not see.

"Will I brew fresh tea?"

Mrs. Donnelly shook her head. "Is the war ended, my dears?" she asked.

They glanced at each other with uplifted brows and patient sighs. Would she never spare them that question!

"No, 'tisn't ended it is."

"Will I be helpin' ye to bed now, Mrs. Donnelly, dear?" Marthy asked.

"Thank ye—thank ye, I'll sit awhile. When I go to bed, I wake smothered-like—like as if 'twas in trench mud."

Ye're sure 'tain't done—the war?"

Their denials were almost hysterical. She only half listened. Was Mrs. Connor sure, she wanted to know, of the message her son had brought from Jimmy? Aye, that she was, the younger woman answered. Would she tell it again? But here Marthy Connor rebelled; what use was it, she demanded, to go over things like that? Would she tell it, Ann Donnelly asked insistently. And the woman weakened.

"I'll never come back a cripple. Mind that, grandmother!—'Tis them's his very words. 'Tell it to herself that way,' he says to Bud."

In the homely little room that was all of Ann Donnelly's house, there came a silence, broken only by the ticking of the old clock.

"Mrs. Donnelly—" Marthy began persuasively. But Mrs. Donnelly would not listen. "Go then—go," she said gently. "Ye're good girls, both."

"Sure, Mrs. Donnelly, 'tain't good for one to sit an' dream. Do go to bed."

"Good, is it?" Mrs. Donnelly echoed. "The dreams ain't good. Happy as it makes me to hear his voice itself again, to see him— Sure, I have me sight back in me dreams, Marthy, clear as 'twas the day he left—there's aye suthin' wrong, suthin' awry. Try as I may to dream straight, they come crooked, queer, bad tasin'.

They've a rotten spot in 'em, like is in fair fruit in bad years. An' times, they're terrifyin', like a rotten plank in the flure, that'd give an' let a blind woman through."

Good, is it! But the house has got so still. Ye're sure the war ain't—"

Marthy broke in sharply. "No! No! Wouldn't we be runnin' to tell ye?"

Mrs. Donnelly nodded, agreeing. She nodded again, but to herself, and drew her shawl about her shoulders, shivering slightly. When presently they left, she was still sitting, nodding before the fire. "It's niver he'll come back at all," she was murmuring. "Tis that he meant. 'Tis that he meant."

Half an hour later when Jimmy peered in at the window, there was that about the huddled little old figure in the rocking-chair that assured him she slept; he could not know she had wept herself to sleep. But so it came about that the event which kept Ann Donnelly expectant happened and found her unexpecting. Perhaps it was as well, Jimmy said to himself, as he swung through the narrow doorway, an empty sleeve flapping against his crutch.

"That's herself," he said under his breath to the soldier comrade who accompanied him. "That's herself, Brady," he repeated with emotion. "There."

Brady nodded. He had faced death with this friend of his. He had blessed the chance that permitted him to see Jimmy Donnelly home. But he was obviously eager now to be away.

Jimmy had no eyes for him. He was watching the little relaxed figure in the rocking-chair. That quick imaginative sense of his had pictured her just like this; the truth of the picture made his heart ache.

"Twas this," he said, nodding over toward her, "that brought me. I'd sworn I wouldn't live a cripple. I wouldn't come back to be a burden to her. I'd kill meself an' finish the job. Then Marthy Connor's Bud came back from leave and said suthin' that made me see her—all alone—an' old—an—"

Brady nodded. He stole a look at the door, but just then a queer, broken little laugh came from the sleeping figure by the fire.

"Ye young rascal," Ann Donnelly murmured out of her dreams, "I told you want to don't my sky-larkin', Jimmy Donnelly."

That ghastly dream-laugh whipped the color into Jimmy Donnelly's gaunt cheek. "Sky-larkin'" he gasped, and slapped his empty sleeve against his shattered leg. "Oh—damn it—damn it!"

At that rebellious cry, Ann Donnelly sat up. "Jimmy!" she cried sharply and turned toward the door. "Is—is annyone there?" she asked, not nearly so surely.

Brady looked at Jimmy. But how could Jimmy speak? He was wont to "jolly" this old playmate of his. Never before had he found his ready lips unprepared in that game of gaiety to which the two were committed. A moment passed. Another. The clock ticked on quietly. Sighing deeply, Ann Donnelly sank back in her chair, warmed her hands at the fire, nodded drearly at her thoughts. How often had she waked and called him! She sighed and nodded, and dozed and slept.

"Quit your larkin', Jimmy Donnelly, or I'll get the strap."
"None of your divilment, now," she added with a chuckle.



Then Brady made a quick move to the door. As quickly Jimmy intercepted him.

"Listen here, Brady," he whispered. "She—needn't know."

"Know?" repeated Brady.

"Bout this." The gesture was comprehensive, and Brady's pitying eyes took in the figure Jimmy's crutches framed.

"She's—" He could not say it.

Brady waited uncomfortably. What else was there to do with Jimmy's hot hand on his shoulder?

"When she wakes again, you—you go to her an' be me."

"Murder!" Brady gasped.

"How can I?"

"Just be bein' quiet, bedad! Just be not lettin' on when her old hands go feelin' for ye. Just be holdin' your tongue, lad, an' leavin' me do the talkin'."

There's no great differ between us—or there wasn't."

Brady gulped. Jimmy might have spared him that.

"Ye're crazy," he growled, and winked hard.

"It's just for a bit of a while. Can't you do it for that bit till I tell her I'm goin' back—or something—but—just came home to see her for a bit like? Can't ye, Brady? She won't know. Sure, how could she know? She—she can't see, poor old body." His voice broke. "Poor old Mahmee!" he cried, using the old love-name of his babyhood. "Mahmee!"

That waked Ann Donnelly. She rose and came groping toward them, all of a tremble.

"Jimmy," she whispered, "ye've come back."

He caught his breath. "Mahmee—" he began gaily, and started toward her. But he had forgotten his crutches; he stumbled and fell to a bench beside the table. From there, he urged Brady toward her with a crutch, his blazing eyes defying him to refuse.

"Tisn't a dream it is," Ann Donnelly was saying. "This time 'tisn't a dream. . . . Where are ye, ye spalpeen!" Her fluttering hands caught Brady by the arm. "My boy—my boy!" she stammered, weeping and folding him to her. Then she looked up past his bewildered head. "God A'mighty," she said simply, "ye've been good to Ann Donnelly."

Jimmy, a wretched Cyrano sitting on the bench, leaned forward. His eyes were miserable but his mouth was gay. Opening his one arm in a wide, passionate curve, he caught it to his own breast. Thus, his parted lips dumbly explained to Brady, thus did one take to his heart that little old loved body of Mahmee. Thus! Thus!

His comrade protested wordlessly; refused; argued; was overborne. Awkwardly, he repeated that beautiful free gesture of protection, of consolation.

"There—don't cry." Yearning, Jimmy leaned toward her there in Brady's arm. "Don't cry, Mahmee. What's—gruffly he stammered as emotion threatened to overpower him—"what's there to sniffle at, at all!"

Something in the strained atmosphere got past Ann Donnelly's affliction. Instinctively she retreated from Brady. "Hold your nonsense," she said sharply. "Ye're crying yourself, so ye are."

"Not me!" It was almost a sob.

She lifted groping fingers to the face that was nearest hers. Her touch on Brady's unwilling face was tentative but very tender. "No, that's true. Your cheeks is dry," she admitted when she had ascertained the fact. "But—you're cryin' anyway, ye little liar, with your words."

"Then," gulped Jimmy, "I won't speak."

"Won't is it!" She caught Brady by both arms and shook him joyously. "Holy Mother an' all the saints, it's little

[Continued on page 24]



She groped her way toward him. "Put my hand—no more lies. Put my hand—" He obeyed, guiding that work-worn little hand till it rested on his empty sleeve.

Is War Brutalizing Your Boy?

By John Kendrick Bangs

I HAD been telling a group of friends of some of the horrors of the Hun that had come under my personal observation during my recent trip to France. One of the group, who always sympathizes with the criminal as a victim not of his own perversity but of Society, begged me to bear in mind that the Kaiser's forces were made up of men who did not differ from other men, and that their misdeeds, which he freely admitted were more than atrocious, were committed in a frenzy of temporary madness. He added that their behavior was only sad evidence of the brutalization of man by war. Certain others of the group were inclined to agree with him, not because they knew anything from personal experience of the influence of war upon human character, but because war in itself appears to be so brutal a thing, and they reasoned it must transform even the kindest of men from human beings into brutes.

Prior to my journey overseas, I had felt somewhat the same way. I had the honor of knowing personally a number of commanding figures in our own little troubles of the sixties, and I could not recall that General Grant, or General Sherman, or Fighting Joe Hooker, or Colonel Mosby, or any of the many splendid souls who fought with gallantry in our civil war, were anything but kindly gentlemen.

Nor could I remember to have seen, anywhere in the pages of history, any record of a lost nobility of mind and character in Washington, or Hamilton, or Schuyler, or Lafayette. Certainly, I had never discerned any of the qualities of the brute in our latter-day soldiers in Lawton, Phil. Sheridan, Chaffee, or Wood! On the contrary, it has always seemed to me that there has been a singular felicity in the phrase "a soldier and a gentleman."

If one were to base an opinion on the brutalizing effect of war upon the scenes of needless, wanton destruction in the devastated regions of France, the verdict would doubtless be an affirmative one, for the trail of the Hun is the trail of the brute and of the beast. Entirely aside from the villages which have been destroyed as a natural result of armed conflict, there are scenes there in overful measure to prove the evil effect of fighting upon Teutonic character.

Things of rare beauty have been defaced or destroyed by the ruffian hand of the brute. Not only have homes been soiled in unspeakable ways by the invader, as a mere animal might have soiled and despoiled them, but there has been a vicious ignobility in attacks upon symbols of the spirit itself. I have seen a house of God profaned in a spirit of brutish sport by these disciples of Kultur. I shall never forget the shudder that was mine when I saw the remnant of a crucifix from which the body of the Saviour had been hacked away—not blindly shot away as an accident of war, but deliberately hacked away—leaving only the pierced hands and feet upon the cross. Such things as these would seem to constitute an overwhelming mass of evidence that war brutalizes the warrior. Fortunately they are not the whole of the picture.

It so happens that there are others than the Huns fighting in this dreadful conflict, who are subjected to the same influences which have wrecked Teutonic character even more than they have devastated the once smiling fields of Picardy, Champagne, Lorraine, and Belgium. And for the comfort of countless fathers and mothers, and wives and daughters, the country over, I am glad to recount some of the experiences that I encountered close to the battle line, and which seem to have a very decided bearing upon the point at issue.

The first of these heartening exhibits is a young American girl who has labored for a year in one of the several organizations for civilian relief in France. She is a representative of that fine, sane, resourceful young American womanhood that we are so proud of, and that before war seemed so strange a phenomenon to continental Europe. She had been accepted as a Camion Driver because she could quell the most rebellious flivver that ever ran amuck.

THE field of her operations was in that section of France that lies between Paris and the most advanced of the French lines. It was her duty to transport supplies from Paris to the base of her Committee's efforts near the front, and sometimes to transport the sick or the stricken, duties which kept her constantly on the road, often far into the night. She made these trips many times unprotected, absolutely unprotected, and her human contacts on



the road were confined almost exclusively to French soldiers on their way up to the Thing.

She encountered them in groups, and singly—hard-pressed, blood-stained fighting men; men subjected to the same stress and strain and influences that have played such havoc with Teutonic character, and not once in that whole period of a year of dangerous service in the war zone did she receive from any of these men anything but the courtesy and consideration that she might have expected from the gentlemanly gentlemen she was accustomed to meet in her own home in America. She could remember no word, or gesture, or glance, that bespoke anything but respect for womanhood among those fighting men of France. With their known attitude evidenced toward the unhappy women and even toward the little girls of Belgium and France, one shudders to think of what her experience must inevitably have been had that fair young American girl's contacts been with the Hun on those dark roads by night.

In another section of the country, it was again my privilege to see something of the unbrutalized courtesy of the fighting men of France not toward an unprotected woman, but toward man himself. Countless rude men are polite to women as a mere matter of instinct, and their courtesy is a tribute not so much to womanhood as to their own sense of superiority. But the man who is as courteous to men as he is to women, is the completely rounded gentleman. And more than once I found this trait a characteristic of the war-worn spirits of France. One supremely beautiful incident is indelibly etched upon my memory.

The scene itself was unforgettable as a mere picture. In the course of the Red Cross distribution of cigarettes, I came upon a thousand or more poilus resting from the turmoil of battle for a few brief hours in one of those many beautiful forests for which France is noted. The front line trenches were an easy twenty minute motor-drive distant. There were men in them who were facing death at that very moment, and to-morrow, as yesterday, these poilus too would be facing it. The day itself was the perfection of springtime. The wood was in full leaf, and while the sun was shut out from the eye by the density of the foliage, its warm rays filtered through, and gilded tree-trunk and bough with mellowed light, and dappled the ground with spots of gold. Here, these fighting men of France were resting from the Thing that seems so inevitably

John Kendrick Bangs, author, humorist, lecturer, and father of two soldiers!



Splendid, upstanding lads whom Mr. Bangs came to love and trust in France. Smiling through thick and thin, they seem, indeed, to have become spiritualized by war!

How One Father Feels About the Fate of His Sons in France

DECORATIONS BY W. T. BENDA

fellows who are giving up their souls in our service. Others were leaning against the trees and listening to a military band of from forty to fifty pieces engaged in the not unmusical business of "tuning up." Our cigarettes were distributed, a meager portion of two each to the soldiers, since the supply was limited. But as we realized what these men of music were doing in sustaining the spirits of the fighting man in his hours of strain, we gave a double portion to the players. I was about to turn away, when the leader of the band requested me to wait a moment. As I paused, he tapped a tree-trunk with his baton. The band came to immediate attention, and although not a word was spoken, they knew instinctively what to play.

It was the Star-Spangled Banner!

My hat was off in an instant, and with eyes suffused with tears, I glanced about me. Every one of those tired French poilus was on his feet, and we stood uncovered until the last strain of our National Anthem had died away.

"Brutalized by war!" I thought to myself. "Brutalized by war?" Here were a thousand and more men; fighting men who only yesterday had faced the awful Thing that the vanity of a licentious Kaiser has visited upon a stricken world, and who, to-morrow, were to face it again. Here were men who had been subjected, no less than the Hun, to the demoralization of character which pushes men over the abyss into the depths of a brutish cruelty, but who had not fallen, and who even in their own peril instinctively rose to the fullest stature of true courtesy, and were not ashamed thus to pay tribute to an instrument of service from across the sea. One might almost venture to turn the tables of discussion and demand to know if "Men Are Not Spiritualized by War."

ONE more incident and I am done. This time, perhaps, the story will come closer home to many of us because it is of an American boy that I shall write. It is with altogether unmixed pleasure that I record the fact that he was a hyphenated American; that is to say, he was of mixed strain, but not of hyphenated loyalty. He was a Portuguese-American. His position was among the humblest in our American Service—a private in the ranks. It was in an American Hospital where, surrounded by a unit of devoted American boys under the leadership of a genius in surgery, I came upon this American lad. He had never known anything except poverty. He was shut out from most of the things that ennoble character, and exposed perhaps most to the things that debase it. If the influences of war were brutalizing, your social theorist might assume that among such as he, born to no sense of noblesse oblige, and who like Topsy had "just growned," symptoms of brutalization would show themselves—and the reverse was the truth. On the several mornings that I spent with this unit, this young man appeared on the stroke of six at the door of my baraque bearing a cup of steaming hot coffee and an apple or an orange for my refreshment. At a quarter past six, he brought me hot water for shaving, and rendered me every personal service possible for the increase of my comfort. Now, at home I was always accustomed to giving remuneration to youngsters and others who served me and it did not occur to me to alter my custom with this lad.

"Here," said I, offering him a twenty-franc note. "When you go up to Paris for a little recreation, I should like to feel that I had made you a little more comfortable, too."

He glanced at me smilingly reproachful. "Please don't, Mr. Bangs," said he, with a wistfully friendly smile on his face. "You know we didn't come over here to make money—we came over to do things for other people!"

It was a simple incident, but it spoke volumes of the priceless things in character and true self-respect that this war is developing in our American boys.

Actuated by such a spirit our sons not only will not be brutalized, but in truth CANNOT be. We cannot conceive of their stooping to such cruelties as the Hun has practised for the mere sake of being cruel. The Hun destroys the purity of woman, and maims little children. The French, British and American soldiers are the Guardians of Woman's Honor, and, even now, dozens of our own boys in the trenches are adopting the little orphaned children of France. They are over there not as aggressors, but as defenders of human rights, and they know it. War may brutalize some, but not all—not those whose souls have a manly quality, stern, honorable and decent!





Tommy had stiffened. "It's an absurdly high price, dear," he said. That little, harmless impulsive endearment had ended the argument. Theresa had bought the sketch.

Temperamental Tommy

By Wilbur Hall

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. W. ROSS

THAT is what she called him—Temperamental Tommy, although of course I didn't learn that until later. His name, he assured me, was not Thomas: what it was he failed to tell me. And, carelessly enough, and because it did not much matter, I failed to ask him, at the time.

Imagine the poorest devil of an artist fellow you can, wearing corduroys and a gray flannel shirt and—sometimes, when he remembered it—a hideously jarring knitted cravat; imagine a keen, inquisitive face lighted by mysterious caverns of hazel-gray eyes, cheeks a little thin and decidedly sun-browned, a mouth sensitive and full and always smiling, a chin deceptively strong and firm (deceptively in view of the fact that he was less practical than a butterfly and less resolute than a breath of wind)—imagine this human whole topped by a once-blue slouch hat so disreputable, moth-eaten, faded and shabby that a self-respecting tramp would have hidden it under his coat on approaching you. That would be something of the outer and visible person that was Temperamental Tommy.

But it was his hands that caught my eye.

I was dining with my writing friend at "The Daub of Yellow Paint" when there entered a man with quite long hair and very long finger-nails, and Tommy. Tommy was talking; principally with his hands. They were white, firm, nimble, supple, beautiful hands—the most beautiful I have ever seen except Fritz Kreisler's. And they moved like white moths in flowering laurestinus.

Presently the stranger of hair and finger-nails departed, paying his own bill and Tommy's, and my friend remembered (for a wonder!) that he had an engagement. Thereafter, I found myself at Tommy's table saying to him that I had thought I'd known him somewhere, but couldn't be sure. Tommy flashed at me that smile of his.

"Doesn't matter, does it?" he asked, engagingly. "Do you care anything for color?"

"Er—why, yes. The pastel shades—"

"Like Kay Nielsen's things, eh?" Tommy shot. And stood up. "Come along, then. I want to show you something I've just discovered." He reached for his amorphous hat, but paused, looking down at me. "Have you enough money to take us to Sausalito and back?"

I didn't smile. "Guess so," I said carelessly. "We'll make it somehow."

SO we went to Sausalito, talking a little—I inquiringly, Tommy abstractedly. What he showed me, once there, were five shades of gray and green on the San Francisco Bay, under a fog as impalpable as a maiden's veil; the islands Angel and Belvidere hulking, bulking masses dim in the still sea; beyond, a gray line that was the East Bay side—gray and green and green-gray and gray-green and fog, and all intangible; then—Tommy swung me to the right, around the shoulder of a hill above the sea and forth from that gray background of mist and that merging of sea and sky in one curtain, there leaped to our eyes Alcatraz, a rough rock topped with a white-walled prison, upon which, as though with a spot-light, the brilliant California sun shone through the Golden Gate, touching it with color, vivid and splendid, and bringing it out from all the gray and green of its surroundings like a cameo cut in opal!

"If I could paint that—!" Tommy cried. "If I could suggest it—!" Then his voice broke and I turned to see that his eyes were wet.

"Well! by jingo!" I said, trying to be matter-of-fact and practical and at the same time to show him that I understood; "you don't want much, do you?"

"Of course," he retorted, passionately. "I've got to want much. I'm in love."

"Oh," I said.

That was how I came to hear it.

Imagine, now, Theresa. I don't at all know that her name is Theresa; in fact I think it more probable that it is something else entirely, but I haven't learned, yet, so I have invented Theresa because I like it for her. Imagine Theresa waking at the call of her maid, in a bed of white and gold in a room of fairy delight, her skin touched by nothing save soft linen and silk, a bright fire burning in her grate, rare roses giving her a regal "Good morning!" the sun—probably four hours high in the heavens—pouring in over a soft and thick carpet. Theresa waking so, spreading her white, dimpled arms widely, tossing the brown hair out of her eyes, and saying, pettishly:

"Oh, drat!"

That is precisely and exactly the way I have imagined Theresa, on this certain glorious spring morning a few

week's ago, waking to a weary, dreary, stupid new day. And I don't get my idea of Theresa—as one of a type, say—from the six best-sellers nor from the soap-box orators, but from what Theresa herself said and did later, as you shall learn. The truth is that Theresa is so tremendously and appallingly well-born and rich, both at once, and, at that moment of waking, was so bored with life, that, for her, there was no living with herself. Her grandfather, it seems had had the perspicacity or the curiosity to come west with the gold-seekers of forty-nine, though he did not look for gold when he arrived in San Francisco. He looked for corner lots and other lots not on the corner, and his family and half a dozen others, unto the third and fourth generation, own San Francisco, you see. So Theresa had both birth and boodle. Too, too much of both.

According to all the probabilities on which we base imaginary situations, Theresa rose languidly on this certain morning, bathed crossly, was dressed and shampooed and manicured and massaged in spite of her indifference to those intimate processes, shopped from force of habit, lunched with some Red Cross workers, made out a check or so for war relief work, and got through with the boredom of the day somehow until four o'clock. At that time she had to go and represent her father at an important committee meeting—Third Liberty Loan Campaign Committee—with enough big men in the room to stagger anyone but Theresa. She knew them all, and they called her Tess (I imagine) and said how pretty she was getting, and asked after her mother. Theresa was quite at home. She sat near the head of the table and told the committee what her father had asked her to tell them—and then, suddenly, she saw Tommy.

"I had a headache,"

Tommy was saying to me, out there on the headland above Sausalito. "I always have a headache in a stuffy room, with a lot of silly rich men talking about millions of dollars, and a photographer there to grab a flash-light and beat it for the office to catch the six o'clock editions. Well, I hadn't taken my eyes off Her after She came in, because she was the most wonderful thing God ever stopped long enough to make perfect. I didn't notice Her clothes. I saw Her, you might say, without any clothes at all, with that incomparable arm of Hers above Her head, holding a sword outstretched, and Her chin up and Her eyes looking right through you, and the flag behind Her—"

"Yes," I said, a little embarrassed; "you've told me that. I don't think it's decent. Go ahead."



Theresa . . . bending over him and trying to remember what was done when a person fainted. Then Tommy opening his eyes and saying: "Oh, hang! It's probably from not eating."

Tommy looked hurt, but he forgot it in a moment and went on. "I hated having to waste time there listening to all their nonsense, especially after I'd seen Her and had changed my whole notion for the poster. Because She was the poster, from that minute."

"What poster?" Tommy was so fragmentary.

"Oh, I thought I'd told you. They had asked me to do a Liberty Loan poster. That's what I do do—posters, until I can do the sort of murals I mean to. I'll show you sometime. Anyway I'd turned in two designs, but they were futile things. After seeing Her!"

He kept capitalizing the pronoun with his voice; not stressing it, exactly, but softening it so that it seemed the most intimate word in his vocabulary.

"But when they came to the subject," he said, reminiscently, "and the president, or whatever he was, uncovered my drawings, I walked right over and took them away from him and tore them up. And I said that I'd changed my mind about the poster—that I had a new one that I would finish that night, if I could get the model I wanted. And I looked at Her!"

Imagine! He had, too, I'm sure. At any rate the committee, being San Franciscans and used to temperament, gave Tommy the one more night he required. Instead of going away, feverishly, to get at that poster—it would be an all-night's job, as anyone could see—Tommy sat down near the door with his headache and waited for Theresa.

"I meant you, when I spoke of a model for the new poster," he said, walking straight to her as she rose to go. He paid no attention to the men around her: for him there were just he and she—isolated, on a desert island.

Theresa said (I imagine): "I beg pardon?"

But Tommy smiled at her and began talking with those beautiful hands of his. Presently they were seated, and he was trying to make her see that poster as he saw it and was succeeding, when a newsboy, with the calm assurance of his guild, came to offer thrift stamps to the thrifty.

SHE bought four," Tommy told me, "and I bought three. That left me eight cents. At least, I think it was eight. It may have been three, but there ought to have been another nickel somewhere about me, if I could have found it."

He talked her, finally, into posing for him. She was to come at seven, with an aunt or somebody, if she thought she needed an aunt. Theresa had smiled at that, Tommy said. She had come at seven, however, without the aunt. "She says it was about nine when I fainted," he continued. "It was my headache, partly. Although I had forgotten to eat. I didn't really faint, of course—that's too soft . . . I don't look soft, do I?" He laughed.

I laughed with him. He looked anything but soft: except for his hands he might have been whatever kind of hard, healthy, capable artisan you please. But intense concentration on original work, combined with lack of food, has been known to hit strong men before Tommy's time.

"How long on earth had it been since you ate?" I gasped.

"Oh, a day or two," he said, carelessly. "I don't know. I had to have a good deal of raw color for those two posters, of course, and I was saving my six bits for more, to finish them with."

"But you bought thrift stamps—"

"Yes, that's what She said," Tommy interrupted me.

I can imagine this scene, too. Tommy slumping down on the floor before his easel—he did things on 3 x 8 canvas, he said, because they lithograph so much better, and he had been standing on a footstool at the moment—and Theresa, considerably frightened and precipitately perked out of herself, for once in her life, bending over him and trying to remember what was done when a person fainted. Then Tommy, opening his eyes and looking up at her with that boyish smile of his, considerably abashed, and saying:

"Oh, hang! It's probably from not eating. The doctor fellow said this would happen. Would you mind going down to Tony's and asking them to bring in something?"

Theresa had jumped up instantly—her brown eyes wide, and her hands trembling from the shock of seeing him drop down there before her, helpless.

"Tony's?" she queried. "The restaurant across the street?"

"No. Awful food there. Two doors below here, on this side. And have you any money, by any chance?"

Theresa paused. "Money? Certainly."

"That's lucky. Because my credit at Tony's expired weeks ago."

"But," Theresa protested—"but haven't you any money?"

"Eight cents," Tommy answered her. "Or it may be three."

"You bought thrift stamps—" she began.

"Tony doesn't take them."

"I didn't mean that, of course. If you hadn't any money why did you buy thrift stamps?"

[Continued on page 26]

The Key

The Story of a Blind Boy Who Overcame His Blindness

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by Lucius W. Hitchcock

As the Story Runs

Keith Burton was going blind. He did not know until he heard Susan, their housekeeper, talking over the back fence to a neighbor, that the blurred printing in his new book was the fault of his own eyes. Susan was telling about Uncle Joe Harrington's blindness, when Keith, in sudden anxiety, ran off to see the old man and learn how his affliction had begun. Keith's worst suspicions had been confirmed and he turned sadly home again. On the way, he met two young girls, Mazie and Dorothy, who asked about Uncle Joe and tortured Keith with their pity for the blind man. Dorothy said she could not bear to look at blind people and Keith, mistaking her meaning, left angrily knowing that she should never have to look at him.

There followed months of anxious visits to doctors and many operations. But one day the inevitable happened and Keith became totally blind. Mrs. Nettie Colebrook, Daniel Burton's sister, promptly came to care for the boy, but she was such a mournful person that Susan, the poet housekeeper, determined to get her out as soon as possible. Which she did!

CHAPTER IX

MRS. COLEBROOK had been a member of the Burton household a day less than two weeks when she confronted her brother in the studio with this terse statement:

"Daniel, either Susan or I leaves this house to-morrow morning. You can choose between us."

"Nettie, don't be a fool. You know very well that we need both you and Susan. Susan's a trial; but I'll wager you'd find it more of a trial to get along without her, and try to do her work, and yours, too."

"Nobody thought of getting along without somebody. I am merely asking you to dismiss Susan and hire somebody else—that is, of course, if you wish me to stay. Change maids, that's all."

"All, indeed! Very simple, the way you put it. You don't understand matters at all."

"You mean that you don't intend to dismiss Susan?"

"Yes, if you will have it put that way—just that."

"Very well. If you think more of having that impossible, outrageously impertinent servant-girl here than you do me, I'm going home." Mrs. Colebrook was nearing the door now.

"You know better than that! If you're having any trouble with Susan, settle it with her. Don't come to me with it. You know how I dislike anything like this."

At the door Mrs. Colebrook turned back suddenly, with aggressive determination.

"Yes, I do know. You dislike anything that's disagreeable. You always have. But, see here, Daniel, you've got to pay attention to this. Something has got to be done. Why, she even presumes to give me counsel and advice, if you please. Dares to criticize me—me! Daniel Burton, I tell you I will not stand it. You must give that woman her walking papers."

"Nettie, look here. Once and for all let us settle this matter. I tell you I can not dismiss Susan. I literally can not. To begin with, she's the kindest-hearted creature in the world, and she's been devoted to me all these years since—Keith and I have been alone. But even if I could set that aside, there's something else I can't overlook. I—I owe Susan considerable money."

"You owe her—money?"

"Yes, her wages. She has not had them for some time. I must owe her something like fifty or sixty dollars. More than that, she has refused a better position with higher wages—I know that. The pictures I had hoped to sell—"

He stopped, tried to go on, then turned away.

Mrs. Colebrook stared and frowned. Then suddenly, her face cleared.

"Oh, well, that's easily remedied." She sprang to her feet and hurried from the room. Almost immediately she was back—a roll of bills in her hand. "There, I thought I had enough money to do it," she announced briskly as she came in. "Now, Daniel, I'll pay Susan her back wages. That'll simplify everything. She'll be working for me, then, and I—"

"But I won't have—" interrupted the man, then stopped short. Susan herself stood in the doorway.

"I guess likely you was talkin' so loud you didn't hear me call you to dinner," she was saying. "I've called you two times already. If you want anything fit to eat you'd better come quick. It ain't gettin' any fitter, waitin'."

"Susan! Mr. Burton tells me that he owes you for past wages—that he owes you at least fifty dollars. Now I'm going to pay them for him. In fact, I'm going to pay you sixty dollars, so as to be sure to cover it. Will that be quite satisfactory?"

Susan stared frankly.

"You mean me—take money from you, ma'am, to—to pay my back wages?" she asked.

"Yes."

"But—" Susan paused. Then she turned resolutely to Mrs. Colebrook, her chin a little higher than usual. "Oh, no, thank you. I ain't needin' the money, Mis' Colebrook, and I'd ruther wait for Mr. Burton, anyway," she finished cheerfully, as she turned to go.

"Nonsense, Susan, of course you need the money. Everybody can make use of a little money, I guess. Surely, there's something you want."

With her hand almost on the doorknob Susan suddenly whisked about, her face alight.

"Oh, yes, yes, I forgot, Mis' Colebrook," she cried eagerly. "There is somethin' I want; an' I'll take it, please."

"There, that's better," nodded Mrs. Colebrook.

Still with the eager light on her face, Susan reached for the money.

"Thank you, oh, thank you! An' it will go quite a ways, won't it?—for Keith, I mean. The—" But Mrs. Colebrook interrupted her.

"Susan, how many times have I told you to speak of my nephew as 'Master Keith'? In fact, Susan, I may as well speak plainly. For some time past you have failed to give satisfaction. You are paid in full now, I believe, with some

to spare. You may work the week out. After that we shall no longer require your services."

"You mean—you don't mean—Mis' Colebrook, be you tryin' to—dismiss me?"

Mrs. Colebrook flushed.

"I am dismissing you—yes."

Susan, in dazed unbelief, looked from one to the other.

"Mr. Burton, do you want me to go?" she asked at last.

The man turned irritably, with a shrug, and a swift outflinging of his hands.

"Of course I don't want you to go, Susan. But what can I do? I have no money to pay you, as you know very well." And he turned away again.

Susan's face cleared.

"Pooh! Oh, that's all right then," she answered pleasantly.

"Mis' Colebrook, I'm sorry to be troublin' you, but I shall have to give back that notice. I ain't goin'."

Susan was leaving when Mrs. Colebrook's voice halted her.

"That will do, Susan. You forget. You're not working for Mr. Burton now. You're working for me."

"For you?" Susan was plainly puzzled.

"Certainly. Didn't I just pay you your wages for some weeks past?"

Quickly Susan crossed the room and thrust the money into Mrs. Colebrook's astonished fingers.

"I don't want your money, Mis' Colebrook—not on them terms, even for Keith. I know I hain't earned any other way yet, but I hain't tried all the magazines. I'll do it yet some way, you see if I don't. But I won't take this. Why, Mis' Colebrook, do you think I'd leave now, with that poor boy blind, an' his father so wrought up he don't have even his extraordinary common sense about his flannels an' socks an' what to eat, an' no money to pay the bills, either? Well, I guess not! You couldn't hire me to go."

"Daniel, are you going to stand there an' permit me to be talked to like this?" appealed Mrs. Colebrook.

"What can I do? If you haven't the money to hire her—" But Mrs. Colebrook, with an indignant toss of her head, had left the room.

At ten o'clock Mrs. Colebrook went. Daniel Burton re-monstrated feebly and flung his arms about, but Susan went calmly about her duties. Five minutes after ten, Susan ran up the back stairs to Keith's room.

"Well, your aunt is gone, an' I'm on. An' here we are together. We'll chuck our worries into pawn, and how do you like the weather?"

she greeted him gaily. "How about gettin' up? Come on. Such a lazy boy! Here it is away in the middle of the morning, and you abed like this!"

But it was not to be so easy this time. Keith resisted all efforts to stir him into interest or action; and a dismayed, disappointed Susan had to go down stairs in acknowledged defeat.

"But, land's sake, what could you expect?" she muttered to herself, after a sorrowful meditation before the kitchen fire. "You can't put a backbone into a jellyfish by just showin' him the bone—an' that's what his aunt has made him—a flappy, transparallel jellyfish. Drat her! But I ain't goin' to give up. Not much I ain't!"

Susan did not attempt again that day to get Keith up and dressed; and she gave him his favorite "pop-overs" for supper, with a running fire of merry talk and jingles that contained never a reference to the unpleasant habit of putting on clothes. But the next morning, after she had given Keith his breakfast she suggested blithely that he get up and be dressed. When he refused, she tried coaxing, mildly, then more strenuously.

"Say, can't you let a fellow alone?" Keith blurted out at last.

Susan drew a long breath and held it suspended for a moment. She had the air of one about to make a dreaded plunge.

"No, I can't let you alone, Keith," she replied, voice and manner now coldly firm.

"Why not? What's the use, when I don't want to get up?"

"How about thinkin' for once what somebody else wants, young man?" Susan caught her breath again, and glanced furtively at the half-averted face on the pillow. Then doggedly she went on. "Maybe you think I hain't got anythin' to do but trespass up an' down them stairs all day



waitin' on you, when you are perfectly capacious of waitin' on yourself some."

"Why, Susan!" There was incredulous, hurt amazement in the boy's voice; but Susan was steeling herself against it. "Then, if you'll get my clothes, Susan, I'll get up," said Keith very quietly from the bed.

And Susan, not daring to unclothe her lips, brought the garments, dropped them on to the chair by the bed, and fled from the room. But she had not reached the hall below when the sobs shook her frame.

"An' me talkin' like that when I'd be willin' to walk all day on my hands an' knees, if 'twould help him one little minute," she choked.

Barely had Susan whipped herself into presentable shape again when Keith's voice at the kitchen door caused her to face about with a startled cry.

"I'm downstairs, Susan." The boy's voice challenged hers for coldness now. "I'll take my meals down here, after this."

Susan pulled herself up. "Good boy, Keith! That will make it lots easier," she said cheerfully, impersonally, turning away and making a great clatter of pans in the sink.

Just before the noon meal, Keith appeared once more at the kitchen door.

"Susan, would it bother you very much if I ate out here—with you?" he asked.

"With me? Nonsense! You'll eat in the dining-room with your dad, of course. Why, what would he say to your eating out here with me?"

"That's just it. It's dad. He'd like it, I'm sure," insisted the boy feverishly. "You know sometimes I—I don't get any food on my fork, when I eat, and I have to—to feel for things, and it—it must be disagreeable to see me. And you know he never liked disagreeable—"

"Now, Keith Burton, you stop right where you are," interrupted Susan harshly. "You're goin' to eat with your father where you belong. And do you run back now into the settin'-room. I've got my dinner to get."

Keith had not disappeared down the hall, however, before Susan was halfway up the back stairs. A moment later she was in the studio.

"Daniel Burton, you're goin' to have company to dinner," she panted.

"Company?"

"Yes. Your son."

"Keith?" The man drew back perceptibly.

"There, now, Daniel Burton, don't you go to scowlin', an' lookin' for a place to run, just because you hate to see him feel 'round for what he eats."

"But, Susan, it breaks my heart," moaned the man, turning quite away.

"What if it does? Ain't his broke, too? Can't you think of him a little? Let me tell you this, Daniel Burton—that boy, has more consolation for your feelin's than you have for his, every time. Didn't he just come to me an' beg to eat with me, 'cause his dad didn't like to see disagreeable things, an—"

The man wheeled sharply.

"Did Keith—do that?"

"He did, just now, sir."

"All right, Susan. I—I don't think you'll have to say—any more."

And Susan said no more.



Susan was briskly cordial. She had to be, for Keith had dropped back into his chair plainly an unwilling host

At dinner that day, with red eyes but a vivacious manner, Susan waited on a man who incessantly talked of nothing in particular, and a boy who sat white-faced and silent, eating almost nothing.

CHAPTER X

AND so, inch by inch, Susan fought her way, and, inch by inch, she gained ground. Sometimes it was by coaxing, sometimes by scolding; perhaps most often by taunts and dares, and shrewd appeals to Keith's pride. But by whatever it was, each day saw some stride forward, some new victory that Keith had won over his blindness, until by the end of the week, the boy could move about the house and wait upon himself with a facility almost unbelievable, when one remembered his listless helplessness of a week before.

Then, one day, there entered into the case a brand-new element, a dainty element in white muslin and fluttering blue ribbons—Mazie Sanborn and Dorothy Parkman.

"We heard Keithie was lots better and up and dressed now," chirped Mazie, when Susan answered her ring; "and so we've brought him some flowers. Please can't we see him?"

Susan hesitated. She had not forgotten Keith's feverish retreat from Mazie's greeting called up to the veranda the month before. But then, for that matter, had he not retreated from everything until she determinedly took him in hand? And he must sometime begin to mingle with the world outside the four walls of his house! Why not now?

Susan's lips snapped together.

"Sure, you may see him," she cried, "and it's glad I am to see you come! It'll do him good. Come in, come in!" And she threw open the sitting-room door. "Well, Keith, here's company come on purpose to see you," she announced gaily.

"No, no, Susan, I—I don't want to see them," stammered the boy. He had leaped to his feet, a painful red flooding his face.

"Well, I like that," bridled Mazie, with playful indignation; "and when Dorothy and I have taken all this trouble to come and—"

"Is Dorothy here, too?" interrupted the boy sharply.

"Yes, Keith, I am—here." Dorothy was almost crying, and her voice sounded harsh and unnatural.

Susan came promptly to the rescue. "You two sit down." Susan was briskly cordial. She had to be, for Keith had dropped back into his chair, plainly an unwilling host. "My, but I don't mind settin' myself a while," she smiled. "Guess I'm tired."

"I should think you would be." Mazie, grown suddenly a bit stiff and stilted, was trying to be very polite. "There must be an awful lot to do here. Mother says she don't see how you stand it."

"Pooh! Not so very much!" scoffed Susan, instantly on her guard. "Keith here's gettin' so smart he won't let me do anything hardly, for him now."

"Oh, but there must be a lot of things," began Mazie, "that he can't do, and—"

"What a lovely big, sunny room," interrupted Dorothy hastily, so hastily that Susan threw a sharp glance into her face. "I love big rooms."

"Yes, so do I," chimed in Mazie. "And I always wanted to see the inside of this house, too."

"What for?" Keith's curiosity got the better of his vexed reticence.

"Oh, just 'cause I've heard folks say 'twas so wonderful—old, you know, and full of rare old things, and there

wasn't another for miles around like it. But I don't see—That is," she corrected herself, stumbling a little, "you probably don't keep them in this room anyway."

"Why, they do, too," interferred Dorothy, with suddenly pink cheeks. "This room is just full of the loveliest kind of old things, just like the things father is always getting—only nicer. Now that, right there in the corner, all full of drawers—We've got one almost just exactly like that out home, and father just dotes on it. That is a—a highboy, isn't it?" she appealed to Susan. "And it is very old, isn't it?"

"A highboy? Old? Lan' sakes, child," laughed Susan. "Maybe 'tis. I ain't sayin' 'tisn't, though I'm free to confess I never heard it called that. But it's old enough, if that's all it needs, to be a highman by this time, I reckon," chuckled Susan. "Mr. Burton was tellin' me one day how it belonged to his great-grandmother."

"Kind of funny looking, though, isn't it?" said Mazie.

"Father'd love it, so'd Aunt Hattie. And I do too," Dorothy replied.

Mazie laughed.

"Well, all right, you may, for all I care," she retorted. Then to Keith she turned with sudden disconcerting abruptness: "Say, Keith, what do you do all day?"

It was Susan who answered this. Indeed it was Susan who answered a good many of the questions during the next fifteen minutes. And soon, she brought the visit to a close.

When she had bowed them out, and closed the door behind them, she came back to Keith, intending to remonstrate with him for his very ungracious behavior. But before she could open her lips Keith himself had the floor.

"Susan Betts," he began passionately, as soon as she entered the room, "don't you ever let those girls in again. I won't have them. I won't have them, I tell you!"

"Oh, for shame, Keith!—and when they were so kind and thoughtful, too!"

"It wasn't kind and thoughtful; it was spying out. They came to see how I took it. I

know 'em. And that Dorothy Parkman—I don't know why she came. She said long ago that she couldn't bear—to look at them."

"Look at them?"

"Yes—blind folks. Her father is a big oculist—doctors eyes, you know. She told me once. And she said she couldn't bear to look at them; that—"

"An eye doctor?—a big one?" Susan was suddenly excited, alert.

"Yes, yes. And—"

"Where's he live?"

"I don't know. Where she does, I s'pose. I don't know where that is. She's here most of the time, and—"

"Is he a real big one?—a really truly big one?"

"Yes, yes, I guess so." Keith had fallen wearily back in his chair, his strength spent. "Dad said he was one of the biggest in the country. An' of course lots of—of blind people go there, and she sees them. And—"

But Susan had turned toward the kitchen door.

Two days later, on her way to the store, Susan spied Dorothy Parkman across the street. Without hesitation or ceremony, she went straight across and spoke to her.

"Is it true that your father is a big oculist, one of the biggest there is?" she demanded.

"A—what?" Dorothy frowned slightly.

"Oculist—doctors folks' eyes, you know. Is he? I heard he was."

"Oh! Y—yes—yes, he is." Miss Dorothy was giggling a bit now.

"Then, listen! Can't you get him to come on and see you, right away, quick?"

Dorothy was suddenly sympathetic.

"For—Keith, Susan?"

"Yes." Susan's eyes blurred, and her voice choked.

"Well, he is coming soon. But—he isn't going to stay long."

"That's all right—that's all right," retorted Susan, a little breathlessly. "If he'd just look at the boy's eyes and tell if—"

"If he could fix 'em later. You see, we—we couldn't have it done now, 'cause there ain't any money to pay. But we'll have it later. We'll sure have it later, and then—"

"Of course he'll look at them," interrupted Dorothy eagerly. "He'll love to, I know. He's always so interested in eyes, and new cases. And—and don't worry about the other part—the money, you know," nodded Dorothy, hurrying away then before Susan could protest.

As it happened, Keith was most "difficult" than usual that afternoon, and Susan, thinking to rouse him from his lassitude, determined to tell him all about the wonderful piece of good fortune in store for him.

"How'd you like to have that little Miss Dorothy's daddy see your eyes, honey?" she began eagerly, "and tell—"

"I wouldn't let him see them." Keith spoke, decisively.

"But he's one of the biggest oculists there is, and—"

"I suppose you mean 'oculist,' Susan," interrupted Keith, "but I don't want him."

"But you've got to have somebody, an' if he's the biggest—"

"All the eager light had died out of Susan's face."

"I don't care if he is the biggest, he's Dorothy Parkman's father, and that's enough. I won't have him!"

"No, no; well, all right!" And Susan, terrified and dismayed, hurried from the room.

But though Susan was dismayed and terrified, she was far from being subdued. In the kitchen she lifted her chin defiantly.

"All right, Master Keith," she muttered to herself. "You can say what you want to, but you'll have him just the same—only you won't know he's him. I'll just tell him to call himself another name for you. Time enough for trouble when trouble knocks at the door; an' till it does knock, just keep peggin' away."

And persistently, systematically, Susan did, indeed, keep "pegging away." No sooner had she roused Keith to the point of accomplishing one task than she set for him another. When he could go everywhere about the house, she coaxed him out into the yard.

It was then that, with stern determination, Susan sought Daniel Burton.

"Look a—here, Daniel Burton," she accosted him abruptly, "I've done all I can now, an' it's up to you."

The man looked up, plainly startled.

"Why, Susan, you don't mean—you aren't—going, are you?"

"Goin' nothin'—shucks!" tossed Susan to one side disdainfully. "I mean that Keith ain't goin' to get that good red blood he's needin' sittin' 'round the house here. He's got to go off in the woods an' walk an' tramp an' run an' scuff leaves. An' you've got to go with him. I can't, can I?"

The man shifted his position irritably.

"Do you think that boy will let me lead him through the streets, Susan? He won't."

"I didn't say 'lead him.' I said go with him. There's an awful lot of difference. You've got to, Daniel Burton. You an' me is all he's got to stand between him an' utter misery. I can feed his stomach an' make him do the metaphysical things, but it's you that's got to feed his soul. Oh, I read to him, of course. I read him everythin' I can get hold of, especially about men an' women that have become great an' famous an' extinguished, even if they was blind or deaf-an'-dumb, or lame—especially blind. But I can't learn him books, Mr. Burton. You've got a chance now to paint bigger an' grander pictures than you ever did before, only you'll be paintin' 'em on that boy's soul, an' you'll be usin' words instead of them little brushes."

"You've put that—very well, Susan." It was the man who spoke unsteadily, huskily, now.

"Well, them pictures you're goin' to paint for him is goin' to be the makin' of him until he gets his eyes, and he's goin' to get 'em for I've found a doctor, an' all I need now is the money. An'—an' that makes me think."

She hesitated, growing suddenly pink and embarrassed. Then, resolutely, she thrust her hand into the pocket of her apron and pulled out two folded papers.

"I was goin' to tell you about these, anyhow, so I might as well do it now," she explained. "You know, them—them other poems didn't sell much—an' I guess now I know the reason. Them kind of poems ain't stylish no longer. Rhymes has gone out. Everythin's 'free verse,' now. So I've wrote some of them. They're real easy to do—just lines chopped off free an' easy, anywhere that it happens, only have some long, an' some short, for notoriety, you know, like this. And she read:

"A great big cloud
That was black
Came up
Out of the West. And I knew
Then
For sure
That a storm was brewing.
And it brewed."

"Now that was dead easy—anybody could see that. But it's kind of pretty, I think, too, just the same. Them denatured poems are always pretty, I think—about trees and grass and flowers and the sky, you know. Don't you?"

"Why, er—y—yes, of course," murmured the man faintly.

"But all the money in the world ain't goin' to do no good, Mr. Burton, unless we do our part, an' our part is to get him well an' strong for that operator. Now I'm goin' to send Keith in to you. And I'm expectin' you to take him," she finished severely, as she left the room.

Keith and his father went to walk. It was the first of many such walks. Almost every one of these crisp November days found the two off on a tramp somewhere. And because Daniel Burton was careful always to accompany, never to lead, the boy's step gained day by day in confidence, and his face in something very like interest. And always, for cold and stormy days, there were the books at home. Most assuredly, Daniel Burton was giving himself now, heart and mind and body, to his son. Susan had no fault to find. Daniel Burton was "doing his part."

CHAPTER XI

THE week before Christmas, Dorothy Parkman brought a tall dignified-looking man to the Burton's shabby, but still beautiful, colonial doorway.

Dorothy had not seen Keith, except on the street, since her visit with Mazie in October. Two or three times the girls had gone to the house with flowers or fruit, but Keith had stubbornly refused to see them, in spite of Susan's urgings. To-day Dorothy, with this evidently in mind, refused Susan's somewhat dubious invitation to come in.

"Oh, no, no, thank you, I'll not come in," she smiled. "I only brought father, that's all. And—oh, I do hope he can do something," she faltered unsteadily. And Susan saw that her eyes were glistening with tears as she turned hurriedly away.

In the hall Susan caught the doctor's arm nervously.

"Dr. Parkman, there's something—"

"My name is Stewart," interrupted the doctor.

"What's that, what's that?" cried Susan, unconsciously tightening her clasp on his arm. "Ain't you Dorothy Parkman's father?"

"I'm her step-father."

"Then your name ain't Parkman at all! Oh, glory be!" ejaculated Susan ecstatically. "Well, if that ain't the luckiest thing ever!"

"Lucky?" frowned the doctor.

Susan gave an embarrassed laugh.

"There, now, if that ain't just like me, to fly off on a tandem like that, without a word of exploitation. It's just that I'm so glad I won't have to ask you to come under a resumed name."

"Under a what, madam?" The doctor was looking positively angry now.

"Oh, please, doctor, please, don't be mad! 'Twas for Keith, an' I knew you'd be willin' to do anything for him, when you understood. You see, I didn't want him to know you was Dorothy's father," she plunged on breathlessly, "an' so I was goin' to ask you to let me call you something else—not Parkman. An' then when I found that you didn't have to have a resumed name, that you was already somebody else—that is, that you was really you, only Keith wouldn't know you was you, I was so glad."

"I see." The doctor was still frowning, though his lips were twitching a little. "But—er—do you mind telling me why I can't be? What's the matter with Dorothy's father?"

"Nothin', sir. It's just a notion. Keith won't see Dorothy, nor Mazie, nor none of them. He thinks they come just to spy out how he looks an' acts; an' he got it into his head that if you was Dorothy's father, he wouldn't see you. He hates to be pitied an' stared at."

"Oh, I see." A sympathetic understanding came into the doctor's eyes. The anger was all gone now. "Very well. How about the boy's father? Does he—know?"

"Yes, sir. I told him who you was, and that you was comin'; an' I told him we wasn't goin' to let Keith know."

"Oh, you did!" The doctor was regarding Susan with a new interest in his eyes. "Where is Mr. Burton?"

"In his studio—shut up. He'll see you afterwards. I told him he'd got to do that. An' now I'll take you in. It's right this way through the sittin'-room."

"By jove, what a beauty!" Half way across the sitting-room the doctor had come to a pause before the mahogany highboy.

"That?"

"Yes, 'that.' By George, it is a beauty! I've got one myself, but it doesn't compare with that, for a minute. H-m! and that's not the only treasure you have here, I see," he finished, his admiring gaze roving about the room.

"We've got some newer, better stuff in the parlor. These are awful things in here," apologized Susan.

"Yes, I see they are—old things." There was a whimsical smile in the doctor's eyes as he followed Susan through the doorway.

"Keith's upstairs in his room, an' I'm takin' you up the back way so's Mr. Burton won't hear. He asked me to. He didn't want to know just exactly when you was here."

"Mr. Burton must be a brave man," commented the doctor, dryly.

"He ain't—not when it comes to seemin' disagreeable things, or folks hurt," answered Susan cheerfully. "But he'll see you all right, when it's over." Her lips came together with a sudden grimace. The next moment, throwing open Keith's door, her whole expression changed. She had eyes and thoughts but for the blind boy over by the window.

"Well, Keith, here's Dr. Stewart to see you, boy."

"Dr.—Stewart?" Keith was on his feet, startled, uncertain. "Yes, Dr. Stewart. He was in town and he just came up to look at you. He's a big, kind doctor, dear, an' you'll like him, I know." At the door Susan turned to the doctor. "An' when—when you're done, sir, if you'll just come down them stairs to the kitchen, please—to the kitchen," she repeated, hurrying out before Keith could remonstrate.

Down in the kitchen Susan took a pan of potatoes to peel—and she was still peeling them when the doctor came down to the kitchen.

"Well?" She was on her feet instantly.

The doctor's face was grave, yet his eyes were curiously alight. They seemed to be looking through and beyond Susan.

"I don't know. I think I have good news, but I'm not—sure."

"But there's a chance?"

"Yes; but—"

"But there's a chance; and if there is a chance I'd want to take it."

Susan hesitated. "Doctor, there's something I've got to—speak to you about before you see Mr. Burton. It—it'll cost an awful lot, I s'pose."

There was no answer.

Susan cleared her throat.

"It—it will cost an awful lot, won't it, doctor?" she asked in a louder voice.

A door banged open.

"Susan, hasn't that doctor—" a new voice cut in, then stopped short.

The doctor turned to see a pallid-faced, blond-bearded man with rumpled hair standing in the doorway.

"Mr. Burton?" hazarded the doctor crisply.

"Yes. And you—" He held out his hand.

"Dr. Stewart. And I'd like a little talk with you, please—if you can talk sense." This last was added under his breath; but Daniel Burton was not listening, in any case. He was leading the way to the studio.

In the studio, the doctor did not wait for questions, but plunged at once into his story.

"Without going into technical terms, Mr. Burton, I will say that your son has a very rare trouble. There is only one known relief, and that is a certain very delicate operation. Even with that, the chances are about fifty-fifty that he regains his sight."

"But there's a chance. And, anyway, it won't do any harm to try. It is the only

thing possible, and, if it fails—well, he'll only be blind, as he is now. It must be done right away, however. Even now it may be too late. And I may as well tell you, if it doesn't fail—there is strong probability of another long period of treatment and a second operation, before there's a chance of ultimate success! And let me say that, from sheer interest in the case, I shall be glad to do this entirely without cost to you."

"Thank you; but of course you must understand that I could not allow that for a moment." A painful color had flamed into Daniel Burton's face.

"Don't be foolish, man. I tell you I'm glad to do it. It'll be worth it to me—the rarity of the case—"



Susan caught the doctor's hands nervously. "Oh, please, doctor, please don't be mad! 'Twas for Keith."

"How much—would it cost?" interposed Daniel Burton peremptorily, with an unsteadiness of voice that the doctor did not fail to read aright.

"Why, man, alive, it would cost—" He stopped speaking. He was standing before an old Colonial mirror. "By Jove, there is something I want. If you'll sell me two or three of these treasures of yours here, you will be more than canceling your debt, and—"

"Thank you," interrupted the other coldly, but with a still deeper red staining his face. "As I happen to know the unsalability of these pictures, however, I cannot accept your generosity there, either."

"Pictures!" The doctor, turning puzzled eyes back to the mirror, saw now that a large oil painting hung beside it on the wall. "I wasn't talking about your pictures, man. I was looking at that mirror there, and I'd like the highboy downstairs, if I could persuade you to part with them, and—Would you be willing to part with them?"

"What do you think? Do you think there's anything, anything that I wouldn't part with, if I thought I could give that boy a chance? Make your own selection, doctor. I only hope you'll want—really want—enough of them to amount to something."

The doctor threw a keen glance into his face.

"Amount to something! Don't you know the value of these things here?"

Daniel Burton laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I suppose they are—valuable. But I shall have to confess I don't know much about it. They're very old, I can vouch for that."

A SORROW

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

MY sorrow's for the light songs
I shall not hear again,
For sudden faces seen at dusk,
For roses in the rain.

My sorrow's for the light feet
That dance away before
The fumbling hand can lift the latch
Of any friendly door.

My sorrow's for the light songs . . .
So wisha, an' I'll bless
A little tune to go with them
Down to forgetfulness!

My sorrow's for the light words
That lips are loath to weigh—
Oh, but the heart remembers them
For many a wistful day!



"Old! Humph!" The doctor was close to the mirror now, examining it with the appreciative eyes of the real lover of the antique. "I should say they were. Jove, that's a beauty! And I've got just the place that's hungering for it."

"Good! Suppose we look about the house then, a little," suggested Daniel Burton. "Perhaps we'll find some more things—er—good for a hungry stomach, eh?" And with a light on his face such as had not been there for long months past, Daniel Burton led the way from the studio.

That evening Daniel Burton told Susan.

"Keith is to go home with Dr. Stewart next week. He will live at the sanatorium connected with the doctor's home, and be under his constant supervision."

Susan tried to speak, but instead of speaking, she burst into tears.

"Why, Susan!"

"I know, I know," she choked, angrily flushing the drops from her eyes. "An' me cryin' like this when I'm gettin' just what I want, too!"

"But there's no certainty, Susan, that it'll be successful; remember that," warned the man, his face clouding a little. "We can only—hope."

"An' there's the—the pay." Susan looked up, her voice vibrating with fearful doubts.

"Oh, that's all right." The man lifted his head with the air of one who at last has reached firm ground after a dangerous crossing on thin ice. "The doctor's going to buy the highboy and that mirror in the studio, and—oh, several other things."

"You mean that old chest of drawers in the settin'-room?"

"Yes." Daniel Burton's lips twitched a little.

"But will he pay anything for 'em? Mr. Burton, you can't get nothin', hardly, for second-hand furniture. My mother had a stove an' a real nice bedstead, an' a red-plush parlor set, an' she sold 'em. But she didn't get hardly anything, for 'em; an' they was 'most new, some of 'em, too."

"That's the trouble, Susan—they were too new, probably," laughed the man. "It's because these are old, very old, that he wants them, I suspect."

"Lan' sakes! An' when I'd been worryin' an' worryin' so about the money," sighed Susan; "an' now to have it fall plumb into your lap like that. It just shows you not to hunt for bridges till you get your feet wet, don't it? An' he's going just next week?"

"Yes. The doctor and his daughter start Tuesday." "You don't mean that that girl Dorothy's goin', too?" Susan had almost bounced out of her chair.

"Why, yes, Dr. Stewart said she was. What's the matter?"

"Matter? Matter enough! Why, if she goes—Say, why is she taggin' along, anyhow?" demanded Susan wrathfully.

"Well, I shouldn't exactly call it 'taggin' along' to go home with her father for the Christmas vacation. I don't see how we can help ourselves very well. I fancy Miss Dorothy'll still—tag along," he finished whimsically.

"Maybe, an' then maybe not," mumbled Susan darkly, as she turned away.

For two days after this, Susan's kitchen, and even Keith himself, showed almost neglect; persistently Susan was running "down street" every hour or two—ostensibly on errands, yet she bought little. She spent most of her time tramping through the streets and stores, scrutinizing especially the face of every young girl she met. She was becoming a little exasperated when, on the afternoon of the second day, she met Dorothy Parkman coming out of the post-office.

"Well, I've got you at last," she sighed, "though I'm free to confess I was beginning to think I never would see you."

"Oh, yes, about Keith," cried the girl joyously. "Isn't it splendid? I'm so glad! And he's going home with us right away, you know."

"Yes, I know. And that's what—that is, I wanted—" stammered Susan, growing red in her misery. "Oh, Miss Dorothy, you would do anything for that poor blind boy, wouldn't you?"

"Why, y-yes, of course," faltered Dorothy.

"I knew you would. Then please don't go home with your father this time."

"Don't go home—with—my father!" exclaimed the girl, in puzzled wonder.

"No. Because if you do— That is— Oh, I know it's awful for me to say this, but I've got to do it for Keith. You see, if you go—Keith won't."

"If I go, he— I don't think—I quite understand." The girl drew back a little haughtily. Her face showed a painful flush.

"No, no, of course you don't! An' please, don't look like that. I found out. I wormed it out of him the other day—why he won't let you come to see him. He says that once, you said you couldn't bear to look at blind people, an'—"

"Oh, I never, never could have said such a cruel thing to—to a blind boy," interposed the girl. "He wasn't blind then. But it was when he was worryin' for fear he was goin' to be blind."

[Con. on page 27]

"Miss Doctor Lady"

By Helen Christine Bennett

The Story of a Woman who, Unafraid, Ventured All for Her High Ambition



... they come to her as a doctor because they believe she can heal, without prejudice for or against her because she is a woman

WHEN, four years ago, I first called on Dr. Sarah Evans-Selover to help me through an illness I had no idea I was ever to make her the subject of a magazine article. And when, a few weeks ago, I called on her with notebook and pencil and stated my intention of "writing her up," the doctor sat down suddenly in a convenient rocker and laughed.

"For goodness sake," she said, "what do you want to do that for?"

"Because you are such a remarkable person," I replied promptly. She looked puzzled. "Am I?" she inquired.

The folks about our part of the world put it more tersely. "She is a wonder," they say with conviction. "I don't see how she stands it."

"Standing it" means in South River, New Jersey, where the doctor lives, attending patients day and night with but a few hours of sleep between, helping to bring into the world an average of five babies a week and, in addition, attending to various forms of public service both in the profession and out. "Standing it" means lending her financial and moral support to every public enterprise of which she approves, and she investigates each one thoroughly before she does approve, and the keeping of an abundance of health and energy beside.

For the past twenty-five years, she has been standing it and thriving upon it. Coming into the country a quarter of a century ago as its first "lady doctor," in a day when women physicians were few and rather looked upon as a species of freak development, she has built up a practice that would make a city physician marvel and, at the same time, has built for herself a place in the community that makes her a marked character both as physician and citizen.

"She's the busiest doctor in the county," confided my nurse to me as I lay in the hospital, "and the men doctors—aren't they jealous of her, though?" She added this proudly, taking a part of the glory to herself in the pride of her sex. I do not know whether either of these statements is literally true, although I have since heard them repeated often, but certain it is that, day and night, the lady doctor's little car travels far and near to case after case and a steady stream of patients files up the wooden steps that lead to her office. Dr. Selover lives at South River but her practice extends far beyond the confines of the town to Old Bridge, Sayreville, South Amboy, New Brunswick, and all through the country lying between. On Sundays, the office is filled with patients who come from still farther away, patients who have moved to Scranton, Reading, Philadelphia, New York and who have come back from them with all their specialists, to the country doctor whom they believed helped them most.

"No, I can't claim any miraculous cures," said Dr. Selover when I asked her to account for this return flock, "but I have to cure my patients if I want to hold on to them.

You see most of them do not send for me until they are seriously ill. They expect me to produce a cure in one or, at the most, two visits! If I cannot do that, they call in another doctor and I lose them. I found out very early in my practice that I was going to have just about two chances to a patient and I suppose that, as a doctor, it was good for me. I never could afford to let a case slip; I had to diagnose it correctly and do something to help it at once."

To understand this situation, one has to know South River and its surrounding territory. All about the town and through the country where the doctor's practice lies are industries, factories, brick plants, tile works, clay works, and, since the war, half a dozen munition plants. These draw to them workers of various nationalities: Polish, Russian, Austrian, Slavs, Hungarian. These workers make up the bulk of the population and of any physician's practice. There is a relatively small American population. Such people pay to be cured of an illness. They do not pay, nor intend to pay for advice on eating and drinking, they regard that as a personal matter and not a physician's business. Terms such as exercise and diet are mere puzzles. Drugs are what they ask for, and their faith in them is supreme. If a doctor fails to cure a case, they believe it is because that doctor did not know what drug to use, and not because of any lack on the part of the patient. Only last week, Dr. Selover was telling me of a foreign mother who has sent for her to cure a case of indigestion in a small child.

"He been sick," the mother said. As she spoke, she was salting a huge yellow cucumber which she handed, unpeeled, to the child, who at once began to eat it.

BUT for mercy's sake," protested Dr. Selover, "if he is sick why do you give him a thing like that to eat?"

The mother smiled fondly on her baby. "Oh, he like it," she said. To her, the cucumber had no relation to any trouble with the stomach. One ate what one liked and, if one suffered, one called in a doctor and was cured.

To build up a practice under conditions like these, especially a practice as large as that of Dr. Selover's, argues an understanding of healing plus an eternal vigilance. For if one doctor is good, may not two be better?

"I have gotten so I can see a bottle a mile," said the doctor laughing, "and I can see through wood too, I think. Last week I called on a patient and one of my questions was, as always,

"Have you been taking any medicine?"

"Oh, no, Miss Doctor Lady," protested the man. I

looked sharply about the room and over behind the clock I thought I saw the edge of a cork.

"How about that bottle behind the clock?" I quickly demanded. I wasn't at all sure there was a bottle there, you see, but I had thought there was a cork. The wife of my patient walked over to the mantel and silently brought me the bottle. It was a bottle of medicine and the patient had been taking it, as he confessed. I promptly poured it out. For if I had not, my patient would have taken the medicine I left and the other together, under the impression that the more medicine the quicker the cure! Often I have had my patients ask,

"And shall I take this and the medicine you left last time doctor?"

"But how can you cure people like that?" I asked. "How can you cure people who do not diet, who make not the smallest attempt to keep themselves in health?"

THAT is the way almost all disease is cured," said the doctor. "No matter how much is written about prevention of disease and deliberate keeping well, the majority of people, even intelligent Americans, prefer to think as little as possible about health until they are ill and then they send for a doctor. The bulk of medical practice is and will be for years to come, healing by drugs. Of course I can cure people. I cannot guarantee that the cure will last if it is of a disease produced by abuse, but I can usually cure it. The foreign people whom I cure are very grateful. They pay me promptly in cash, which is a form of gratitude any doctor likes, and they cover my hands with kisses. And I am very glad when I cure anybody.

"I think the thing that has helped me to build up so big a practice has been that I never have refused a case. No matter when or where I have been called, I have gone. No night was too cold or too stormy. I went into medicine as a commercial venture. I was a school-teacher and was not satisfied with the amount of money I was earning. I wanted to do work that had a bigger financial future, and I chose medicine. Medicine promises good financial returns to any woman who is willing to work, and I believe that a country town offers as good returns as a city with far less effort in the beginning. In a small town it is only necessary for a woman to hang out her sign to get people coming into her office if only to see what a "lady doctor" looks like. If she once gets them in, it is her business to cure them so that she establishes the beginning of her practice. I had patients the first day I hung out my sign and the very first one was a man. I cured him and I think I had forty patients as a result of his cure. I know that many women physicians cater exclusively to women patients, but I never could as a matter of principle. A doctor is a doctor and should take whatever comes. Men have been very considerate in this respect; even now I often

have men ask me if I care to take them as patients and offer to go to some one else if I do not. But I have never sent one away. As I see it, it is my business to heal the sick if I can, and sex has nothing to do with it."

Dr. Selover has been singularly successful in maintaining this viewpoint. In the most advanced communities there is still a tendency to regard a woman physician as a woman's physician. But Dr. Selover's practice includes about as many men as women. Her waiting-room always contains both in about



"No matter when or where I have been called, I have gone . . . no night was too cold or too stormy"

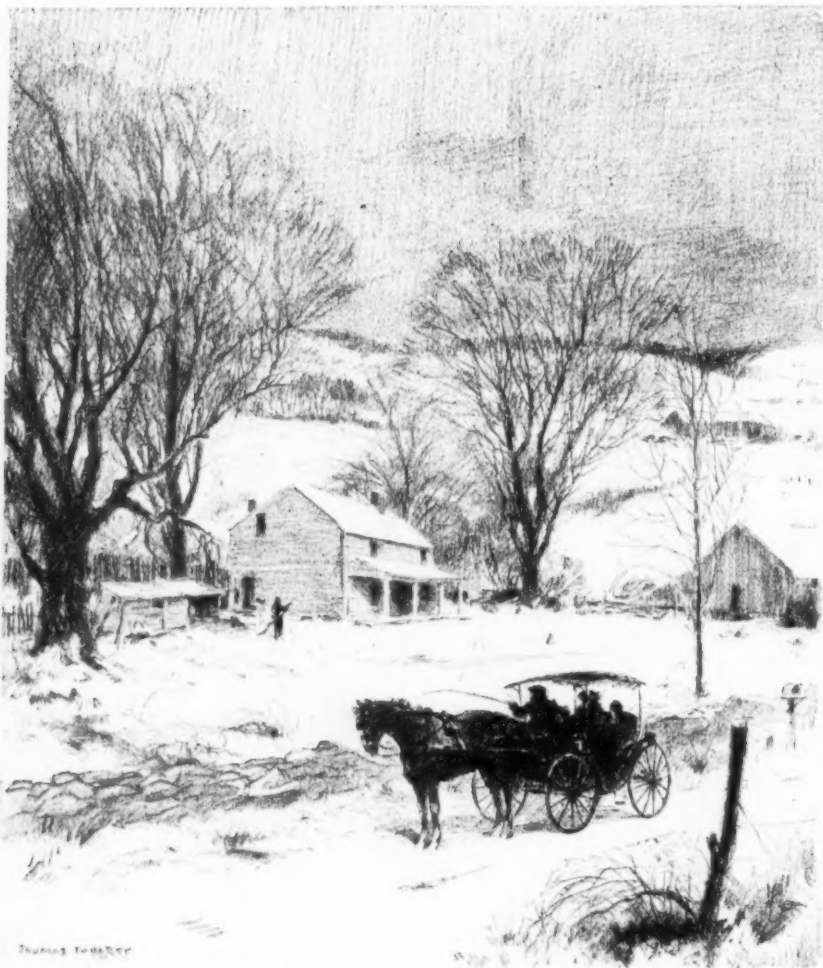
[Continued on page 33]

The Abandoned-Farm Dwellers

By Albert Bigelow Paine

Mark Twain's Biographer and Author of "The Van Dwellers," "The Tent Dwellers," Etc.

SKETCHES BY THOMAS FOGARTY



As we came nearer, it took the form of a man, a sad man, dragging a crooked limb from the woodpile. "Good afternoon," I said, "can you tell us where we are?"



... And the little room behind the chimney had all at once become the most alluring place in the world.

I HAVE not mentioned thus far the domestic service that followed Lazarus. There was a hiatus of brief duration and then came William — William and Lena. William was plain Tipperary and Lena was a Finn. I extracted Lena one day from a "Norsk Employment Agency," selecting her chiefly for her full moon smile and her inability to speak any English word. The smile had a permanent look and I reasoned that an inability to speak English would be a bar to her getting away. We should not mind it much ourselves. Having had everything from a Pole to a Patagonian, we were experts on sign language. I personally conducted Lena to the train and landed her safely at Brook Ridge.

William came to us out of the blue. One morning I drew a tin pail of water, bright and splashing, from the well, and turned to pour a little of it into the bird's drinking trough, a stone hollowed out at the top. I did not do so, however, for a good reason; a man was sitting on the stone. He had not been there a moment before, and I had heard no sound. He was gaunt, pale and dilapidated, and looked as if he had been in a sort of general dogfight. He had a wild cast in his eyes and was in no way prepossessing. His appearance suggested a burglar on sick-leave.

I confess I was startled by this apparition. I set down the pail rather weakly.

"Why, good morning," I said.

He replied in a high-keyed Irish intonation, at the moment rather feeble in volume.

"Cud ye' give a man a bite to eat fer some worrk now?" he asked.

I was relieved. If he had demanded my purse I should not have been surprised. I nodded eagerly.

"Yes, indeed, we need some wood. If you'll cut a little, I'll see that you have some breakfast. You'll find the woodpile and the axe down there by the barn."

He rose by a sort of slow unfolding process and I was impressed by his height. I gave him some specifications as to the wood needed, and he was presently swinging the axe, though without force. He lacked "pep" I could see that, and as soon as the food was ready I called him. He ate little, but he emptied the pot of hot coffee in record time. Then he came down to where I was trimming some rose-bushes.

"Wud ye let me lie a bit on the hay?" he said. "Thin I'll do some more of the little shrove-shticks fer yeh. I'm feelin' none too brisk this mornin'."

"Been sick?" I asked.

"Naw—just a trifle weery with trav'lin' an' losin' of sleep."

Inside, I hesitated—it was probably overtime at house-breaking that had told on him. I pointed at the barn, however.

"All right," I said, "take a nap—only, don't smoke in there."

He vanished, and some three hours later, when I had forgotten him, I suddenly heard a sound of great chopping. Our guest had reappeared at the wood-pile, transformed. He was no longer pale and listless. His face was ruddy, in fact tanned. The cast in his eye had taken on fire. Every movement was of amazing vigor and direction. The wood-pile was disappearing and the little heap of "stove-sticks" growing in a most astonishing way. I called Elizabeth out to see.

"If coffee and a nap will make him do that," I said, "we'd better give him dinner and get enough wood to last all summer."

I went down there. "What is your name?" I asked.

"William Deegan."

"Well, William, you seem to understand work. Come up to dinner presently and if you want to go on cutting this afternoon, I'll pay you for it."

He came, and there was nothing the matter with his appetite, this time. Ham and eggs, potatoes, beans, corn-bread, pie—whatever came, went—William was the apostle of the clean plate. Reflecting somewhat on the matter, I reached the conclusion (and it was justified by later events), that William had perhaps been entertaining himself with friends the night before—during several nights before, perhaps—and was suffering from temporary reaction when he had appeared on our horizon. Coffee and a nap had restored him. He was quick on recovery, I will say that.

You never saw such a hole in a wood-pile as he made that afternoon. When I went down to settle with him and announce supper he was still in full swing, apparently intending to go on all night.

"William," I said, "you're a boss hand with an axe."

WELL, sir," said William, his Celtic timbre pitched to the sky, "if I could be shytayin' a day or two longer I'd finish the job, fer ye."

Was this a proposition to rob the house and murder us in our beds? I looked at the wood-pile and at William. There was something about their intimate relations that had an honest look.

"Where would you go from here?" I asked.

"I don't know, sur; I'll be lookin' fer a job."

"Do you understand garden-ing and taking care of a horse and cow?"

"Yes, sur, I do that."

I had an impulse to ask him about his last job, but I checked it. It was a question that could lead to embarrassment. I would accept him on his demonstration, or not at all.

"So you want a job, at general farm work?"

"Yes, sur, I do."

"Well, William, you've found one, right here."

Even after the lapse of a dozen years I cannot write of William without a tugging at the heart. We never knew his antecedents—never knew where behind the skyline he had been concealed all those years before that morning when he appeared, pale and unannounced, at the well. We got the impression as time passed that he had once been married and that he had at some



time been somewhere on a peach farm. With the exception of certain brief intervals, he remained with us three years, and that was as much as we ever knew, for he talked little and not at all of the past. His face value was certainly not much, and some of his habits could have been improved, but a more faithful and honest soul than William Deegan never lived.

One hundred and fifty Thanksgivings must have preceded ours in the old house, but I think out of them all you could not have picked a better one. I would not like to say a more bountiful one, for I suppose in the earlier day they had great wild turkeys and perhaps a haunch of venison, braces of partridges and other royal fare. Even so, they could hardly have eaten it all, and I think their noble turkey did not taste any better than ours. Our mince and pumpkin pies were home products, as well as our apple butter and a variety of other preserves. Also, I had discovered a bed of wild cress in the brook and our brown turkey was garnished with that piquant green. Certainly there was an old-fashioned feeling about our first New England holiday—something precious and genuine that made all effort and cost worth while.

The Pride and the Hope had come home from school for a week's holiday and were reveling in the house which they saw now, for the first time, in order. Their treasures, after two months of absence, were all new and fresh to them. The Pride, happy in her own "cozy corner," or curled up in a big chair by the log fire, re-read her favorite books; the Hope and the Joy played paper-doll "ladies" on the deep couch. Oblivious to the grosser world about them, they caused their respective families to telephone and give parties and visit back and forth, and to discuss openly their most private affairs, and to move into new houses and make improvements and purchases that would have wrecked Rockefeller if the bills had ever fallen due. That is the glory of make-believe: one may go as far as he likes, building his castles and his kingdoms, with never a cent to pay. A spiritualistic friend of mine told me recently that the latest communications from the shadow world indicate the life there to be purely mental; that each spirit entity creates its own environment and habitation by thought alone. In a word, it is a world, he said, where imagination is reality and all the dreams come true. Ah, me, I hope he is not mistaken! For I cannot think of a better or more reasonable hereafter than that. We get a glimpse of it here in the play of children—little children who perhaps have left the truth not so far behind.

But "fashion-ladies" must relax now and then. Even in late November there were pleasant, sunny days when the Hope and the Joy roamed the fields, or laid a long board across a tumbled wall and teetered away vacation hours to the tune of

See, saw, Marjory Daw,
Sold her bed and laid on straw,

which was probably first sung a good way back—by Cain and Abel, maybe, in some corner of Eden. No, it would be outside of Eden, for their parents had moved, as I remember, before their arrival. And I wonder if little Cain and Abel had a fire to gather around when the fall evenings began to close in, before the lamps were lit, and if they ever had cakes and toast and sandwiches, with hot chocolate, out of an old blue china set from a corner cupboard, and were as hungry as bears, and rocked while they ate and drank and watched the firelight dance on the tea-things and table-legs. If not, I am afraid they missed something, and perhaps it is not to be wondered at that little Cain became gloomy and savage and outcast when he grew up. A fireplace with a cozy cup of chocolate and a bite of something filling will civilize children about as quickly as anything I know of and would, I am sure, have been good for Cain.

WE often cooked by our fireplace. We hung a kettle over it for tea and toasted bread on a long iron toasting-fork. Then there was pop-corn, and potatoes roasted in the ashes, and apples on sticks, though this was likely to be later in the evening, when the tribe was hungry again, for children in vacation are always hungry. It was too bad they must go back to school and sometimes we wished there were never any such things as schools, and then again when the house was one wild riot and hurrah, just at a moment when I wanted to reflect, I could appreciate quite fully the beauties of education and certain remote places where, under careful direction, it could be acquired. But how silent and lonely the house seemed when the Pride and the Hope were gone! How glad we were that Christmas was only a month away!

In an earlier chapter, I have spoken of our attic as an almost unfailing source of supply. Any sort of vessel or implement we might happen to need was pretty certain to turn up there, if we looked long enough. It provided us with jugs and jars and, by and by, when the snow came, a wooden shovel, and a bootjack for our rubber boots. I

[Continued on page 34]



One hundred and fifty Thanksgivings must have preceded ours in the old house, but I think out of them all, you could not have picked a better one.

The Modern Atlas

Let him help you carry your burden

"Talk about muscle and vigor and hustle—
Old Atlas had nothing on me.
On Campbell's foundation
I'll hold up the Nation
And keep the world healthy and free."



The big world-burden today is the food problem. America asks "How shall we feed our fighters, our Allies, and also maintain the full strength and vitality of our people at home?"

It is a question of wise economy. And the heaviest part of the burden falls on *you*—the conscientious American housewife. Why not let us help you with it by means of this nourishing, ready-prepared, economical food—

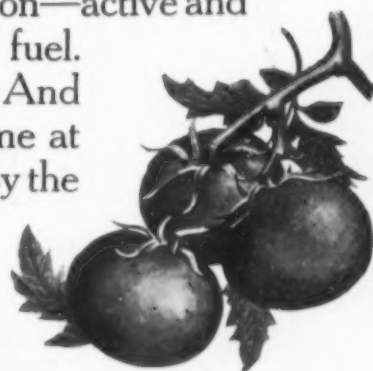
Campbell's Tomato Soup

You will find it doubly helpful. It is not only a wholesome food in itself, but it strengthens the digestive powers and regulates the body processes through which all food becomes more healthful and invigorating.

It supplies natural tonic elements which are positively necessary to the properly balanced diet.

Served as a Cream of Tomato it has 50 per cent more energy-value than milk. And there are many easy and tempting ways to prepare it. You can make it as hearty as you like.

It is just the healthful stimulus for tired workers—all must be workers, now. Just the thing to keep the children in good condition—active and bright. It saves you time, labor, fuel. It is all nourishment—no waste. And it is ready for your table any time at three minutes notice. Order it by the dozen and have it handy.



21 kinds

12c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Letters from Our Soldiers

Wintering at the Front

MY Dearest Mother.—Received your most welcome letter to-day. I must try to answer with an interesting one!

I want to tell you about the Y. M. C. A.'s. They have a hut or tent every place you can find soldiers. When we got to France the first part of January we went to a town where there were no American soldiers. We could get no smokes or any of the little luxuries we need. And it was as cold as the mischief. Three feet of snow was on the ground and about two inches of ice on the roads. Our morning exercise, when we started on our hike, was to face, and slide about a dozen yards.

Well, a couple of Y. M. C. A. men came to our camp with their suit-cases and trunks full of smokes and other things and opened up in a little room about ten feet square; no stove. They suffered the same hardships we did, but cheerfully. I don't know what we would do without them. They have moving pictures about twice a week and entertainment about twice or three times a week.

This is a very historical part of the country I am in at present. They say there are only two buildings in town that are less than four hundred years old, and they are two hundred years old. Our barrack is on the road that Joan of Arc took when she went to see the king. In one of the camps we were in we were billeted in an old castle that used to belong to Richelieu. It was just full of dungeons, long dark corridors and places like that.

The big guns are booming constantly now. It sounds like thunder. You can't hear it unless the wind is blowing from the front. The two or three times I have been up there with troops made me want to stay.

We are going to have an athletic meet Thursday. I am entered in the 100-yard dash and the relay race.

Your affectionate son,

CLAUDE.

Feeding the Frogs

DEAR Mother.—Just another attempt at a letter. Of course it can contain no news, as usual, but you know I am well, or I wouldn't be writing.

My present duty toward winning the war consists of serving chow to a bunch of "Frogs" so that they may thrive, and, upon recovery, take Chin place up the line where several nationalities are engaged in juggling hardware. Four days ago I thought I would be starting for the same locality, but I haven't. What's more, I'm not losing a lot of sleep, worrying about the day when I am to start. I'm ready for another crack at those square-heads though, and just tell Dad I'm particularly anxious to shoot a few souvenirs into some of his ancestors if there happen to be any left.

Some Americans were visiting out here the other day, old folks who had lived years in France; one of them said she was afraid of so many German names in our army. I finally convinced her that she needn't worry!

I asked for some money in one of my letters not long ago, and if you don't get that particular letter, don't wait for it for goodness' sake, but start me some francs "toot sweet." That's French for d— quick, so don't misconstrue. Haven't been paid since April Fools' Day, and am so flat, I couldn't buy a shirt for a hummingbird.

"Frogs" is American for French, in case you don't know what I'm feeding. Good-by. Love to all,

JOHN.

Happy as a Clam at High Tide

MY Dear Mother.—You know I wrote last that we figured on a rest—well the Army fooled us, for here we are again ducking German bricks. The last two weeks have been the most interesting of all my life.

Of course I cannot tell you all the happenings, but just a few little things I can—the big things must wait until I come home. We are now where the big gun is.

We set up our office in the parlor of a pretty little house—curtains in the windows, a beautiful clock on the mantle, vases, everything that goes with home. There is a carking great big grandfather clock down in the hallway. We are sleeping in real beds, mattresses, covers, pillows, and everything.

The gardens out back are jammed with potatoes, peas, little onions, etc. The boys are living pretty high nowadays on the hens or ducks running around loose. I am as bad as ever; one day in a house down the street I found a tiny little kitten, and, as I was on my way to the cook shack, I brought my find along. I gave him nearly all my meat because the poor little trigger was some hungry—right off the reel that little kitten became my devoted pal. He sleeps on my bed and eats out of my mess-kit, so that we are both happy in the Army. Some fellows, a couple of doors down, found two goats, and you would have died laughing to see them trying to milk them that night, with a French soldier for instructor.



We are billeted in a village founded before the birth of Christ, with houses all of stone and roofs of tile or thatch

Of course, the Dutchmen are liable to knock the town off the map any day, but we are not worrying, for our boys stopped the parade and are knocking the stuffings out of them. Those guys are learning a very bitter and cruel lesson, for the Americans have not learned the way to retreat. Every day the war lasts brings more of our fellows over here and nearer comes the Kaiser's farewell party. I am as happy as a clam at high tide that I am here and part of the first of Uncle Sam's crowd to come over. One of your letters spoke about my allotment—don't worry about it. It will straighten itself out some time, so don't worry about it for I can do more from this end than you can from that.

I went to Catholic service on Sunday (you know our own chaplain was killed and we have only the Catholic chaplain at present). The young priest we have spoke very impressively on "Let Your Light So Shine," etc. The service was very broad and fitted just as well for the Protestant as the Catholic. These services, and living in the very home of Death, have wiped away the differences between the boys. The chaplains of all religions are working together over here. If it does nothing else, this war has smoothed out lots of trouble that existed between religions.

Looking forward to seeing you again, I am,

Lovingly, your son,

RICHARD.

To His Mother

DEAR Mother.—Ten months ago, to-day, I cast my small lot with the greater one of All America in the struggle for maintenance of Civilization and Liberty.

And, to-day, as thousands of others are doing, I too, will observe Mother's Day, by writing her. I hope the letter reaches you, that you may know how I feel to-day, that you will understand my appreciation of all your help during these past ten months, and that I love you, mother, as no other son could dream of. Oh, I am not blind nor ignorant of a mother's sacrifice. I know that it is a million times greater than my own, and I'm proud that I've got a mother who has borne it so wonderfully, and glad to think that she has so unselfishly given her three oldest sons to the cause.

Well, have you heard about the Service Stripes for Foreign Service? Gee! I am entitled to one already and I guess we'll get them pretty quick. It won't be long till I'm here a year and then I can sport two of them. I'll tell you we are mighty proud of those Service Chevrons, but still I

hope I don't get too many of them. I think when they are lined from my wrist to my elbow, I won't be very anxious about getting enough to make the turn about the crazy bone.

It's raining now and has been for several hours, but we really can't kick at that because we have had some dandy weather the past month. Hope it isn't bad weather when the boys come across. Had one day of it myself and I didn't care much whether school kept or not.

Will finish this observance of a sacred day with all my love and God's blessings to you.

Your son, LEO.

An Ice Bath

DEAR Mother.—The major said that the three best drilled men in the company would be given a pass from noon Saturday until 12:00 Sunday night. I thought then that I was sure going to San Jose. We had the drill Saturday A. M. and we had three officers from other companies to act as umpires. There were 146 men when it started and in a half hour there were only four and yours truly was there with bells on! The umpires then decided that the man that made the first three mistakes would be ruled out. All the rest of the company were standing around making bets, etc.

Each of the others had made two mistakes before I made one and as soon as I made the first one I lost my nerve and made the second and then the third; consequently I am still in camp.

I had quite a nice mustache but I don't wear it any more. I was made corporal last Friday, so Friday night one of the fellows preferred the charge against me of maintaining a public nuisance on my upper lip! I had a kangaroo court martial. The first sergeant was judge and another sergeant was prosecutor and the jury was composed of twelve privates, with the whole company as audience. One of the witnesses swore that he saw me strain soup through my



mustache, and I came back with the assertion that we never had any soup that needed straining. At the end of the trial the jury recommended that the nuisance be eliminated, so they got a barber and he took it off. I brought charges against the barber for using a dull razor, he was found guilty, and, as it was 10 P. M. and pretty cold, he was sentenced to take a

cold shower bath. He nearly froze!

Will close with love,

CORPORAL W. G.

War Bread!

DEAR Elma.—Chow is army parlance denoting eats and may range anywhere from a chunk of war bread to a regular spread with rhubarb pie for a chaser. Oh! that army bread! Sherman was all wrong; he meant what he said to apply to that dainty, instead of to war. It is round like rye bread at home, much the same color, but my, my, what a difference in taste and strength! They haul it from the warehouses in a two-wheeled cart, and a Frenchman sits astride the pile. It is then delivered in trucks that may have hauled troops the day before. Then, after passing through many hands, some so dirty that one could mistake their owners for Algerians, it is served to us, sometimes fried, sometimes camouflaged with tomatoes, sometimes with near-butter. Sometimes a half loaf is issued to be eaten on a trip. Then comes the real battle. We toss it gently into our grub box, gently so as not to break the bottom out of the box, and when old man hunger finally drives us to it, we whip out our couteau (French for knife) and attack the poor old half loaf. With many grunts and much pushing, we start the couteau into its middle, brace one end of Mr. Loaf against our overalls (which are dirty enough to stand alone), and, with a last determined effort break off a piece just about large enough to fill a hollow tooth.

In spite of the loaf's pedigree and venturesome trip I eat and enjoy the crust. Long live the army bread!

ED.

The Return from No-Man's Land

DEAR Mother.—Two weeks ago to-night the Germans put over the worst artillery fire since the beginning of the war, and continued it in some places ten hours and in others two or three days. They covered every inch of ground for five or six miles back of the lines.

They used what they call "creeping barrage"—each big gun taking a line and raising a few feet each shot. From prisoners we have the information that they were told that all they would have to do would be to march through Paris; the artillery barrage would be so terrific, everything in front of them would be destroyed. They evidently believed it, but at present they are going the wrong way to reach Paris.

They also said they expected to make it so hot for the Americans that it would take all the spirit out of them, but I think they will change their minds.

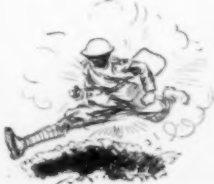
I've had quite a little excitement myself since the big fire-works began. The morning it started I went out to establish an advanced dressing station. A couple of assistants and I went on foot and carried what we could in the way of dressings. I was almost covered up with dirt a couple of times. But we could hear the shells coming and there was a ditch running along the road, so we could dive into that. Finally we reached a very strong stone farmhouse which would be proof against all but the large shells. We hung out our Red Cross sign and soon had plenty to do. We worked about thirty hours straight without stopping.

I was anxious to see the sights, so our chaplain and I went on a little trip, taking a couple of men so we could bring in our dead, if we found any. I was the farthest out in No-Man's Land, and, just as I got in the center of a little field, I heard bullets whistling and I dropped flat on the ground. I lay there very quiet till they stopped, then started to crawl forward toward some bushes about a hundred yards away. Every time I moved, bullets would start whistling, so I lay there about two hours. Then the chaplain and the other two men slipped around the edge of the field looking for me. Soon I heard one of them say, "Look out, they are shooting at us," so I thought it was time to run. I think I almost broke the record getting out of that field.

Every time I take a trip and see the wholesale destruction wrought by the Hun I am unable to control my temper. It is a sad sight to see the pinched-faced, hungry little children, trudging back to their once happy homes, there to find only a pile of ruins.

It is cheering to hear of the splendid work of the American Red Cross. They are surely a godsend to the boys on the battlefield. If there is anyone in our fair land who fails to get behind some cause whose object is to crush these "Hordes of Hell," he should hide his face and renounce forever his claim to civilization.

[Continued on page 30]





To make your skin fine in texture - lovely even when seen closely

Blackheads—How to get rid of them

If you are troubled with blackheads, try the treatment given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. It tells you the cause of blackheads and how to get rid of them.



Conspicuous nose pores—How to reduce them

Conspicuous nose pores often spoil an otherwise flawless complexion. A special treatment for reducing conspicuous nose pores is among the famous treatments given in the booklet you get with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

MANY a face that is attractive at a glance, loses all its charm when seen closely.

For your face to be truly lovely, even when seen closely, the texture of your skin must be fine and smooth, the pores should be hardly visible.

Take your mirror in hand, now, and examine your skin closely by the strong light. Notice the pores on the cheek, on the chin, on the wings of the nose. Compare them with the pores on the inner surface of your arm.

The skin of your face is more exposed to wind and dust and cold than any other part of the body. Its delicate pores contract and expand under the influence of cold and heat. Irritating dust is carried into them. They clog up and become enlarged. If you neglect your skin, it becomes in time quite coarse. The pores lose their power to contract again.

This is why it is so important, in order to keep your skin fine in texture, to use the proper method of cleansing and stimulating it with a soap prepared especially to meet its needs.

This famous treatment has helped others: Dip your washcloth in very warm water and

hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the *cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a *piece of ice*. Always dry carefully.

Use this treatment persistently

This treatment, if used persistently, will strengthen the small muscular fibres and gradually rebuild a smooth-textured skin. Within a week or ten days you will notice an improvement, but, remember that you cannot correct in a day what years of neglect have caused. Only the *steady* use of Woodbury's will give you that greater smoothness and finer texture you can have.

For a month or six weeks of this treatment and for general cleansing use for that time, you will find that the 25c cake of Woodbury's is ample. Get a cake, and begin tonight the proper treatment for your skin. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake with booklet of famous treatments and a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Send 6c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial Treatment) together with the booklet of treatments "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1511 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1511 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Make your room
fit your taste



W.S.S.
U.S. PATENTED STAMP
MADE BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

YOUR interest in home-beautifying will greatly increase if you'll send for these free-to-you helpful books—"Acme Quality Painting Guide Book" and "Home Decorating." They answer every home painting and decorating question you can ask.

Dressing table, bed, bureau, chairs—every article becomes like new with Acme Quality Paints and Finishes. Walls and woodwork can be toned with draperies and the floor done over so that it will glisten beautifully.

Do you realize that every bit of painting you do yourself about your home releases just that much labor toward winning the war? Put it right up to Acme Quality Paints and Finishes and your own hands to give the new touch to home things.

For every surface that can be painted, enameled, stained or finished there is an Acme Quality Kind to fit the purpose. Liberal use of Acme Quality makes furniture give many more years of service—and saves the cost of new!

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Dept. A, F, Detroit, Michigan

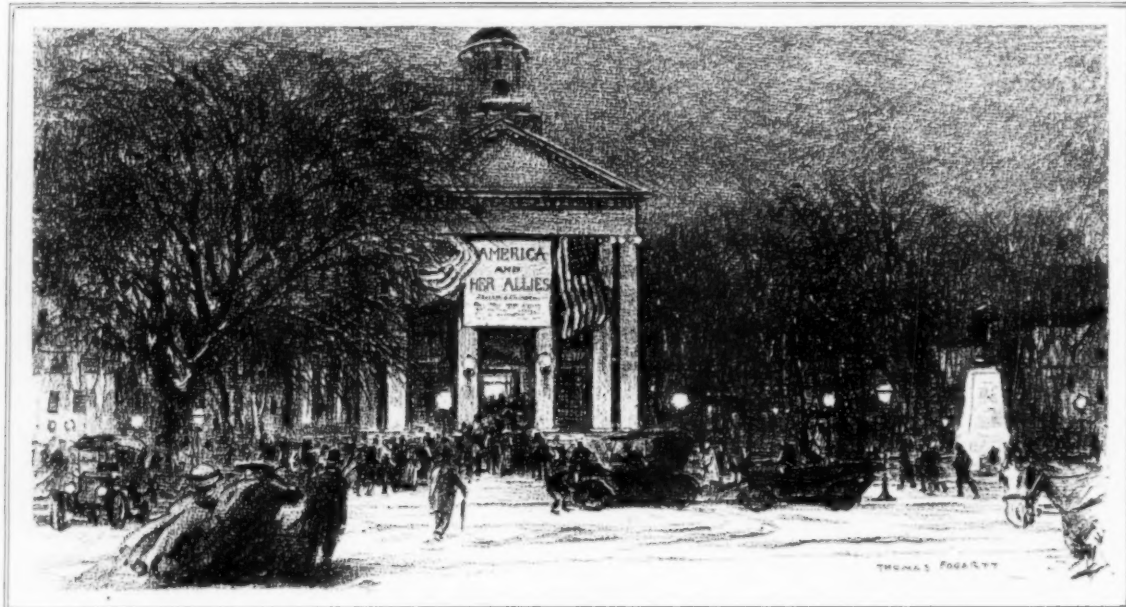
BOSTON	MINNEAPOLIS	PITTSBURGH
CINCINNATI	NASHVILLE	FORT WORTH
DALLAS	LINCOLN	PORTLAND
CHICAGO	ST. LOUIS	SALT LAKE CITY
TOLEDO	BIRMINGHAM	LOS ANGELES
	TOPPER	SPokane

ACME QUALITY
PAINTS & FINISHES



Have an Acme Quality Shelf

For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnish, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and similar surfaces; and, a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.



America and Her Allies A Wartime Thanksgiving Celebration

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

Author of "Patriotic Plays and Pageants"

AMERICA

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum—
Saying "Come!
Freeman, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarm-
ing drum.

And they answered, hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet voice proclaiming
Said: "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing an-
swered, "Lord, we come!"

Next, the national air of Belgium is played and Belgium enters, wearing a black robe, with a long transparent veil of black over her face and hair. She recites *The Refugees*, by Herman Hagedorn. Then the stage and auditorium grow dark and a man's voice recites the poignant *In Flanders Fields*. The stage then lightens and Jeanne D'Arc appears for France, either in a coat of mail, or as a peasant Maid of Domremy. Next come the countries of Great Britain, then Italy, and so on. The order of their appearance is not important.

THIS Thanksgiving is not like any other in the story of our country. It is fitting that we should celebrate it in a way distinctly its own. This simple entertainment, planned especially for McCall readers by Miss Mackay, is such that any club, school, or church can use it with little or no expense. Its thoughts are of remembrance for what our Allies and our own men have done. Its motive is to renew our faith in what both will do in bringing about the peace for which we work.—*The Editor.*

FOR those who wish to keep our great cause vividly before the minds—and perhaps before the purses—as well as the hearts of a Thanksgiving audience, there may be a simple dramatic evening called *America and Her Allies*. Though simple, it can be moving and effective, and it can be exceedingly inexpensive.

The town hall, a school room, or a church, will make a suitable auditorium. Make a stage background of solid-colored curtains, in some shade such as forest green or deep blue. House portières may be borrowed or, if that isn't possible, strips of plain denim may be used effectively. The flags of the Allies may be arranged on standards in the center background.

The entertainment is to be given in pageant form. Each Ally, beginning with America, comes forward and recites a poem appropriate to the country she represents. The succession of recitations is relieved by music, the national airs of the Allies being played or sung between each two poems. This arrangement may be varied by having the audience join in the choruses they know. If the audience is to be invited to sing other than American songs, copies of the words should be furnished. The audience-singing should be led by a director. If your town has been following the excellent custom of community-singing, here is your chance to show what has been accomplished. If there has been little audience-singing in your town, you will do well to arrange that a choir or group of singers from the high school or some other organization sit together and be ready to take up each chorus promptly. Do everything you can to prevent the chorus-singing from "falling flat." This chorus-singing may be varied, again, by solos. It is not necessary that all the Allies appear. The larger countries may be represented by speaking characters, and a medley of patriotic airs may be played for the other countries.

At right and left, against the drapery of curtains, should be two long plain seats, like music benches. Here the figures representing the Allies seat themselves after they have finished reciting. As the number of the group increases, some of the characters can stand on either side of the benches so as to "decorate" the stage. These characters should join in all chorus-singing.

The evening may begin with the singing of *America*, and end with the singing of *Kipling's Recessional*, and our National Anthem.

Now for some suggestions for the poems, and for the costumes of the Allies who speak them. America, dressed in a white robe with a starry over-robe, begins with an American poem by Bret Harte, using the first and last verses. It is called *The Reveille*. Before and after America speaks there are bugle calls from off the stage. Be sure that the bugler times his calls accurately to avoid awkward breaks.

Now as to where suitable recitations, poems, and dialogues can be had. Very valuable for poetic interpretation of the World War is *The Battle Line of Democracy*, published by the Committee on Public Information, 10 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C. (price fifteen cents). In this booklet every Allied country in the World War is represented by a stirring poem. Belgium is represented by two poems, one of them, "In Flanders Fields." For France there is a fine poem on Jeanne D'Arc. All the colonies of England can be represented by symbolic figures, along the lines suggested in this article, by using the noble poems on Australia, England, Ireland, Scotland, Canada and India that appear in this excellent handbook.

FOR the other symbolic figures there are many familiar and beautiful poems, with a deep, emotional appeal, which may be found in almost any library. There is "High Summer," by Katherine Tynan, and then, "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," by Alan Seegar, the young American poet who seemed to have a premonition that he was going into his last battle. The latter poem may be spoken by Courage. T. H. Bennett's, "The Flag Goes By," breathes the spirit of Patriotism. The beautiful ode by William Collins, "How Sleep the Brave," falls fittingly from the lips of the Old World, while our own New World will express its ideals through Richard Watson Gilder's, "The Heroic Age."

The characters should appear promptly and the numbers should follow one another without breaks. A quick succession keeps the interest of your audience keyed up to a receptive point; this is obviously essential in an amateur production. Success in the management of this important detail can be made certain only by having a complete dress rehearsal on a date preceding that of the entertainment, and by insisting that all the characters be ready to appear at the opening of the first number.

The manager of the pageant will do well to appoint a responsible "stage director" whose sole business will be to have the actors in their costumes ready to go on promptly when their cues come.

Do not be afraid that such a celebration, though simple in its outline, will fail to entertain your audience. The patriotic note of this plan is especially appealing at this holiday time. The color of the robes of the symbolic figures, purple and orchid, rich crimson, blue and gold and white, will hold the attention of an audience, for people are keenly and pleasantly sensitive to the perfect blending of soft shades or the vivid contrasting of bright ones. Cheese-cloth and cotton flannel may be used for the materials, but the lines of the robes and the color scheme of costumes and stage setting must be as nearly perfect as it is possible to have them.

Any country can be symbolized by a figure wearing a white Greek robe and a mantle in the national color. A head-dress can be made like Liberty's cap with the shield of the country on its front. The flag of the country may be carried. Pictures of the flags of the Allied countries will be found in any large dictionary. Remember the rule that national flags are not to be used as robes or draperies. A flag is a sacred symbol; it may be carried but it should not be worn or draped in decoration.

Other symbolic figures may be Courage, Liberty, the Old World and the New World, Democracy, Tyranny or any one of a dozen others. Each symbolic figure may recite appropriate lines; if they are brief they will convey a greater effect. Between these recitations the chorus sings lines that fit in with the general scheme.

Bon Ami

**Keeps nickel bright
and smiling—**

"I had always thought of Bon Ami as being only for windows until a friend told me to try it on the nickel fixtures in my bathroom.

"My! what a surprise I had! They came out so clean and bright and smiling! I started in right away to clean the nickel on my gas-range, and the kitchen-sink faucets, and all the brass and nickel around the house. It took only a jiffy — and how everything did shine!"

"Hasn't
scratched
yet!"



Bon Ami is made of a soft mineral and will never scratch. And it is the only cleaner which has a real polishing quality.

*Made in both cake
and powder form*





Cocoanut Shells Needed For Gas Masks

THE carbon from charred cocoanut shells is the best absorbent of poisonous gases yet discovered. Hundreds of tons of cocoanut shells a day are needed by the Government for the manufacture of gas masks.

The more cocoanut American housewives use, the more shells are turned over and hence the more gas masks can be produced.

Dromedary Cocoanut can be used in a number of ways to add food value, flavor and variety to timely conservation dishes.

Dromedary Cocoanut is the universal favorite because it is so delicious in corn muffins, waffles and griddle cakes, cookies, gelatines, rice and bread puddings and fruit desserts, and as sugarless frosting for coffee cakes and war cakes.

Dromedary Cocoanut Is Economical

It is safe to buy Dromedary Cocoanut in large quantities because there is no waste. The cover of the "Ever-Sealed" package may be replaced, thus keeping the unused portion fresh, moist and full flavored.

Write today for our new book "Dromedary War Time Recipes" which gives many appetizing suggestions for patriotic housewives.

The HILLS BROTHERS Co., Dept. 23, 375 Washington St., N. Y.



Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of Dromedary Cocoanut to your favorite recipe for Corn Muffins

THE methods of infection in all the communicable diseases of the respiratory tract, such as grippe or true influenza (Spanish grippé), pneumonia, tuberculosis, etc., are essentially the same. In practically all active cases of all these diseases, the infective germs are contained in the discharges from the nose and mouth, and usually in enormous numbers. It has been estimated, for example, that not infrequently in pulmonary tuberculosis more than five hundred million tubercle bacilli are contained in the sputum discharged by a single patient in a single day.

It should be strongly emphasized that all of the diseases which we are now considering are due to taking into the air passages the infective germs which have been discharged from some previous case of the disease; and, generally speaking, the transmission of the germs from the sick to the well is very direct. Most of these diseases producing micro-organisms do not find favorable conditions for their multiplication outside the living body. In other words, they are strongly parasitic in character, and generally they not only do not multiply after their discharge from the body, but as a rule, soon die and thus become harmless. When, therefore, any one of these communicable diseases of the air passages occurs, it is usually the result of the direct transfer from the sick to the well of the identical germs which were discharged in the expectoration of the former. In some few instances, a human "disease carrier" (one who has not himself had the disease, but who has been in contact with a case of it) may serve as an intermediate host.

It should thus be understood that every case of pulmonary tuberculosis results from taking into the nose or mouth tubercle bacilli which have been discharged from some preceding case of this disease—every case of true grippe or influenza, from receiving in the same way influenza bacilli which were contained in the discharges from the nose or mouth of a previous case of this disease, and so on.

THE germs causing each disease are specific, and the disease cannot develop without the presence and activity of the specific germs causing it. The germs cannot be generated *de novo* any more than the higher forms of life can be thus generated; therefore, every new case arises from some previous case.

Under exceptional conditions the germs may enter by some other route than the nose or mouth; or they may be derived from animals as in the case of the tubercle bacilli of cattle, which may be found in the milk of tuberculous cows; but these exceptional

A PHYSICAL EXAMINATION

H. C. K., Pennsylvania, and others—Articles on the Health Page of the magazine urge consulting a physician from time to time for a complete physical examination. Of what does such an examination consist?

It consists in taking a history of the patient, his past and present ailments and habits of living, and his family history; and then of making a complete physical examination of all parts and organs of the body—of the eyes, ears, nose and throat; of the teeth, including, if necessary, an X-ray examination of the roots and gums; of the lungs, and heart; of the urine and blood, of the blood pressure, weight, and chest expansion.

RUPTURE OR HERNIA

Mr. A. G., Ohio and others—What is the cause of a lump or swelling in the groin which comes out on coughing, but can be pushed in with hand, giving a gurgling sound? And what can be done for it?

This is apparently what is called an "inguinal hernia," the commonest form of rupture in men. It is caused by the protrusion of the intestines and is brought on usually by overexertion or strain. If the hernia is small and can be kept in place by a truss, it is not serious. There is, however, always a risk of strangulation of the hernia, should the truss get misplaced. Every hernia should be retained by a properly fitting truss or pad which fits over it. This should always be worn when not lying down. A rupture is "strangulated" when it is so tightly constricted at its neck that it cannot be

How Can We Keep Well? Catching Colds and Giving Them

By Hermann M. Biggs, M.D., LL.D.

Commissioner of Health, State of New York

instances do not affect the general rule and will be referred to later more in detail in connection with the respective diseases.

It should be understood, with reference to any infectious disease, that there must always be a certain intensity of the infection. In other words a sufficient dose of germs of sufficient virulence to overcome the natural resistance to infection must be received at a given time. One or two or a few tubercle bacilli or influenza bacilli entering the nose or mouth are not likely to produce any effect or to cause either of these diseases. The resistance of the tissues of the body is sufficient to overcome and destroy small numbers of disease germs and it is only when sufficient virus of sufficient virulence is received to overcome the natural resistance, that infection occurs and the disease results. It is for this reason that when many persons are exposed at the same time to a communicable disease, only a few—a small percentage—usually contract it. Some are immune, perhaps, as a result of some previous attack, and others have

germs are destroyed in drying, others are still living and are then breathed in with the dust.

There should be the most stringent laws against coughing or sneezing with the mouth and nose uncovered, for this is one of the most dangerous

ways of transferring disease, as the germs in this fine spray are likely to be particularly active and virulent. The danger is, of course, especially great in crowded places and in street cars and where many people are standing crowded together, as in theaters or churches, and places of assemblage.

The discharges soiling the hands may be transferred to others in shaking hands or by touching door knobs; or table napkins and eating utensils and towels may be soiled, and in hundreds of other ways, where the greatest care is not observed, the expectation is distributed.

It is for these reasons that grippe or influenza often spreads so rapidly, not only from city to city, but from continent to continent, and even around the world, as was the case in the last great outbreak. Susceptibility to it is very general, and one attack does not produce insusceptibility or immunity, as is the case with some diseases like scarlet fever or measles.

There is no doubt that "Spanish grippé," of which we have recently heard so much, is only the "Russian grippé," which prevailed in such a terrible pandemic form in 1889 and 1890.

It is the same disease and unless the greatest precautions are taken, and probably even in spite of them, it is likely that during this coming autumn and winter we shall suffer in the United States an extensive outbreak.

At some times and under some conditions which we do not well understand, the virus of these diseases becomes suddenly much more virulent, and then the disease assumes wide

spread epidemic form. Apparently we are now facing such a period with reference to grippé.

The secret of protection in all of the diseases of the air-passages is the exercise of scrupulous care and cleanliness with reference to the discharges from the nose and throat and the taking of the greatest precautions not only to cover the mouth and nose in coughing and sneezing, but to see that handkerchiefs and clothes are at once disinfected or destroyed, and hands which are soiled with the expectoration are properly cleaned.

The campaign for the prevention of careless spitting in public conveyances and public buildings has brought about a great improvement in this practice, but as yet comparatively few people realize the enormous importance of covering the mouth and nose when coughing or sneezing.

the skin, and interference with perspiration. Internal remedies like arsenic are often useful, and various local ointments like chrysarobin are applied after removing the scales with hot water and soap and vaseline. Chronic cases are difficult to cure, and the treatment is long and tedious, no matter how skillful the physician. Only a skin specialist can treat it properly.

DARK CIRCLES UNDER THE EYES

C. D., Winnipeg.—(1) What is the cause of dark circles under the eyes? (2) How may they be removed?

(1) It is reflex nervous disturbance of the circulation of the skin due to various causes such as overwork, dissipation or excesses and debility of all kinds. (2) They may usually be removed by hygienic habits of living, sufficient rest, proper food and plenty of fresh air and exercise—learning how to keep well.

SEDIMENT IN THE URINE

F. C., Pennsylvania.—On letting the urine stand in a bottle for a day or so have noticed a thick, whitish deposit on the bottom. Which disease, if any, would this indicate?

The sediment may be caused by a deposit of phosphates, water or pus, shreds from clothing, etc. This deposit would not necessarily indicate a diseased condition; but this really can only be determined by a physical and chemical examination. You are advised to consult a good physician.

Health Questions Answered

If you have a cold and are anxious to learn how to cure it, or if you have any inquiries concerning diseases of the air passage, write to Dr. Arthur R. Guerard, care of McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City. Dr. Guerard answers personally through the mail all health questions, provided that a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed for reply.

returned into the abdominal cavity and its circulation is interfered with, thus producing not only obstruction to the passage of feces, but also an arrest of circulation in the protruded portion. This, if not quickly relieved, results in gangrene and death. For the radical cure of hernia a surgical operation is necessary. This is usually simple and successful when done by an experienced surgeon. In young persons it should always be advised, and even after middle age it is often most desirable.

PSORIASIS

M. E., Minnesota.—I have been troubled with psoriasis for about three years. What is the cause of this disease? What can I do to cure it?

Psoriasis is an affection of the skin characterized by flat, dry patches of varying extent, covered with white, silver gray or asbestos-like scales. There are no crusts. On removing the scales, a smooth, shining surface is exposed, dotted here and there with deep red spots. Very little is known about its cause. It is, on the whole, more common in youth than later in life. Men are more subject to it than women. It is to a certain extent hereditary. It is very chronic. It must be treated hygienically, constitutionally and locally, but the disease always tends to a relapse. Attention is to be paid to the clothing so as to avoid irritation of

If Your Home Lacks Closet Space

Some of These Easily-Copied Devices Will Solve the Problem

By Hanna Tachau

MANY old-fashioned houses as well as modest, modern apartments are deficient in closet space. To help rectify this deficiency clever women, here and there, have evolved for their own homes a number of practical devices, which have proved their usefulness and which can be easily copied. Have you seen a little folding wardrobe made of chintz or cretonne or any fabric that is washable and yet heavy enough to keep dust from sifting through? Almost any woman can make one for herself.

Cut two strips of cretonne 16 inches wide and 55 inches long, to form the two sides, and two other strips 22 inches wide and 55 inches long, to form the back and front of the wardrobe. Sew a 16-inch strip lengthwise to the 22-inch strip, and a 16-inch strip to the other side of the same 22-inch strip. This forms the back and two sides of the closet. Now stitch the second 22-inch strip to the 16-inch strip. The fourth seam is not sewed together but each side is bound with braid to form the opening of the closet. It is held firmly closed, however, by heavy brass snaps which open and clasp easily. The top and bottom of the wardrobe are made of the material cut 16 by 22 inches. These pieces are stitched around



One little pull and this Box on Castors rolls out easily from under the Bed

Here's a Place for Everything from Newest Hat to Oldest Shoes

Illustrations by K. McCarron

spaces on either side are made into useful little shelves. Cretonne curtains are hung in front of these shelves and the box itself is treated with several coats of paint and enamel—the top being covered with cretonne protected with glass. The stool is so constructed that it is in reality a shoe receptacle. A chintz flounce covers the outside of a low, round box, which, perhaps, began its life as a butter firkin. The round top, padded to make it comfortable, is covered with cretonne and attached by hinges. The inside of the box is also lined with cretonne, but full pockets of the material are arranged all along the sides, each pocket being large enough to hold a pair of shoes conveniently.

Hats are always difficult to dispose of, especially when a closet is very shallow without much shelf space. So, to solve the problem, a little wooden stand can be constructed to hold four hat boxes. This stand is built like a table with two shelves underneath, each shelf holding two boxes—any kind of wood will do that can be painted or enameled. The hat boxes are made more attractive and durable by covering them with either a light-weight flowered chintz or cretonne, or heavy flowered wall-paper. To be very practical,



A Cretonne Wardrobe for the Room that has no Closet



A practical way of keeping your Hats under the Table

the four sides of the opening, top and bottom. To reinforce and to help retain its shape, a simple frame consisting of four heavy wire or wooden rods, can be constructed to fit the inside of the top. An extra rod is inserted through the center of the frame running from front to back, to hold the garment hangers. This device will hold from six to ten dresses. It can be hung in a corner of a room, or suspended behind a bed, and is a splendid contrivance to take along when travelling as it can be folded flat and put in a trunk.

It is unhygienic to stuff away things under your bed, but a box especially constructed with wheels or castors, so that it can easily be pulled out, allowing no dust to collect, is a fine makeshift for a closet. These boxes can be had, made of cedar wood, or straw fiber with bamboo edges, but you can easily make one yourself by covering an ordinary, long window box with chintz or cretonne, which not only makes it look attractive but helps to make it dust proof. Such a box must, of course, have a hinged cover and a handle attached to the outer side so that you can get hold of it easily, and it should also be provided with five casters, one at each corner and one in the center of the box to make it spin about and roll from under the bed easily. It should, if possible, be long enough to allow a dress or skirt to lie full length without folding.

A cupboard and shoe receptacle can be camouflaged as a dressing table and stool. A long, oblong wooden box can be used for the dressing table, the open side turned outward. It is divided into three parts, the partitions put in vertically, the center one being left free, so that you can sit before it comfortably. The



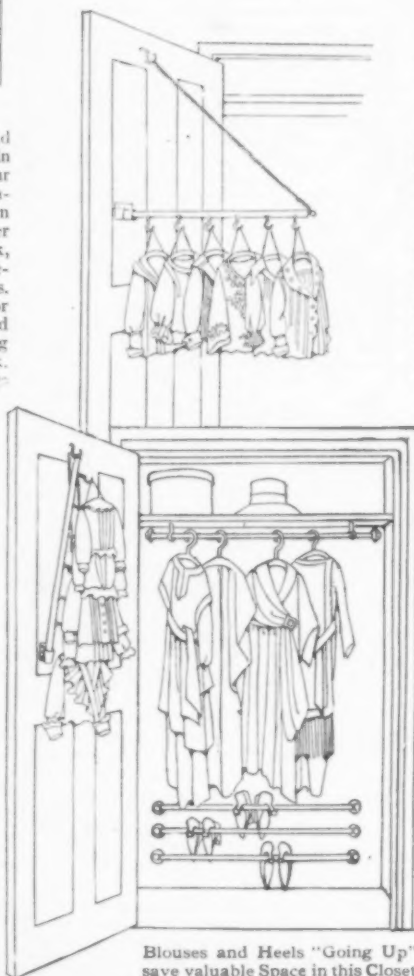
Really a Cupboard but Camouflaged as a Dressing Table

the front sides of the boxes should be hinged by means of strips of linen so that the front can drop, and the hats removed without taking the boxes from the shelves.

Another space-saving device is a waist rack which can be hung upon the door or wall of a closet. It is made of a wooden rod, sixteen inches long, enameled white, and has six brass screw-hooks placed at equal intervals upon it. A metal hinge on one end fastens the rod to its support. The other end has a brass ring and a brass chain twenty inches long, attached to it. The chain, caught to a hook above, supports the rod when it is in a horizontal position, but it can be made to take up but little space by folding the rod flat up against the door and by catching the ring on the end to the hook above. In the same closet there will be room for several inverted towel racks, which, screwed on the underside of the shelf, from front to back, will be found convenient for holding sets of hangers—one rack for blouses, one for dresses and another for coats perhaps. Near the floor of the closet a tier of rods for holding shoes, saves space and eliminates dust. These rods may be any length, but they should be projected several inches from the wall, so that the heels catch over them when the shoes are slipped in.

There are numerous other contrivances in which apparel can be concealed without in any way disturbing the tranquillity of a room.

A window recess offers exceptional opportunities. There, a box may be utilized for holding clothes, as well as for a window seat, provided the lid is upholstered; or a bench can be built to fit the space, under which several large boxes can be placed, concealed by a full cretonne curtain. Chintz-covered boxes may also do duty as fire benches.



Blouses and Heels "Going Up" save valuable Space in this Closet



Now and then, even the healthiest of us find it beneficial to correct our manner of living, especially as regards food and drink.

In making the change we naturally seek as little disturbance to pleasure as possible.

Coffee seems to agree with many until that time comes when discomforts of nerves or digestion appear to be traceable to its use.

Then is a good time to consider

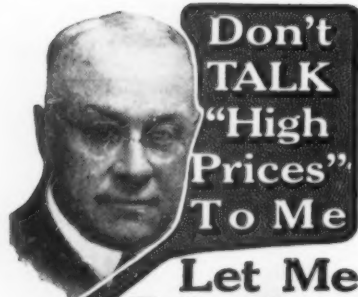
Instant Postum

This table drink has a delightful, coffee-like flavor. It is economical, easily made, and the strength can be varied to meet individual taste perfectly.

Instant Postum is pure and wholesome, and being entirely free from the coffee drug, "caffeine," naturally better health and comfort follow a change from

Coffee to Postum

"There's a Reason"



**Don't
TALK
"High
Prices",
To Me**

**Let Me
Talk About
LOW Prices
To You!**

Del Dane, "The Old Stove Master" I want you to know me. I am smashing prices this year. I am making a country-wide drive on Kalamazoo Stoves, Ranges, and Furnaces. That's why I want to talk low prices.

Send Me Your Name and get my book. It tells the story. Shows you the latest thing in Kalamazoo Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, Gas Ranges, Oil Ranges, and Kitchen Cabinets.

Everyone knows Kalamazoo quality. But do you know how much money Kalamazoo prices save you?

Write to Del Dane. I sell direct from my factories. I ship on 30 days' trial—cash or easy payment—unlimited, unconditional guarantee.

Ask for Catalog No. 198. **KALAMAZOO STOVE CO.** Manufacturers Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

When answering ads, mention McCALL'S



Style 705
Home Upright

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

The high quality standards which have always marked our product are being scrupulously maintained today. The same delightful tone and touch, the attractive designs, the sterling integrity of construction which have made Ivers & Pond Pianos the choice of nearly 500 American Educational Institutions and 65,000 homes, reach their perfection in the pianos now being shipped.

Our new catalogue picturing and describing the latest and best in grands, uprights and player pianos mailed (free) on request. Write for it.

How to Buy

Our latest models are on exhibition at high-class piano houses throughout the United States. If none in your vicinity sells them, we can supply you direct from our factory easily, safely, and to your advantage, shipping the piano on approval and paying railway freights both ways if it should disappoint you.

Fill Out and Send This Coupon to

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
149 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

Name _____
Address _____

Living in a Circle of Knockers

What the Talkative Girl Says About It

By Clare Peeler

IN breezed The Talkative Girl from a week-end party, and The Listener looked up with a smile from her book. She kissed The Listener enthusiastically, dropped her suit-case on the floor, threw off her outdoor things, and subsided on the davenport for tea and talk. But her pretty face was a little graver than usual, and presently The Listener questioned.

"Did you really have a very good time, dear?"

"Well, I did and I didn't," The Talkative Girl admitted frankly. "You know how fond I am of the Eltons—I ought to enjoy myself in their house, if I ever do anywhere—and we had a jolly party and good weather and everything."

"Then what was the matter?" asked The Listener. "You look perfectly well."

"Oh, that was all right," The Talkative Girl said, absently stirring her tea. "It was just—well, I'll tell you. Oh, I think it's horrid to criticize people when you've just come from their house," she broke off, abruptly. "It's so disloyal."

"Don't do it, then," advised The Listener. "Simply tell me why you didn't enjoy yourself, without criticizing anybody. In other words, tell me what happened, not what you think about it."

"Why, only what always happens when I go to that house," The Talkative Girl said, gloomily. "Everybody tells me all sorts of things. Marie told me, coming over from the station, how she hadn't been able to ask Jack Wilson because he was so fond of her, and it annoyed Ethel May so awfully, Ethel happening to want Jack's attentions herself. Also, that while she's devoted to Ethel, she thought Ethel never played fair with men. Ethel, you know, is not only one of Marie's best friends, but also one of mine, and she does want not only Jack's attentions, but those of every other man alive not in captivity—"

"You weren't going to criticize," interrupted The Listener. "I know Ethel perfectly well, my dear."

"Goodness!" said The Talkative Girl. "Well, you see it's catching, this criticism. So then Ethel came to my room to talk and she explained that, although she undoubtedly loved Marie, she thought it a great defect in her character that Marie was so jealous of her friends and so very anxious to keep each one to herself, so that they couldn't all have nice times together. All of which is undoubtedly true. But, as the man said in the song—'Out of a City of Three Million People, Why Do They Pick On ME?'—to hear their wrongs?"

THE Listener laughed, as she poured her second cup.

"You were certainly occupying a difficult position," she said. "But aren't you repeating some rather petty talk yourself, my dear?"

"Honestly, it wasn't only that," The Talkative Girl said, earnestly. "It was what it started me to think of. You know, that way of talking about one another is simply the spirit of Marie's family and her whole crowd. They're always doing what they call 'knocking' one another, and they always do it with that reservation of being very fond of the person they knock."

"Which gives, in my judgment, the last neat touch to the meanness of it," commented The Listener. "As though the essence of loving people wasn't your loyalty to them."

"Well, now, that's what I wanted to talk about," said The Talkative Girl. "The Eltons and their crowd, of course, really have the habit worse than most people. The whole family does it. Mrs. Elton told me how she wanted to change some ways of having things served, at table, but her dear husband was so extremely unreasonable in such matters, and of course a wise woman never roused a bad-tempered man, as I'd realize if I ever married. Then Jimmie confided to me that his father was

the best ever, but if he didn't get a free hand at the office soon, things would go to ruin there from the dear old chap's old-fashioned ways of running things—and hinted that a fellow had his own trials when people simply wouldn't spend what they had plenty of."

"And did father happen to give you his views?"

Father didn't mince matters. He stated forcefully once or twice his opinion of fad-notions that made a man's house unlivable, of empty-headed girls that didn't have anything but boys to chatter about when they'd had the finest education that money could buy, and wound up by paying his compliments to fresh sophomores in offices who tried to tell people how to run businesses that were successful before the young donkeys were born. I liked his

said the other man, 'may be an explanation, but it is no excuse.' I think Caroline simply did the old trick of being the aggressor, and it doesn't excuse her complaining of her sister-in-law to her cook."

"Indeed it doesn't," agreed The Listener. "But it was funny, especially when she explained that it was really more loyal of her to rant a little about Mrs. James Wyckoff and get it all over, than to keep her feelings suppressed and so probably get to feel quite vindictive about it!"

The Talkative Girl laughed.

"Yes, I certainly think that was funny reasoning," she said. "But do you notice how we always do explain away our criticizing a friend? It's simply for their good—so often. Or we say, proudly, 'I'm never foolishly blind like some people.' Or, it's because we love them so much we can't bear to have them possess any faults."

"That's Arthur's theory," The Listener said. "He apparently thinks about the hardest things of me that any brother could of a sister, and when I remonstrate that I really ought sometimes to have the benefit of the doubt, the same as any other of his friends, he explains indignantly that it's because he wants his sister to be absolutely perfect. I must say, I sometimes envy the darkey woman who, when she was asked to testify that her husband treated her badly, said—'No indeed, Judge, that nigger never did give me no ha'sh

treatment. He done treat me mo' like a friend than a husband.' I'd occasionally prefer to be treated as a friend rather than a sister!"

"Yes, I know Arthur's arguments," The Talkative Girl observed. "And I notice that nobody objects more energetically than he does, if some one that he's fond of—you, for instance—applies them to him. He's explained to me lots of times how men respond to being believed in, how readily people grow more noble if they're treated as though they were noble. If you criticize him, he's mighty apt to declare that you don't understand how good his motives were—and to do him justice, they usually are. But why doesn't he believe that yours are?"

"Arthur's nature is perhaps more inclined to doubt people," his sister said.

"Then he deceives himself," returned The Talkative Girl triumphantly, "and what he calls keeping you up to his own high standard is just plain criticism." The Listener shook her head.

MY dear, loyalty to your friends doesn't imply that you believe their every act perfect."

"No, but it implies that you believe on the whole in their being what you loved them for originally, I think. If I saw you pick somebody's pocket, I wouldn't believe that act reversed all I'd ever known of you, and that you'd always been dishonest and kept it hidden."

"On the contrary, you would first report me to the police and then prepare a defense on the ground of temporary insanity," laughed The Listener. "Yes, I agree with you there. I think a loyal friend would appreciate the fact that such an act would at least allow of some explanation."

"If it didn't, I suppose it would be up to that friend to bail you out," remarked The Talkative Girl flippantly, "and then believe that your better nature would take possession of you again."

They both laughed, and then were silent for a few minutes.

"Loyalty is such a great word, these days," The Talkative Girl said, dreamily, putting down her cup. "Millions of people are giving up everything for the principle of loyalty to their country. Almost everybody considers criticism of one's nation as disloyalty to that nation—nearly everyone is saying—'My country, right or wrong!'—Why can't we say—'My friends—right or wrong, still my friends—' and keep silent about the little things they do to annoy us?"



Ethel explains that she loves Marie but really can't help seeing these faults

Marilyn's Secret

By Edith Elliott Lindley

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD A. POUCHER

HOLDING full-length in front of her the dainty creation of ivory-tinted satin and rare, old lace, to which she had just added the finishing touches, Marilyn faced the long French mirror, smiling. It was the kind of dress most women wear but *once* in their lives—a wedding gown. And to be sure, it wasn't Marilyn's *own*. She had designed and made it specially for her good customer, the wealthy Miss Houten, whose patronage, with that of many other women of the city's most exclusive social set, had made "Mme. Marilyn's" little dressmaking shop a remarkable success from the day of its opening.

To women who understand them as Marilyn did, clothes speak a wonderful language. So it was that when the little modiste looked upon that filmy garment in the mirror, the smile faded from her lips and she caught her breath in a half-stifled sob.

As in a dream she saw herself kneeling in bridal attire before the altar with the man to whom her heart belonged. Her day-dream carried her, too, through a honeymoon spent close to nature in the far North woods and the rapture of living in her own little home—oh! such a home, with everything a man and woman, loving one another, could desire! She saw herself trying from the first to be a real helpmate to her husband—taking so much pride in being trim and neat and economical! She thrilled at the thought of happy days with her husband forging ahead rapidly in his work and of glad nights before the open fireplace with he and she together planning the golden future.

Marilyn's day-dream was interrupted by the slamming of a door and the sound of hurrying footsteps in the outer office. She had just time to lift the wedding gown from the floor where it had fallen to a more respectful place on the long pattern-drafting table, when Margaret, her young assistant, came in and, handing her a cablegram, withdrew without a word.

WITH trembling hands, Marilyn tore open the yellow envelope and read the message. Then with a little cry, she sank into her chair and wept almost hysterically.

When she looked up some time later, Margaret was once more coming through the doorway. She stopped short, looking in alarm at Marilyn and then at the open cablegram on the desk.

"I'm sorry if it brought bad news," she said. "Can I do anything?"

"Oh! It wasn't bad news, Margaret," Marilyn replied, "it was the very best news that could possibly have come—and my tears are tears of happiness. But—yes, you can do something. Send Marie out front to look after the shop—and then come back here. I want to tell you a secret."

Margaret, her eyes shining with reflected joy, left the room hurriedly. When she returned, Marilyn handed her the cablegram and Margaret read:

Have been promoted to Captaincy and assigned to Camp Mason. Will arrive New York next month. Arrange to dispose of shop and go west with me.

JACK.

"Then you are going to be married and close the shop!" said Margaret, trying not to show her own bitter disappointment. "I hope you'll be very happy."

"I don't think it will close, Margaret," said Marilyn happily, "after you've heard the secret I'm going to tell you—and the little plan I have in mind."

"I'm not going to be married because I am married and have been for three years. That cablegram is from my husband, who has been in France as a lieutenant since Spring. I have a little daughter two years old at home. You see, I've simply *had* to keep from talking about my home and my husband—I couldn't stand it!"

"But now—it's all right. And—oh! Margaret, won't Jack be proud when he knows how wonderfully successful I have been—how well I did my bit? Of course I've written all about it, but I know he thinks I'm telling him good news just to keep him happy. He doesn't really believe the things I've written him about my patrons and the money I have made!"

BUT let me tell you how it all happened. When we were married, Jack had just begun to gain recognition where he was employed. We rented a dear little house with pretty rose arbors at the gate and no two people could have been happier than we were. At first Jack's salary was hardly large enough for our needs. And I did everything I could to help him.

"I saw that one of the most important ways in which I could save money would be by learning to make my own clothes. I had never learned to sew at all, and I was just planning to take some lessons from the dressmaker when little Genevieve was born. Then, of course, it was out of the question, because we had no maid. So I had temporarily given up the idea, when my older sister, Ida, who lived in Detroit, wrote me a long motherly letter.

"She said I ought to learn dressmaking just for the sake of having the kind of clothes I liked, even if I didn't care about saving money. She said that about six months before she had joined an institute of domestic arts and sciences—and she gave me the address—which had developed a wonderful new method by which any woman or girl, anywhere, could learn right in her own home, in spare time, to make all kinds of dresses and hats. She said it was really amazing how rapidly she had learned to make dainty, stylish clothes for herself and the children at a mere fraction of what they had cost before!"

"Well, Jack and I talked it over and I told him I was going to find out more about this school. So I wrote and asked the Woman's Institute how I could learn to make my own clothes."

"The information I received proved a revelation to me. The Institute provided just the opportunity I needed, so I became a member at once and took up dressmaking."

I WAS so eager to begin that I could scarcely wait until the first lesson came! If I had any lingering doubt about the plan, that first lesson dispelled it for good and all. The language was so simple a child could understand it and the pictures were simply marvelous! There were nearly 2,000 of them in the dressmaking course and they illustrated perfectly just exactly how to do everything!

"The best part of all is that almost right away you begin making actual garments. Why, from the third lesson, I made a blue grey organdie waist, a delightfully simple one and not unlike what I have on to-day. The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two a day. And any woman who is at all interested in clothes couldn't help learning rapidly! The text books foresee and explain everything. And the teachers take just as personal an interest in you as if they were right beside you!"

"Besides learning how to make every kind of garment for myself and Genevieve, and saving fully half the money we had spent before, I also learned what proved to be even more important to me later—the secrets of distinctive dress, what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to really develop style and how to add those little touches that make clothes distinctly becoming to the wearer."

"The lessons followed each other so naturally that I was soon working on elaborate dresses and suits. I learned, too, to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the streets, or in fashion magazines. In fact, this wonderful method of the Woman's Institute had really made me more capable than most professional dressmakers—after just a few months of spare-time study at home!"

"Of course, as a member I had an opportunity to learn a great deal about the Institute and its work. Margaret, it's perfectly wonderful what this great school is doing for women and girls all over the world. You see it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish and just whenever it is convenient. This has made it possible for women and girls in all circumstances to take the Institute's courses."



"I thought those society women would never stop admiring your gown. You certainly occupied the center of the stage."

Poucher

"Among the members there are housewives, school teachers, business women, girls at home or in school, girls in stores, shops and offices. They are of all ages from fifteen to sixty. Why altogether there are more than 13,000 women taking the Institute's courses. Most of them live in the United States, but there are hundreds in Canada and in foreign lands—all learning dressmaking or millinery at home just as successfully and easily as if they were together in a class room."

BUT I am getting away from my story! Well, a year ago, Jack entered the service. At first, he didn't think he could go—with a wife and child to support.

"When I sat here at the desk as you came in, I was thinking of the night when first he told me what he thought he ought to do—my dumb, horror-stricken realization of its meaning—my fight against despair—my final reconciliation to the sacrifice we both must make—and then the love light in Jack's eyes when I told him, smiling through my tears, how I could make it possible for him to enlist by going into business as a dressmaker—thanks to the thoroughness of my Woman's Institute training!"

"In no other way could I have had the kind of clothes I wanted for my little girl and myself—much less such success with the shop! The gowns, suits and other garments I have designed and made, as you know, are worn by the most wealthy and fashionable women in town. I have raised my prices time after time, as work came in so fast I could not handle it, but I never lost a customer! They paid the higher prices cheerfully and brought me their friends beside!"

"So that's my secret, Margaret—all of it, except that if you will let the Woman's Institute put the finishing touches on the practical training you have had with me, I want to make you manager of the shop when I go west with Jack—it's much too good a business to lock up and leave. And hundreds of professional dressmakers, who have had their own shops for years, have found the Institute gave them just the help they needed to make them successful. What do you think?"

"Think!" exclaimed Margaret, "I'd work my head off for the chance! I'm simply crazy to begin! And can I really learn to plan and design such costumes as have made you the most successful dressmaker in the city?"

"What I did with the help of the Woman's Institute, any woman or girl can do!" said Marilyn confidently.

TWO months later, as Captain Norwood and Marilyn were leaving the dining-room of a famous New York hotel one evening just before they started for his new post, the captain said:

"Well, dear, it's really a relief to get out of that place! I thought those society women would never stop admiring your gown. You certainly occupied the center of the stage. They are wondering who your modiste is—and I know. She's the bravest, dearest, most wonderful little woman in the world!"

"Well, that's only *your* opinion," Marilyn smiled indulgently. "But—Jack, did you notice the transformation of Margaret to-day? The dresses she has made since starting with the Institute only a few weeks ago show what her course will mean to her. She is getting along wonderfully and I'm so glad to turn the business over to her. What fun it will be for me from now on—planning and making dainty clothes for just Genevieve and myself, so Captain Norwood"—she saluted him gaily—"won't be ashamed of his family!"

MARILYN'S secret has a practical application to *your* needs. Over 13,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can easily and quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success, as Marilyn did, in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. And it will take only a minute of your time. Just send a letter, postcard or the convenient coupon below and you will receive—without obligation—by return mail the full story of this great school that has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business, to women and girls all over the world. Please be sure to say which subject interests you most.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

Dept. 3 L, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

- ☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Cooking
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Millinery

Name
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address
Advertisement.



New Ways for Old

As spinning-wheel days have been replaced by modern ways, so have old-time sweeping methods been discarded. Sweeping need no longer be a dreaded task; a fatiguing "job." The Bissell's has made sweeping easy and thorough.

Then corn brooms were sufficient. But now fine carpets and rugs require a Bissell appliance. Floor coverings last longer and retain their newness when cleaned the Bissell way.

BISSELL'S

Easy Running "Cyco" Ball-Bearing
VACUUM SWEEPER AND CARPET SWEEPER

Here are two faithful allies of cleanliness. Each occupies a distinct place of usefulness—together they form an unrivaled alliance against dirt and drudgery.

Bissell's "Cyco" Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweepers are \$4.00 to \$7.00; Vacuum Sweepers, \$6.75 to \$13.00—depending upon style and locality. At dealers everywhere. Booklet, "The Care of Rugs and Carpets," upon request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Made in Canada, too



"This certainly is pretty!"

And MORE—this library scarf in filet crochet is a war-time bit of home ornamentation both economical and easy to make, particularly if you use



DEXTER
CORDONNET
CROCHET COTTON
Never Kinks - Always Lies Flat

For DEXTER is smooth and pliable to the fingers, glides easily on the hook and in the finished piece has a silken charm and evenness that makes crocheting a real pleasure.

Your dealer has or can get for you
DEXTER CORDONNET

The Table Runner shown above is one of 40 new designs for which full directions are given in our Crochet Design Book No. 1 (Illustrated). With each order for this book—28¢, which includes postage and packing expense—we will send FREE, for introductory purposes only, a full-sized ball of Dexter Cordonnet Crochet Cotton, No. 40, white.

DEXTER YARN COMPANY
Department 31. Pawtucket, R. I.



A Delightful Christmas Gift
Three pencils, your name, Holly or Floral Box, 30 cts. Imprint boxes please the children. Samples accepted. The Imprint Pencil Co., 530 Broadway, New York City

What One Small Hook Can Accomplish

By Elisabeth May Blondel

Editor's Note:—Directions and filet block patterns for crocheting all the articles on this page can be obtained as follows: For the three bags Nos. FW. 96, 97 and 98 (all printed on one leaflet) send 10 cents; and for the filet brassiere and yoke Nos. FW. 99 and 100 (on one leaflet) send 10 cents. With your request enclose a stamped envelope for reply. Send money in stamps or money order to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.



THESE five designs illustrate the most popular uses to which the crochet hook is being put nowadays. As a finish for underwear, filet crochet is in great demand, the brassiere and yoke shown being in the dainty style most favored. Not so well known, perhaps, are the crocheted hand bags of silk and beads, as these are very new indeed. Made of good materials, these bags are exceedingly handsome and will last for years. The double bag is a revival of the old-fashioned miser's purse, but is now made much larger than formerly. Equally stunning, though different in style, is the other hand bag, combining dark blue silk and steel beads. The directions for these bags explain the work clearly, step by step, for the beginner. Designed for school or for carrying parcels, the third bag is of most durable quality, being made of strong crochet cotton, which is itself crocheted over a cord.

For directions, see Editor's Note above



Designed by
Frances B. Foulk



Have Cozy Rooms For 17c a Day

Now made possible by this latest Larkin Factory-to-Family plan. One to three rooms furnished completely for only 17c a day. Take two years to pay.

800 Beautiful Furnishings Await Your Choosing

Welcome surprises await you in the large amount of furnishings you can do at small expense. High quality furnishings of tasty and beautiful design, on easy terms, at rock-bottom prices surely merit your investigation.

Big Helpful Book Now FREE

Every one of its 104 pages contains intensely interesting offers for the home lover. Write for your book now.

Larkin Co., Desk FHC 1118 Buffalo, N. Y.

The Gem of the Notions

Starsnap

The Perfect Dress Fastener

Look for this Card-At Your Dealers
COLUMBIA FASTENER COMPANY-CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS: \$40 A WEEK

A brand new hosiery proposition that beats them all. For men, women and children. All styles, colors and fancy stripes, including the finest line of silk hose. Any man or woman can sell this wonderful line of hosiery at less than store prices.

GUARANTEED ONE YEAR

A prospect in every home. Often sell dozens pair to one family. Repeat orders will make you a steady income. Work spare time or full time.

Silk Hose Free—Try our hosiery before selling it. Write quick for particulars and state size of hose worn.

Thomas Hosiery Co., 880 1/2 Elk St., Dayton, O.

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, use and it will tell you just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

FREE to introduce our line of Japanese Novelties and Importations, a beautiful Hand Painted 1919 Art Calendar given away with each Japanese hand drawn work doilie—great value at 25c, or half dozen \$1.00, prepaid. Ask for free Catalog of Japanese Holiday Gifts.

1919

NIPPON TRADING CO., R-225, 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

EARN \$10-\$2 A DAY AT HOME

Help to meet the big demand for Hosiery for us and your Home trade. Industrious persons provided with profitable, all-year-round employment on Auto-Knitters. Experience and distance immaterial. Write for particulars, rates of pay etc. Send 3 cents in stamps.

Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 88 E. 221 Jefferson Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

Every Deal Person Knows That. I made myself deaf after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

Medicated Ear Drum
Pat. Nov. 3, 1909
GEO. F. WAT, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
13 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

GIRLS; WOMEN; WANTED.

Government wants thousands, 18 or over. Easy, pleasant office work. \$1,000 to \$1,500 year. Paid vacation. Short hours. Experience unnecessary. Write IMMEDIATELY for free list positions open to you.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. V-208, Rochester, N. Y.

This FREE Shoe Book

Incorporated with photographs and descriptions of famous shoes for Men, Women and Children. Fewest shoes are sent postpaid, guaranteed to combine comfort, style and quality, to fit perfectly or money back. Amazingly low prices. Send for your copy today.

THE ETSimon Shoe BROS. NEW YORK



Right Ways with Children Taking the N't Out of Don't

By
Corinne Updegraff Wells

MOST of us are familiar with that classic story of the poor mother who was obliged to lock her children in the house while she went forth to earn their daily bread. One can imagine all her parting admonitions, which ended one fatal day in the solemn warning: "And don't stuff beans up your nose!"

The sequel of that suggestion, so full of fascinating possibilities, is better not discussed in polite society. The inevitable happened, for when a mother says "Do not," a child naturally asks "Why not?" And in youth, very often, experience is a dangerous teacher.

Probably the reason why many thoughtless mothers wield "Don't!" so constantly as a mental club, is because "Do" is usually buried deeply in the mind along with real ideas. And real ideas must be dug for with philosophy and judgment. "Don't" is an easy word to twist about one's tongue and still easier to roll about in one's mind. It is a little tyrant of a word that rules without reason, providing exemption for the parent who is too selfish or weary or uninventive to offer her children some compensation for those pleasures she so arbitrarily takes away.

Since the chief object of discipline is education, and since "Don'ts" destroy rather than develop discipline, the wise mother will maintain a "Why not?" attitude toward every phase of life that concerns her children's welfare, challenging herself in their behalf before making even trivial decisions.

BEFORE I say 'No' to my boys, I invariably stop and ask myself if there is a good and sufficient reason why they should not be allowed to do as they wish," said a prominent educator who is also a delightful mother. "Many times that harassing little word has been hushed upon my lips because, upon analysis, I have found that it was prompted wholly by my own selfishness or intolerance rather than by a genuine regard for the child's pleasure and welfare. And since initiative and individuality and self-confidence are a child's rightful heritage and so necessary an equipment for effectual living, I have no right, simply because I am his mother, to strew a series of thoughtless and quite unnecessary obstacles in the path of their development. When my small son beats his drum until the very walls of the room seem about to crash in upon my head, my natural impulse, goaded by frenzied nerves, is to shout, 'Don't! Don't! Don't!' Instead, I say to myself: 'Why Not? The drum was made to beat. It was given him to beat. He cannot beat it without making a noise.' However, since it would be as wrong to encourage his selfishness as my own, I make him understand that he is perfectly welcome to beat his drum as often and as thunderously as he chooses, but not where he will annoy others. I strive always so to combine my 'Don'ts' and 'Do's' that the positive suggestion is stronger than the negative. In this way I gain the same end but not at the price of unnecessary repression."

"The children are so noisy this morning," is the complaint often heard from the lips of busy mothers. In the country this trouble is quickly solved by turning them out of doors. If you live in the city, give them instructions to run or walk as quickly as possible to some designated place. Suggest an errand to perform or a game to play; something to take the edge from the fact that you want them to "let off steam"

and allow you to work in peace. Superabundant animal spirits must occasionally find vent in vigorous exercise.

Too many "Don'ts" are a serious menace to a child's mental development because they clip the wings of imagination. And the wings of imagination are gifts of the gods. They are the magic vehicles upon which mortals soar above their fellows. Too often the delicate shoots of faith and courage and self-reliance are trampled to death by subtle negative suggestions. Doubt and failure in many an adult are directly traceable to the thwarted gropings of youth.

THEN, too, positive and negative suggestions have a vital relationship with physical development. One is sunshine; the other is shadow. Children should bloom into maturity joyously. They cannot unfold normally without the encouragement of light and warmth. Moreover, there must be legitimate channels for the expenditure of energy or it will be turned wreckingly upon itself, clamping brakes on nerves and otherwise blighting the little buds which require the utmost freedom for expansion. And since the ideal spiritual development depends largely upon a corresponding mental and physical growth, unnecessary restriction may dwarf even the soul.

Consider the child-training methods of the Indian squaw. She is neither esthetic nor idealistic, nor even prophylactic, but she does know how to raise children who are apparently without nerves. She doesn't nag. She is not continually shouting "Don't!" Neither does she say to Brave, Jr., "Now, Junnie, you sit down here and play quietly with your bow and arrow while I string these beads." She isn't constantly worrying; "Don't, or you'll break your leg," or "Don't, or you'll be drowned," or "Don't, you're making me nervous!" She says nothing at all most of the time. Just gathers up her weaving or her beading or her knitting and squats upon the ground wherever Master Brave happens to choose to dig or climb or whistle arrows. When it becomes obvious that he is about to break his leg or put his eye out or poison himself on forbidden berries, Mrs. Squaw calmly lays aside her knitting and gently but firmly leads her offspring into safer pastures, usually without the accompaniment of any language whatsoever. By and by the idea begins slowly to percolate into the little Indian mind that when his mother's hand says "Don't" there is real danger to be avoided. And while he probably isn't discriminating enough to grasp the significance of a "Don't" that is at the same time a "Do," before many years he is flinging himself into life with all the vigor of his unimprisoned youth and unrestrained courage.

Fortunate is the mother who has a rough-and-ready sense of humor and sufficient resourcefulness to sugar-coat for her children the elementary doses of the laws of compensation. Such a woman will translate the really necessary "Don'ts" into "Do's" so adroitly that instead of the depressing consciousness of repression, she will create a thrill of freedom and the joyous sense of a beautiful world full of fascinating possibilities just waiting to be grasped.

Pause for a moment and let your imagination dwell upon the immeasurable potentialities that lie within the mind and heart of a mother whose children might boast to the envious neighborhood that their mother never said "Don't!"

The demand for Miss Annette Beacon's first Book of Beauty, "The Care of the Skin and Hands," has been unprecedentedly great and orders for it are still coming in. In response to the many eager requests for more help on the important subject of personal appearance, Miss Beacon has prepared a second booklet which is now ready for mailing. "The Book of Beauty Number Two" (containing 40 pages and many illustrations) gives complete directions for the care of the hair, teeth, eyes and figure and answers the many questions you have been wanting to ask on these points. The price of each booklet is 10 cents. Send your order for either or both promptly to Miss Annette Beacon, care of McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

Dress Your Boy in Corduroy - -

It's the thrifty way when his suits are made from the "thrift fabric"—

BUY

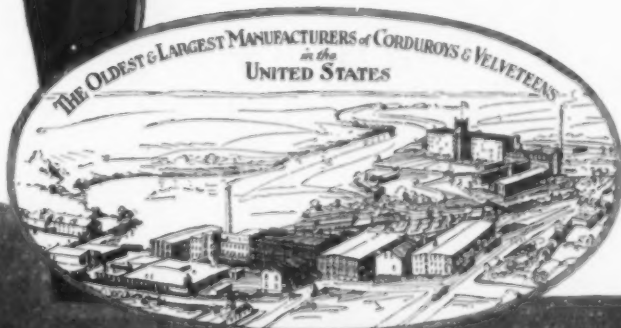


**"The best
boy cloth of
them All"**

—for best as well as rough and tumble, and the only Corduroy protected against water damage by the famous "Cravenette" Finish.

Suits of Crompton "All-Weather" Corduroy "Cravenette" Finished are sold by all the leading retailers of boy's clothing. Look for the name to make sure you are getting the best.

Crompton-Richmond Co.
31 East 31st St., New York, N. Y.



"We are advertised by our loving friends"



Nellie M. Proffett,
Bridgewater, Mass.

Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food is really an assurance of healthy, happy childhood and robust manhood, for proper feeding in infancy lays a foundation of good health upon which strong men are developed.

Send for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

RUBENS Infant Shirt

Buy the Genuine RUBENS

Costs no more than the Imitation



No Buttons No Trouble

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Price List Sent Upon Request

Manufactured only by

RUBENS & MARBLE INC.
2 N. Market St. CHICAGO, ILL.

Wedding

Invitations, Announcements, Etc.
100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, \$2.75. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, 75c.

C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1025 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Divilment of Jimmy Donnelly

[Continued from page 5]

you know. Jimmy Donnelly, ye'll talk now till kingdom come, an' 'twon't be enough I'll be hearin' to pay for the stillness—an'—an' the dark. . . . Jimmy, whisper—your Mahmee's gone blind."

The words were very low. "Through—through cryin' for ye, Jimmy," she added. And then, at a prod from Jimmy's crutch, Brady's arms closed again about her.

"Tis eyes I'll be for ye, Mahmee Donnelly," Jimmy cried lightly. The tears were rolling down his cheeks.

"An' what those sharp ones of yours don't see ain't worth seein'," she returned cheerily. "Ye'll be ears, too, I misdoubt. Me own are fallin'. Your voice seems husky, far away. . . . But ye must eat."

At the table, Ann Donnelly prattled about the neighbors' kindness in looking after her; about her own black-hearted ingratitude—she had "most hated Marthy Connor" when her son came home on leave an' Jimmy didn't.

All the while her mellow old voice went crooning on, her hands were fluttering over the pseudo Jimmy's body. There was something she must know.

"Ye're whole, me boy!" Her voice broke hysterically. "I very blessed bit of ye's here—home—in me arms—in me arms!"

The cruelty of it! Jimmy flinched. "Why—" he stammered, "why don't ye holler about it?"

"None o' your impudence, Jimmy Donnelly," Ann returned, striking poor Brady sharply. But in a moment she repented. "Lad, darlint—oh, forgive me," she implored, her head on his breast. Then lightly pushing him from her, "It's spoilin' ye I'll be," she grumbled with the happiest laugh. Oh, Jimmy—lad, now that you're back, all of ye, ye big young blackguard, every wicked inch of ye, I—I—"

She gulped back the tears; memory of her wrongs came to her rescue. "What'd ye mean, ye crool young spalpeen, with your niver comin' back a cripple? A pretty message to send to your grandmother, herself! Whin they told me that, with Bud Connor's lie about your arm,"—the hand that squeezed Brady's arm was tender—"an' p'raps your leg, too, Jimmy Donnelly, I could'a whaled ye within an inch o' your life. . . . Nivver come home, is it? An' what o' me—waitin'? Just waitin' an' dreamin' myself daft!"

It took him a moment to answer that. "Til—I'll only be a burden" he stammered.

"What's that?" she cried suspiciously.

"I mean," his young lips writhed, "I'd a been a—a load on ye. What can a fella do that's got a stump where his best arm was wanst, an' that goes hoppin' like a—ugly toad? It's no great loss he'd be. He'd a deal better not've come back."

A terrible bitterness spoke in the boy's voice. It frightened Ann Donnelly. "Jimmy," she whispered, "what's come over you, child, at all, at all?"

For the moment, Jimmy was beyond that warning.

"No girl'll look at him," he continued.

Ann Donnelly had risen to her feet. A curious trembling had come over her. Brady put out a pitiful, protecting hand, but, hardly knowing what she did, she retreated from him. "I want me boy! I want me boy!" she whimpered. "Suthin's wrong. Like the dreams with the rotten spot in him. Jimmy!" It was a terrible scream, her hands were out to him, "The rotten plank, that lets a blind woman through—I'm fallin'!"

He caught her quickly. As she crumbled there by the bench, he had her and

held her to him. His lips were on her withered cheeks. Over and over he was murmuring, "Mahmee—little old Mahmee!"

A great sigh of relief welled up from Ann Donnelly's overburdened heart. "It's all right—now, it's all right it is. Suthin' seemed wrong." She sat up a bit ashamed of herself. "Jimmy, your old foot of a Mahmee is fair daft. Nivver mind. Come."

But he could not let her go. That frail little figure in the curve of his arm had awakened memories.

"Remember," he murmured, "how we used to sit on this very bench when I was a bit of a boy, an' sing,

"There's a banshee cryin' for him—"

"But she can't have me boy."

Promptly Ann Donnelly played up. Did she remember! "Manny's the night I've sang it to ye whin ye wouldn't sleep."

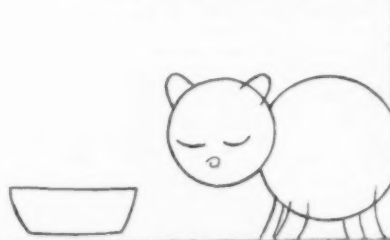
Jimmy nodded. He was humming,

"There's a goblin sighin' for him,"

"But he can't have me boy!"—

Such a wakeful brat it was.

"There's elves an' leprechauns."



Happy Hour Contests

DEAR CHILDREN:—I will give a prize of \$1.00 to the boy or girl sending me the best drawing of Miss Pussy Cat, three thrift stamps for the second best, and two thrift stamps for the third best drawing. Write your name, address and age plainly on the paper. Boys and girls over 12 may not try. All answers must be in by October 15. Address me in care of McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

DAVID CORY.

A Prize Pussy

A Rooster is a Rooster
But it sometimes happens when
You pull his long tail-feathers out
He looks just like a Hen.

A Doggie is a Doggie
No matter what you do;
And a Pussy is a Pussy
Although she says "Me, You!"

Now, Children, get a pencil,
And a Quarter and a Dime,
And see if you can draw the Cat
That illustrates this rhyme.

Prize-Winners in Duckling Contest

Irene Swain, First, Drawing . . . Munising, Mich.
Helen Sample, Second, Drawing . . . Cape Girardeau, Mo.
Agnes Halvorsen, Third, Drawing . . . Buffalo, N. Y.
Robert Lytle, First, Rhyme . . . Ferrisburg, Mich.
Alice Muhn, Second, Rhyme . . . Atlanta, Ga.
Dorothy Dwyer, Third, Rhyme . . . Washington, D. C.



"There's fairies an' there's fauns,"—

crooned Ann.

"But they can't have me boy!"—

The finale was a duet, a swaying back

and forth of two linked bodies, marking

time to the sweet old melody.

"No, they can't have me boy," declared

Ann with a laugh.

The last word had always been Ann's.

"Oh, whatever must a boy grow up for!"

the lad cried.

She turned on him. "What call have

ye to be whinin' that, big 'n brawny as

ye are?"

He did not answer.

"Well, 'tis a thankless old woman I am

meself, but I'd give a year o' me life—an'

it ain't manny I've got—for one fair squint

at ye in sojer clothes. I nivver see the like

of the baby ye were, Jimmy D. Nivver mind that. Come."

She rose and turned toward the table. Jimmy's eyes, following her, were just in time to catch Brady making, with elaborate caution, for the door.

"If ye do"—came the threat under Jimmy's breath—"I'm done with ye."

"What's that?" Ann Donnelly's voice came shrilly.

There was a moment's silence. Protesting, perplexed, Brady held out a pleading hand.

Instinctively Ann withdrew her hand. Impulsively she gave it again.

"Jimmy—" she stopped, fearful.

"What?"

"Sure, suthin's made a coward out o' Ann Donnelly."

"Aisy," said poor Jimmy, his brogue reacting to hers. "What is it now?"

"If the answer's crool, darlint, don't tell me—not to-night." Her voice had fallen.

"But if—if the answer's good . . ."

Jimmy, are ye goin' back to the war?"

There! It was done.

She wondered at her own courage in achieving it. She waited. He did not answer immediately.

"No divilment now," cautioned Ann inconsistently. "Are ye goin' back?"

And in spite of himself, Jimmy's tongue, accustomed since babyhood obediently to answer that authoritative old voice, forgot its cue, responded, hopelessly, "Not me."

"Jimmy!" she cried out, clutching Brady's arm. "The war's over?"

"Tis over it is for me."

"The war's over!" she cried in a hoarse, strained voice, flinging the door wide open. "Marthy—Marthy Connor, the war's over! Glory be to God, your boy'll be comin' home!"

The neighbors, running in, found her leaning exhausted against the door post. A strange silence had descended on the place. What now? What now?

It was Marthy Connor who answered that unspoken question. Taking Mrs. Donnelly by the arm, "What's this—what's this—what's this! Sh!—now get quiet," she began soothingly. Then her eyes fell upon Jimmy. "Jimmy Donnelly!" she said, and that low-voiced exclamation ended the play.

On his crutches he hobbled, openly now, to the door.

"Tis nothing, Mrs. Connor. Gran'mother just—didn't understand."

Slowly, slowly, Marthy Connor nodded. Her eyes were fixed upon Ann Donnelly. At the first tap-tap of Jimmy's crutches, the old woman's hand had cupped her ear.

"Jimmy," she whispered, "is it crutches I hear?"

"It is that, Mahmee." The boy's voice was steady.

"They—they're . . .?"

"Yes, they're mine.

'Twas my comrade that helped me to humbug ye. I thought by pretendin'—"

She groped her way toward him. "Put my hand—no more lies. Put my hand—"

He obeyed, guiding that work-worn little hand till it rested on his empty sleeve, on the crutch beneath.

"There!" said Ann Donnelly.

In the pause that followed came the steady ticking of the old clock. Ann Donnelly in a moment had turned to face the hushed little group at the door.

"Neighbors," she said with dignity, "Good-night to ye. The war itself is over—for me an' Jimmy."

But when the door had closed behind them, she turned with open arms.

"My little boy! My baby!" she murmured and bent his head to her breast.

"There's a banshee cryin' for him,"

Ann sang quaveringly. But she sang.



The Curse of Debt

How a Husband and Wife Turned It Into a Blessing

By the Wife

MY husband's salary was one hundred and twenty dollars a month. After nine years of married life we found ourselves two thousand dollars in debt, with a family of three growing children, a weak mother, and no prospect of a "raise" for father. Another discouraging factor was the fact that father's position demanded certain social obligations and an "appearance."

The "first" always brought a deluge of thin threatening envelopes and, in much dismay, and an effort to prove our honesty of purpose, the monthly salary was paid out, leaving us practically nothing to live on. This, of course, drove us into the monthly account business, and our misfortune was this—that my husband's position made it easy for us to obtain credit. So this reckless paying out on the first often left us with nothing to meet the grocery and meat bills, fuel, light, milk, etc. This meant, about every second or third month, another loan and the loan was invariably more than we had paid off, for a little was always added for clothes or some unexpected expense.

Well, we sat down one day to face facts. We could no longer borrow. What were we to do? Cut down the outgo. But where? We kept a maid, paying at different times from fifteen to thirty dollars a month, averaging, maybe, twenty dollars a month, and had the washing done.

I was far from well, but our case was desperate. "Well," I said, "suppose we try to do the washing." We did it. My husband worked the machine and I superintended. We were tired but joyous. The next week I did the ironing. This added almost ten dollars to our funds.

Then we thought we would try to get along without any domestic help. We did a great deal of planning. For one thing, we made the kitchen our dining-room and covered the table with oilcloth instead of linen in order to save steps and laundry. Some may say that such a reversion to the barbaric was not necessary. These "some" have never felt the curse of debt. Rather than see my husband go out with set white face and dogged hunted look to ask for a loan, I would have eaten from a paper sack, and so would you. We inaugurated a saving-of-labor plan throughout the house.

WE planned our days. We agreed to rise at five-thirty in order that my husband might help me as much as possible before leaving for his office. We did not rise at five-thirty one morning and sleep until seven the next; it was five-thirty every morning.

Our children, all boys, were helpless and required much attention. There was a great deal of "picking-up" to do after them. We talked this over many times for, plan as we would, the work was heavy. Finally, we struck the solution. Why not have the children cooperate instead of hinder? We took them into our confidence and in a few mornings our eldest son gave the necessary help in dressing and undressing his little brothers. The boys learned to set the table and often wiped the dishes. The first half hour after rising they spent with their father in the yard and garden. We found places for each child's toys and belongings and expected them after their play to put their things away. "Our Firm," as we call it, has developed in our children a love of home and the ability to measure up to responsibility.

But still, with our minimized expense, our problem was not solved. Creditors who had been waiting in the neighborhood of three or four years or so, refused to wait any longer and with reckless impatience we would pay out on the first only to find ourselves high and dry with the month still ahead of us. And mercy! when the children

must be shod all around, which was every second month, or my shoes would play traitor, or my husband must have a new suit! Oh, the nightmare of it! We knew that our only salvation was a cash basis. But how to accomplish this! We could not get enough money ahead to pay cash.

One day my husband had an inspiration. There was a bank cashier who had been a real friend; a man who stood in the front rank of the business men of the community. We had owed him three hundred dollars for five years, paying only interest. My husband's plan was to put all our indebtedness before this man and to ask him to disburse what we could spare from our monthly salary among the various creditors pro rata.

We figured and figured and, at last, at about two o'clock the next morning, we decided that we could live and pay cash on seventy-five dollars a month, not including our rent. This would leave us

twenty-five dollars minus our interest and insurance, to pay on our debts. This was mighty small, but it was a beginning. This busy man, bless him, agreed to the proposition upon our solemn promise to contract no debts without his knowledge and to pay cash, which we were delighted to do.

THERE were several reasons for this pro rata plan of handling our creditors. It shielded my husband from direct attack and possible exposure by bringing about a different relation between him and his creditors; Mr. B— was backing him; if Mr. B— had confidence in him, they should. Furthermore, creditors were assured of fair treatment, a pro rata treatment. And not the least advantage of this arrangement was the peace of mind it brought us. We were on a self-respecting basis.

My husband acted as Mr. B—'s clerk in the necessary correspondence. Both sent out initial letters to our creditors explaining the system of making payments.

The seventy-five dollars was banked in my name and upon the suggestion and with the help of my husband I opened a daily expense account. We knew where every nickel went.

At the end of each week I went over the items and I learned to set certain limits for certain expenditures. This setting of limits was of great benefit. I spent much time in studying food values—the most nutrition for the least money. For undernourishment was not economy, especially for our growing boys.

After all, it has been a happy fight. The days when my husband and I have done the washing, or swept or mopped, have been happy ones. The Yankee spirit of conquer-or-die has drawn us close to each other. We enlisted together in the big fight and we have found that work does not kill, but that living without hope—that kills. The improvement in my health has been marvelous. Housework has developed me muscularly and I am stronger than I ever was.

And that seventy-five dollars! It was deposited in my name, you remember! What a woman that made of me. I have developed more business ability through the actual handling of that money than I would have acquired in a commercial course, I am sure.

And we have enjoyed so much the simple pleasures, for they have been necessarily simple, that have come our way.

And my husband—well, he no longer looks as though he were ashamed of his six-feet-two, but holds his head high and his shoulders square and looks men in the eye. After all, I believe that old debt of ours has been a blessing in disguise. It is not altogether a curse to know what it is to fight for one's very existence.

HAVE you ever felt the hopelessness of being in debt? The writer of this article has. The needs of a family of three boys, her own poor health, and an accumulation of ever-increasing debts were making her husband and herself more and more miserable. Then they found a real solution to their difficulties. Is your problem anything like hers?



Use This Rule To Measure Food Cost

Food is measured by calories, the energy unit adopted by governments. The average person needs 2,500 calories per day.

Food cost depends largely on the number of calories you get for each dollar spent.

Among some of our best foods, at this writing, the comparison is as follows:

What \$1 Buys in Food

In Quaker Oats, 20,000 calories	In Eggs, 2,310 calories
In Round Steak, 2,820 calories	In Leg of Lamb, 1,935 calories
In Young Chicken, 1,440 calories	

One dollar spent for Quaker Oats buys as many calories as from \$8 to \$10 in meats.

Eight breakfasts of Quaker Oats can be served at the cost of one average meat breakfast, containing the same number of calories.

Quaker Oats, pound for pound, has twice the calories of lean beef. And 2½ times the calories of eggs.

Quaker Oats is also better-balanced than meats or eggs or fowl. It is one of the greatest foods we have.

Nowadays, in millions of homes, it is the basic breakfast. And millions of housewives mix it with their flour foods.

Quaker Oats

Made from Queen Grains Only

The Quaker grade is made from queen oats only—just the big, plump, flavory grains. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

That grade means extra flavor without any extra price. And you will get it if you ask for Quaker Oats.

12 to 13c and 30 to 32c Per Package

Except in Far West and South

(1998)

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
¼ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins

½ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Cookies

Mix dry 2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mix 1 cup sugar, 1 cup lard.

Put 1 level teaspoon soda in a small cup of sour milk. Add this to sugar and lard, then add dry ingredients, roll thin, cut in squares and bake. Raisins—2 cups—make an excellent addition.

Mother: Keep a jar of Musterole handy

Sometimes, in the night, Pain comes to your house. Then is the time, most of all, when you rely on good old Musterole. No fuss, no bother, no worry—no messing about with plasters or waiting for water to heat.

Quickly you go to the Musterole jar. A bit of that clean white ointment on little Bobbie's chest, and lightly you rub it in. A gentle tingle of skin puts Doctor Nature to work, and soon a healing warmth reaches the congested spot. Then comes a soothing coolness, and Bobbie drowses off to sleep.

For coughs, congestions, bronchitis and croup, Musterole is uncommonly effective. It is good, too, to drive away the pains of rheumatism, lumbago and neuralgia.

Musterole relieves—without discomfort.

It is better than a mustard plaster, with all the virtues of the old-time plaster but none of its disadvantages.

Musterole does not blister. And it is easy to apply. Just rub it on. Rub it on—for little Bobbie's cold—for Sister's bronchitis—for Grandma's pains in chest or back. It's an old-fashioned remedy in a new-fashioned form.

Keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars. \$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER



"I'm too wise to forget Kondons"

"No fear now of sudden changes of weather—draughty stations or Pullman berths—with a tube of Kondon's handy.

"For Kondon's snuffed up the nostrils night and morning, is guaranteed to clear my head—prevent colds—relieve catarrh."

KONDON'S
CATARRHAL JELLY

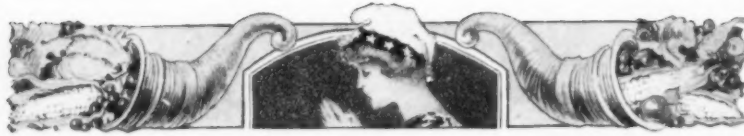
is guaranteed not only by us, but by 29 years' service to millions of Americans. If Kondon's doesn't do wonders for your cold, sneezing, cough, chronic catarrh, nose-bleed, headache, sore nose, etc.—we'll pay your money back.

Free
20-Treatment
Coupon

A tin (large enough for 20 applications) will be mailed to you free of charge on receipt of your name and address.

Address
KONDON'S
Catarrhal Jelly
Minneapolis,
Minn.

AGENTS QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS!
OUTFIT FREE! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Underwear and General Dry Goods. Write today.
NATIONAL IMPORTING & MFG. CO., Dept. H. M., 425 Broadway, New York



Temperamental Tommy

[Continued from page 7]

Perhaps it was with his answer that Tommy intrigued Theresa. He thought a moment, puzzled. Then he said: "I don't see why I shouldn't. I had the money then, didn't I?"

The poster was "a knock-out," as they say on the stage. It brought Tommy a little work—not much. It brought him some fame—not much. Tommy came to my shop once or twice—to talk about Theresa! He saw her very little: complained that she was "ungettable."

He had gone to her home once. "But it was too much for me," he added, simply. "She wasn't anyone I knew—not there. And I guess it was a bad time of the day for calling—about seven o'clock."

I choked. "In the evening?" "Of course. I was walking—I'd been up through the Park for a breath and had wandered off through the Richmond—and her father's gardens stopped me. They are good, really good. He's mixed early Victorian simplicity and Venetian sunken garden effects rather badly, but he has shown some sense of color. I asked a man whose place it was and when he told me, I guessed it was Her father's. So I walked in."

"Bang into the dinner hour!" I hazarded. "I suppose so. She didn't ask me to have dinner. I wouldn't have, anyhow—only had about half an hour to spare."

"To be sure," I murmured. "Are you looking for another model?" she had asked him.

"No," Tommy answered, surprised. "Not that. I just haven't seen you anywhere."

"Odd, isn't it?" Theresa asked. "Won't you sit down?"

"If you like," he said.

"Are you—eating more regularly now?" Tommy colored. "I—I'm afraid I forgot to-day again. Oh, I've the money now. A man paid me a hundred dollars last Friday for a sketch he liked—it was worth more than that to me but a good deal less to him, so I sold."

Theresa was stirred by curiosity. She had not forgotten Tommy.

"How much of that one hundred have you left?" she asked, calmly.

Tommy turned out his pockets and blushed, like a schoolboy. For Tommy's pockets revealed his possession of a silver dollar, two dimes, and seven pennies!

"Is that all?" Theresa demanded.

"Why—I guess so."

"In six days? What have you done with it?"

Tommy was exceedingly vague. He had paid his rent—twelve dollars. That was, he thought, for two months. Then the old janitor in his building had fallen sick and Tommy had bought him a mattress because it was reported that he could not sleep on the pallet he owned. The mattress was fifteen dollars.

Theresa had sniffed. "Go on," she said. "I—I don't remember. Of course a few tubes of paint and some canvas. Oh, yes—Throckmorton. I let him have ten dollars. He said he'd pay me the next day—but I guess he must have forgotten."

"Are you sure that he will pay it?"

"I guess so. . . . Now isn't that enough about me and my financial messes?" he had asked, protestingly. But Theresa had lectured him.

After that first lesson in economics, Tommy had quite missed his lady for ten days. The next time he encountered her, it was at an art auction. He was out of funds, of course, but he had been commissioned by some collector to buy two certain pieces. He had lounged to watch and had seen her come in.

"We quarreled about a Velasquez," he said, humorously, "that was no more a Velasquez than I am Billy Sunday."

Then a peculiar incident occurred. A sketch went up and was started for a fair price. Theresa's eyes had been caught by it. She entered the bidding.

The price shot up pretty well and Theresa was about to raise the last bid when she felt Tommy at her elbow. "That's too much for the thing," he had said, quite firmly and rather loudly.

"But I want it," Theresa had replied.

"It's an absurdly high price, dear," he said.

That little, harmless, impulsive endearment had ended the argument. Theresa had bought the sketch.

Outside, miserable, Tommy met her.

"Will you forgive me for being impertinent about that thing?" he asked. "You see, I knew what it ought to bring—because I painted it."

"You—painted it?"

"Yes—two years ago. It was ordered, with the request that I leave off my signature. I'm sorry you paid so much for it. I would have given it to you gladly."

Theresa had looked at him, her eyes softening. "I believe you would," she said. And then, curiously, demanded: "How much money have you now?"

"Not any," Tommy answered. "Why? I'm expecting some in a day or so."

"And yet you tried to keep me from paying a good price for the sketch! Thank Heaven you'll have the money I paid for this, at any rate."

"I'm afraid you don't understand me very well," Tommy had said, sadly. "I couldn't take money from you—not for anything. I've sent word to the dealer in there to send your check to the Red Cross."

If you don't know it already, let me assure you right here that there are people in this world who care for money for itself alone and who are zealous in preserving it from the hands of the careless and the spendthrift. I know that there are lots of Therasas who will spend ten thousand on a social event—and see that they get their money's worth. But at the same time those very Therasas would be revolted by the thoughtless throwing away of a ten-cent piece. Theresa I am trying to describe simply squirm in agony at the sort of total depravity about money of which Tommy, the temperamental, was and always will be guilty.

Tommy's utter and serene disregard for the decencies in financial matters, his unmoral attitude toward money, made this Theresa cross and impatient. She had been so thoroughly and exclusively taught better. Atop this inability of hers to catch his viewpoint, came her discovery of the appalling simplicity with which he loved her and of the fact that he really meant to make her love him.

It came to her quite suddenly—her vision of his man's heart. She sent him a check for the amount she had paid for the sketch at the auction, and she had added to her curt note:

"P. S.—It seems to me almost criminal in you to lend any more money to your neighbor, Mr. Throckmorton, until he has paid what he already owes you."

Well, on the strength of that note, he had telephoned Theresa, asking for an appointment and suggesting Golden Gate Park. She had met him. It was his day. She forgot that she had come to be very severe with him.

"I tore up your check, by the way," Tommy said.

"Oh, Tommy—"

He put up a hand. "I refuse to be talked at, to-day—I want to be talked to."

"I'll talk to you, you strange boy. . . . I don't approve of you at all—but I've quit groaning when I waken in the mornings. Because I think you've had something to do with it, I forgive you."

"Forgive me. For loving you?"

Theresa stared at him and drew back a trifle. "For—what?"

"Loving you. I do love you. You must have known that from the first minute I saw you, there at that meeting. How could you help knowing that I loved you from then?"

"But I didn't know! I had no idea of such a thing!" Thus Theresa, indignant.

"Then what are you forgiving me for?"

"For being so childish and wrong about money."

"Money!" Tommy stared at her blankly—his turn to stare. "Oh, hang money! Dear, I don't want forgiveness for that! How queer—to think about that! Then you didn't know I loved you?"

"Don't be silly. I came here to ask you about Throckmorton and to scold you—"

"Listen!" Tommy cast his hat suddenly away from him to the ground and faced her on the park bench. "Perhaps I don't know anything of money, any more than you know of anatomy, or perspective, or the proper painting height of an easel. What has that to do with us? Both of us know about love—it is built in us—it is the breath we breathe, the blood in our veins, the five senses and the sixth, the stirring of our imaginations, the life-food of our beings! Dear wonderful, you can feel it in my hand!" And he touched her arm.

For a moment she sat perfectly still, and I think her whole body was vibrating. Then she drew away. "My dear boy," she said, very soberly, "I am sorry. Just sorry."

"For me?"

She nodded, looking away, because she had a sweet and tender nature underneath,

[Continued on page 29]

What is News?

News can only be that which is true—confirmed fact, evil exposed, and constructive good made known. Not rumors of the worst. Nor accidents, scandals and crimes of the day, with gruesome details.

The gossip of a community does not constitute news, but a statement of the substantial progress of a world does.

The Christian Science Monitor
An International Daily Newspaper
looks first for fact.

Constructive fact it enlarges upon.

And it is entertaining as well as true, thorough and fearless.

This motive and method has given it a universal news service, a world-wide circulation, an international advertising patronage.

The Christian Science Monitor is \$9.00 a year by mail, or may be obtained at news stands, hotels and Christian Science reading-rooms. A monthly trial subscription by mail anywhere in the world for 75c; a single copy for 3c stamp.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY
BOSTON U. S. A.
Sole publishers of all authorized Christian Science literature



Knitted—
not woven
For boys
and girls



Nazareth Waist
THE original knitted waist for children—the favorite for thirty-two years. Worn over under-clothes, gives warmth to children on cold days. Elastic knit for comfort. Tapes support outer garments direct from the shoulders. Pin tubes for these supporters prevent tearing. Sizes 1 to 13 years. Ask your dealer to also show you the Nazareth Waist Union Suit. The Nazareth trademark on each garment. At dry goods stores everywhere. If not at your dealers write us. **Nazareth Waist Co., Nazareth, Pa.** New York Office, 349 Broadway Dept. 1



Your Baby

Should be a healthy happy growing baby if it has loving care, proper food and comfortable, hygienic clothing.

NON-NETTLE WHITE FLANNELS

Are the softest, smoothest and least irritating flannels made (66 to 82 inch yard) and are sold only by us. "Non-Nettle" stamped every half yard on selvage except silk warp.

Send for Free Sample Case containing samples of Flannels, Antiseptic Diaper, Rubber Sheeting, complete lines of Baby White Goods, Dimities, Long Cloth, etc. Also illustrated catalog showing 50 styles of White Embroidered Flannels, Infant's Outfits (\$5 up), Separate Garments, Rubber Goods, Baby Baskets and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the baby, and valuable information on care of the baby. No advertising on wrappers. For 25 cents we will add a complete set of seventeen Modern Paper Patterns for baby's first wardrobe that would cost \$1.75 if bought separately. Write at once or save this advertisement.

THE LAMSON BROS. CO., 342 Summit St., Toledo, O. Established in 1885. Known around the globe.

Train For Nursing—NOW!

The war is responsible for a scarcity of nurses in hospitals—their regular nurses are going to the front. Demand for trained nurses now greater than the supply. This is your golden opportunity to become a trained nurse and easily secure a fine position at \$25 to \$30 per week. You can quickly master our special Training Course during your spare time at home and receive diploma approved by best doctors. Easy terms. Hospital experience given if desired. We help you find employment. Write at once for catalog. State age.

AMERICAN TRAINING SCHOOL, 1554 N. La Salle St., Chicago

When Your Hair Turns White



A Fifth Avenue Hair Dresser Shows What To Do With The Hair at its Turning Point

Newest Ways in Coiffures for the Older Woman Who Likes Distinction



EXPERIMENT to find the type of headdress most becoming, using any one of the three pictured models. They are all safe choices for almost any type of face. The foundation upon which all successful hair arrangements are built is the same. Divide the hair into four

parts, tie back the lowest division securely, and twist up the front while you gently ruff and arrange the sides. If your prejudice against the curling iron persists, substitute one of the various heatless curlers; or, as a last resort there is, of course, the rag-bag.



The Key

(Continued from page 10)

"Yes, I—see," breathed Dorothy, her eyes brimming.

"An' so now you won't go, will you? Because if you go, he won't."

Miss Dorothy frowned in deep thought. "I shall have to go," she said at last, slowly. "Father is counting on my being there Christmas, and he is so lonely—I couldn't disappoint him. But, Keith—it'll be all right. Don't you worry. You just send Keith right along, and trust me."

Susan went home then to her neglected work. But that she was far from following Miss Dorothy's blithe advice "not to worry" was very evident from her frowning brow and preoccupied air all the rest of the time until Tuesday morning when Keith went—until, indeed, Mr. Burton came home from seeing Keith off on his journey. Then her pent-up feelings culminated in an onslaught of questions.

"Was he all right? Was that girl there? Did he know who she was? Do you think he'll find out?"

"One at a time, Susan, one at a time," laughed the man. "Yes, he was all right. The young lady was there, but she kept well away from Keith, so far as I could

see. But I wouldn't worry, Susan. I don't think he'll turn back now."

Two weeks later came a letter from the doctor. The operation was over and all was well; the real results would not show up until the bandages were removed later.

When the schools opened again in January, Dorothy Parkman returned to Hinsdale and came at once to the house.

"I knew you'd want to hear all about Mr. Keith," she told Susan. "And I'm glad to report that he's doing all right."

"Miss Dorothy, he really is goin' to see by an' by, ain't he?" demanded Susan. The girl's face clouded.

"They aren't at all sure of that." "But they're goin' to give him all the chances there is?"

"Certainly. I only spoke because I don't want you to be too disappointed if—if we lose. You must remember that fully half of the cases do lose."

Susan drew a long sigh. Then, determinedly, she lifted her chin.

"Well, I like to think we ain't goin' to belong to that half," she said.

(Continued in the December McCall's)



Do You Know the Value of Pine Tar in Soap?

Right from the heart of the pine tree comes one of nature's most perfect cleansers—pine tar. It is evident that such a product is best for the skin because of its freedom from harsh chemicals and irritating minerals.

GRANDPA'S Wonder Soap The Genuine Pine Tar Soap

is so carefully manufactured that the pine tar is unaltered by other ingredients and its natural properties are retained. The unusual qualities of Grandpa's Wonder Soap are due entirely to genuine pine tar. The natural tinted lather which whitens as it cleans and forms so quickly in hard or soft water reveals at once the presence of pine tar.

But your skin is the real guide. To have clogged waste lifted gently out of the pores and quickly carried off by the foamy lather without irritation—that means pine tar and your skin knows it. The mild action heals and soothes irritation caused by foreign matter in the pores.



Start using Grandpa's Wonder Soap now. You'll know the genuine by the carton in which Grandpa's Wonder Soap has been sold for 40 years. For sale by your grocer or druggist.

Give your skin a genuine pine tar wash. We will send you this sample cake FREE. Just fill out and mail the coupon.

BEAVER SOAP CO., Dayton, Ohio
Gentlemen: I would like to try Grandpa's Wonder Soap containing the genuine pine tar. Please send me a sample cake as offered. MCC

Name _____

Address _____

Dealer's name and address _____

Illustration shows actual size of FREE sample cake.



Dust Without Dust

Make an economical 3-in-One Dustless Dust Cloth and it will pick up all dust instead of scattering it about to settle somewhere else. It's easy to make this way: Use any soft cloth. Sprinkle with

3-in-One

and allow a short time for the oil to permeate thoroughly. Then wipe furniture and woodwork as with ordinary dust cloth. Every particle of dust will stick to the cloth but can easily be shaken off outdoors. This is the sanitary way to dust—the 3-in-One way. Try it. At all stores in 50c, 25c and 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Sample and Dictionary of Uses. A postal brings both. Write for them today.

Three-in-One Oil Co., 165 DW, Bklyn., N. Y.

In these "saving" times, restore the beauty of worn, scratched and faded chairs and furniture with

FIXALL

The Finish That Lasts
Makes them look like new, or gives them a finish to match any desired color scheme. 24 different shades. Enamels too.

Louisville Varnish Co.
Incorporated
Louisville, Kentucky



A Splendid Christmas Gift

Pair Genuine Mahogany Sticks, 4 1/2 in. high, pair Genuine Bayberry Candles, and Hand Colored Greeting Card, \$1.00. A refined taste gift. Money back if you want it.

Our Big Gift Book pictures hundreds of splendid presents for Friends, Relatives and Acquaintances for everybody. Your Gift List and our Big FREE Book is all you need. It is full of money-saving suggestions. Write for it NOW. It's a great big help.

THE HOLMES CO.
607 Elmwood
Providence, Rhode Island

CLASS PINS

CLASS OR SOCIETY CATALOG FREE
Either pin illustrated mode with any 3 flowers and 2 figures, one or two colors enamel. Silver plate 20¢ ea., \$2.00 doz. Sterling silver, 25¢ ea., \$2.50 doz. BASTIAN BROS. CO., Rochester, N. Y.



"The Road of the Trees"
By Jean Baptiste Camille Corot
Famous Example of French Art



Rodin's Bronze "Thinker"



"Twilight"
By Anton Mauve
Only Masterpieces Have Such Simplicity

Pictures for Your Home

Metropolitan Museum Masterpieces That
Are the Favorites of American
Art-Lovers



Van Dyck's "James Stuart"



Breton's "Peasant Girl Knitting"



"Among the Lowly"
By Leon Augustin Shermitte



"Old Woman Cutting Her Nails"
By Harmenz Van Ryn Rembrandt
Old Dutch School



"The Trousseau"
By Charles W. Hawthorne
Contemporary American School

PRINTS of these great paintings may be obtained from The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. Size 4 x 5 inches is ten cents each; 8 x 10 inches is twenty-five cents; 11 x 14 is fifty cents; 18 x 22 inches is one dollar and a half. Some of them come on postcards.



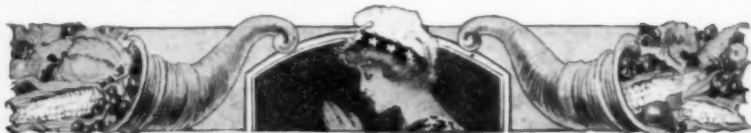
"Girl With a Cat"
By Thomas Gainsborough



"Joan of Arc"
By Bastien Lepage



"Portrait of a Man"
By Peter Paul Rubens



Temperamental Tommy

(Continued from page 26)

where a lot of our finest feelings and impulses are so often buried by a lot of worthless lumber!

"For me!" Tommy laughed exultantly. "Dream girl, don't be sorry for me. I am so happy that I could run leaping and shouting through the length of this park, embracing children, kissing old ladies, and shaking hands with policemen! I'm that happy. Happy! Do you know what it is to be happy? Look at me! . . . Are you sorry for me now?"

She only flashed one appraising glance at him. "You don't understand," she said, miserably. "I don't love you."

"What does that matter?" he said. "You will love me. And even if you didn't—well, I should have been so supremely happy loving you that I think I could bear it."

They argued it. Presently, it came out that what Theresa was really thinking was not that she didn't love Tommy, but that she, Theresa Millions, heiress to all the conservative and formal and financial and social instincts of the fine old Millions Family, could never really marry a spendthrift, improvident, poverty-stricken artist chap. She tried to tell Tommy, breaking the news gently.

"Oh!" Tommy, enlightened, cried out at last; "Oh, is that it? Most wonderful, I haven't told you! I've forgotten it, of course, because I'm so happy loving you. Didn't I tell you, really?"

"Told me? What?"

"That I have an order for the murals—a regular order, and a payment down, and a price so whopping big that I'm made!"

In my writing shop, and knowing Tommy, and being prepared for anything from him, I could imagine the effect of this casual announcement on Theresa. But sure enough the order was real. A neighboring state was spending a fortune on a capitol. It was to be a wondrous building, and the architect had gotten the contract for the murals in the legislative halls for Tommy. Simply that—an order that would make Tommy nationally known and at least temporarily independent.

"So you see—" Tommy said to Theresa—and stopped.

Theresa was stirred deeply.

"Of course I knew you would win through some time," she said, soberly. "But it is wonderful to have it come so suddenly and generously."

"Certainly," Tommy agreed. "I hadn't thought about that. I was thinking about you."

"Please don't let's talk about that any more."

"All right, then," Tommy promised.

"Not now. We'll have worlds of time."

"I'm not so sure of that, Temperamental Tommy. I want to know about the murals. Have you decided what you will paint?"

"Come to-morrow and see—no, the next day. To-morrow I have to be with those contractor people and sign a lot of papers. Damn papers!"

"I wish I could be sure you would read them before signing."

"I shan't. And I shouldn't understand them if I did. At any rate, the day after to-morrow you will see the sketches."

Tommy looked at me and laughed. "Isn't it wonderful?" he thrilled. "The murals, of course—but mainly loving Her!"

Then, three days later, he sent a messenger, asking if I could come and see him and tell him a few things about packing.

"I've never traveled and I simply have to know. Also there's lots to tell"—he wrote, and signed it "Tommy."

I went. There was not a sign of a mural or a sketch in his big, barren, bedaubed barn of a studio.

"What on earth—" I began, and Tommy wheeled around.

"Come in!" he shouted. "Oh, you're good to come! Such news!"

Theresa had found him the day before just as I had found him on this morning.

For a moment Tommy stared at her.

"Wonderfullest!" he cried; "come in. Don't mind paint and grease and dirt! The most amazing good news!"

Theresa had come in. "Tell me," she directed. "More murals?"

"Murals?" Tommy repeated, blankly.

"Don't make me cross, Tommy! Haven't you a whole idea in your silly head?"

"Oh," Tommy exclaimed; "I beg your pardon, dream lady! I had forgotten the murals. Something else has happened."

"Well, go on."

"I am, dear. It's just come—a telegram. I'm to leave for New York to-

morrow, not later. And on the tenth I go to France!"

"To France, Tommy? And let the murals go?"

"Murals!" Tommy echoed, scornfully. "What do I care about murals when I'm asked to come to France as a camoufleur?"

Theresa clutched at her heart, or her parasol, or something. She was aware of sacrifices being made for the war—she was making some slight sacrifices herself. But Tommy, Tommy had now tossed aside with fine carelessness, indeed with complete unconcern, a chance opportunity to establish himself and his art, possibly for all time!

To steady herself she rose. Quick to see that the artist was doing a generous and even a heroic thing, she was still quick to control her impulse to lose herself in admiration of him. She put out her hand.

"Tommy," she said, "I am very proud of you. You are making a big sacrifice in a very beautiful way. And I like you."

"I told you you would!" Tommy said, holding her hand firmly.

"No," she interrupted, freeing herself; "you mustn't misunderstand. I'm afraid I'll have to hurt you to make you see."

"Go ahead. Only don't make it too long—this hurting process."

He made it hard for her to hurt him, for he was quivering with happiness and his face shone with his love. But she grasped the whip-stock courageously.

"I like you for what you are doing," she began. "But I don't love you and I cannot marry you. No, don't argue with me, please, Tommy. I mean this, and it is very important."

"It is," Tommy agreed, gravely. "It is much more important than you can possibly dream. Go on, lover."

"Tommy, do you know anything about me?"

"I don't need to."

"Yes, you do. I am rich. I am extremely rich. And you are poor."

"Extremely poor," Tommy supplied, with a grin.

"I think you are. Don't you see that I can't marry you?"

She thought, I suppose, that she was putting Tommy to a test which he would meet heroically and successfully.

Tommy looked at her queerly. "Well, beloved," he said, as serious as she; "I'm not in love with your money. I'm in love with you."

The test seemed inadequate. Theresa trembled a little. "Tommy, you mustn't be foolish and selfish. Perhaps you don't want to marry my money, but you and I are the only two people on earth who could believe it."

"But we are the only two people on earth who would be getting married, in this case, aren't we?"

She could not believe him—that was her trouble. She could not believe, I mean, that he was supremely and wholly indifferent to ordinary standards. My theory is that it piqued her a little. "I'm sorry," she replied, moving back from him. "I'm sorry that you should try to use your power over me to compel me. We don't understand one another, and I'm afraid we never could. Good-by."

He confronted her, his white hands clenched. "Wonderful," he said, slowly; "you told me you were going to hurt me, and you have. Until now I didn't really believe that the you I love with all my heart and breath and strength and life could be so sordid enough to think me sordid. If it is true, we couldn't marry. But I can go on loving you, until I die, and I mean to. I know you wish me good luck—and I love you, for always!"

He caught her shoulders, held her for a moment, looking at her as though, with his eyes, he could search her soul for its truth, then kissed her forehead and let her go. She went to the door. When she reached it and looked back he had taken up his broad paint brush and was standing, staring down at it helplessly, a boyish frown of puzzlement and pain on his face.

Theresa touched the knob, turned it, opened the door—then slammed it shut.

"Oh, Tommy!" she cried. "Tommy, forgive me. Forget what I have said. Love me. Love me hard. Love me very much. For I love you!"

Tommy looked across the room at her.

"I felt sure you would," he said, patiently. "I've been telling you you would."

"I know . . . Won't you let me come back—won't you kiss me, Tommy? Because, if you please, Temperamental Tommy, I want to marry you. Will you have me?"

Brush Teeth In This Way for a Week

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



Watch the Film Go

Dental science has obtained a new and better method of teeth cleaning. Able authorities have proved it by clinical tests.

It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we offer you a One-Week tube to show its unique results.

Its object is to end the film on teeth—the cause of most tooth troubles—that slimy film which gets into crevices and stays, and which resists the tooth brush.

That film is what discolors—not your teeth. It hardens into

tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So that film is the great tooth destroyer.

Old methods of tooth brushing fail to end film. That is why brushed teeth discolor and decay. This new method does remove it, and we urge you to prove it by a simple one-week test.

A New Dental Era

Dental authorities have watched the Pepsodent action in thousands of cases. Years of proving show that this product marks a new dental era.

It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

Old methods for using pepsin were impossible on teeth. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid which destroys enamel.

But modern science has discovered a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method is employed in Pepsodent. And

it solves the problem of this film as nothing else has done.

The result is a dentifrice which, authorities say, must supersede the old kinds. You will know that when you try it.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch results. Note how clean your teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Those results are essential to your teeth's protection. You will want them always when you see them once. Cut out the coupon now.


Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station.

<p>Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S. The New-Day Dentifrice</p> <p>A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere</p>	<p>One-Week Tube Free</p> <p>THE PEPSODENT CO. Dept. 178, 1104 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.</p> <p>Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p>
---	---

\$5.00 FOR A FEW SPARE HOURS
Write to
THE McCALL CO., 250 W. 37th ST., NEW YORK

<p>LARKIN PLAN FACTORY TO FAMILY</p>	<p>Get This Free Book of 1,000 Christmas Economies</p> <p>The best possible aid towards making your Christmas what it should be this year is the new beautifully illustrated Larkin Catalog which is given free to every reader of this magazine.</p> <p>The Popular Club Plan</p> <p>By this plan thousands of American housewives are saving unnecessary middlemen's expense by getting their Soaps, Toilet Articles, Foods and Household supplies direct from the great Larkin Factories. This large saving is given to them in the form of useful and beautiful Premiums, all described and illustrated in the Larkin Catalog.</p> <p>Mail Coupon Today to Nearest Address</p> <p>Larkin Co. Buffalo, Chicago, Peoria</p> <p>Send me your new Fall Catalog No. 26</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p> <p>G. P. 388 _____</p>
---	--

Inflamed gums—the cause of tooth-base decay



FORHAN'S
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT
FORMULA OF
Dr. Forhan
NEW YORK CITY
SPECIALIST IN
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE
PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION

FORHAN'S
FOR THE GUMS

JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums. Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and free from tartar. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

30c and 60c tubes
All Druggists
FORHAN CO.
208 6th Ave., N. Y.
Send for Trial Tube Free



Her Wonderful Eyes

would be unattractive if they were not adorned with long, luxuriant eyelashes and well formed eyebrows. They give the eyes a deep, soulful expression, with everlasting charm. Eyebrows and lashes add beauty to eyes as does a beautiful frame to a picture. If Nature has denied you the priceless heritage of long, luxuriant eyelashes and well formed eyebrows, it is now quite possible to have them if you will apply just a little

Lash-Brow-Ine

persistently for a short period of time. Its purpose is to nourish and stimulate them in a natural way, thereby promoting the growth, thus adding charm and expression to the eyes and beauty to the face. LASH-BROW-INE is a pure, delicately scented cream, guaranteed absolutely harmless. It has been tested and approved by the best chemists and beauty specialists throughout the country. Thousands of women have been delighted with the results obtained by its use—why not you?

Two Sizes, 50c and \$1

Send price and we will mail you LASH-BROW-INE and our Macbeth Beauty Book, "The Women's Beautician," prepaid, under plain cover. Remit by check, money order, or cash. No return of money. IF ACTION ASSURED OR PRICE REFUNDED. Avoid disappointment with inferior imitations.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4205-55 Grand Blvd., Chicago




Stylish Apparel for Mothers-to-be

THE Expectant Mother CAN be well-dressed. She can and should go outdoors daily. She can and should pursue every normal activity, both indoors and out—right up till baby comes. All this is possible if you wear Lane Bryant Maternity Clothes. They conceal the condition, yet they can be worn without alteration when the normal figure is resumed.

Creme de Chine Dress, \$14.95

SM91—An example of values offered. All Silk Creme de Chine dress, as pictured. Black or navy blue. Sizes 34 to 44 bust. Special price until October 31st **\$14.95**

FREE A big 64-page Style Book, containing hundreds of Dressing, Gown, and Hat ideas. Send for it today. It's yours for the asking. Send for it today. Address Dept. F-3

Lane Bryant
Fifth Ave., New York

STYLE BOOK FREE



Uncle Sam's Correspondence Course

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., was established to keep our readers in close touch with the Government. This month we plan to acquaint you with some of the best of the Government booklets written for housekeepers and mothers especially. The Bureau will be pleased to obtain for you, as long as the edition lasts, copies of any of the booklets described below, and will gladly answer inquiries concerning government activities. Always enclose a three-cent stamp with your request for booklets or information, to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.

Use More Corn-meal

CORN-MEAL as a Food and Ways of Using it" is the title of a booklet issued by the State Relations Service of the Department of Agriculture. The booklet describes the origin, composition, selection and care of corn-meal, and contains 14 pages of recipes, for bread, puffs, griddle-cakes, waffles, meat dishes, puddings and cakes. Get a copy of this leaflet and use more of this wheat-substitute.

Home-made Cottage Cheese

COTTAGE cheese is a most palatable and nutritious milk product and an excellent substitute for meat. Pound for pound it contains about 25 per cent. more protein than beef and costs half as much. Careless methods used in making the product, together with the lack of simple directions, probably are responsible for the small quantity consumed. This leaflet gives simple directions for manufacturing cottage cheese both for home use and for the market.

Tuberculosis; Its Nature and Prevention

IN order that every person may know more about tuberculosis and thus be better able to combat it, the United States Public Health Service has issued a booklet entitled "Tuberculosis, Its Nature and Prevention." The booklet gives an account of the development and nature of the disease and contains many valuable suggestions for its treatment and prevention. Persons who have been exposed to tuberculosis should get a copy of this leaflet.

Story Telling for Patriotism

STORY Telling for Patriotism is the title of a series of articles issued by the Bureau of Education and the National Kindergarten Associations which are designed to promote patriotism in young children. This booklet will be helpful to teachers and mothers. Send to our Washington Bureau for it.

Home-made Shower Bath

IN its booklet "The Shower Bath for the Country Home," the United States Public Health Service shows how to construct such a bath cheaply at home so that rural homes may have the advantage of this convenience. Only simple utensils, such as are found in almost any home, are required.

State Maps

THE United States Geological Survey has prepared maps of the various states showing the accurate position of principal cities, towns, streams and railroads. The cost of these maps vary from 5 cents to 45 cents, most state maps costing 15 and 20 cents. Our Washington Bureau will quote the price or purchase a map of your state for you.

Avoid That Cold

THE United States Public Service has issued a booklet dealing with the common cold. The booklet does not give a remedy for colds, but contains a discussion of the causes and methods of prevention. Get this booklet and avoid colds this winter.

Letters From Our Soldiers

(Continued from page 14)

I used to doubt some of the stories told of the inhuman brutalities, but have decided that not half has been told. One of our company was found wounded in the woods the other day, where the Huns had left him to die. They took his canteen of water away from him to increase his sufferings. He had lain there three days with nothing to quench his feverish thirst. He was almost insane.

Give my regards to my friends and tell them I would like to get a letter from each of them, but may not always be able to answer.

As ever, Lr. E. M. A., M. R. C.

Billeted in a French Village

DEAR Home Folks—We are settled down at last in our training camp. We detrained early in the morning and took up the march to our camp. We could hear, far away over the hills, the big guns talking, slowly but clearly. The voice of democracy indeed speaks with an iron tongue. It's sweet music, but it makes you think, I tell you.

We are billeted in a village here. It was founded before the birth of Christ. The houses are all of stone, with roof of tile or thatch covered with moss. The streets are crooked and have no sidewalks. All the men are of course at war. There is no one in the village who speaks English, and we have an awful time talking to the people. The people certainly do everything they can to help us. In turn we are very careful not to violate any of their queer customs. The kids are the cutest things you ever saw. They are sometimes ragged and dirty, but always very polite.

I am quartered with an old couple by myself. The old man is blind. Their only son has been killed in the war. She takes good care of my clothes, and is very motherly.

I wish I could write freely of the strange and wonderful things which we are continually seeing. Every uniform under the

sun is to be seen. It makes you realize the bigness of the thing to think that all of us are fighting for a common cause. There are a great number of German prisoners here, all big husky chaps, who are made to work at some kind of a job. They refuse to believe that we are Americans, but think we are English dressed in American uniforms. They have been told that the United States is helpless and they really believe it, but, believe me, they are doomed to a rude awakening. America has hundreds of thousands of her best here now. But the finest sight I have seen since I left home is 200 Red Cross nurses who came in on a great liner to-day. I wish some of the trench dodgers at home could have seen our women coming to war while they stay at home.

All the people here wear soft felt slippers when it is dry; when it is wet they slip on wooden shoes over them. They wear smocks, too, and funny hats. Cows and chickens and kids run loose in a mess in the streets. The barns are in the same houses the people live in. They use work horses and oxen. They never work them two abreast, but as many as four are strung out one in front of the other. They use no lines on them, but the driver runs along and pulls on the bridles. The wagons all have only two wheels.

The keynote of England is neatness, but of France is beauty. No wonder these people fight as they do. And believe me, they certainly appreciate the Americans being here.

It is bedtime for us now, but only the middle of the afternoon for you. Send the papers. Love to all.

EWELL (Lieut. E. K. W.)

Editor's Note.—These are just some of the splendid letters which have been submitted in the contest in which we invited you to send us letters from the boys "over there." The contest closes October the twentieth, when the Liberty Bond and W. S. S. prizes will be awarded for the most thrilling, interesting, and human letters. Hurry and send yours in.

Crooked Spines Made Straight

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 30,000 cases the past 15 years.

30 Days' Trial

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
201 P. Odd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N. Y.

\$5 For You

You can earn this in your spare time easily. Write to

McCALL'S 250 W. 37th Street New York N. Y.

JUST SEND 50c

and we'll send you this genuine Diamond Ring with our \$50,000 Guarantee. 14-Kt. gold (Tiffany Style), on approval. Your money back if your Local Jeweler can duplicate it for less money for spot cash. Just pay 50 cents down and \$1.00 a week. Take half a year to pay. No interest. Why be without a real diamond ring when our terms are so easy? Send 50 cents and we'll send ring for inspection. Jewelry catalog free.

Lexus Jewelry Co., Dept. 56, 373 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

High School Course in Two Years

Learn at home, in spare time. Here is complete and simplified high school course that you can finish in two years. Meet all college entrance requirements. Prepared by leading members of the faculties of universities and academies. This is your opportunity. Write for booklet and full particulars. No obligation whatever. Write today—NOW.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE, Chicago, U.S.A.



Learn NOW

at home in spare time by our new instruction method. Art, Cartooning, Illustrating, Designing, Drafting, etc. (Rightful, fascinating work in big demand. \$50 paid for one drawing. Handsome free booklet explaining everything. Write for it now. Get our special Free Outfit Offer at once.)

Washington School of Art, Inc.
1372 Mt. N.W., Washington, D.C.




Cuticura SOAP AND OINTMENT

QUICKLY REMOVE PIMPLES, DANDRUFF, ITCHES

THE SKIN THE HAIR

FREE SAMPLES FREE. ADDRESS: CUTICURA DEPT. W. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and wild tinnitus for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD, Suite 355 70 5th Ave., N. Y. City



HERMOTONE

positively removes superfluous hair from under arms, face and neck. Leaves skin soft, clear. Perfectly harmless. Never fails. INTRODUCTORY OFFER: Full size, \$1.00 Jar sent prepaid for one to introduce our other guaranteed toilet preparations. Money back if dissatisfied. Send for now.

HERMOTONE CO., Dept. 815, 547 E. 53d St., CHICAGO, ILL.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY

OTHER WOMEN DO—YOU CAN

Selling our exclusive Dress Goods, Suitings, Waistings, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Silks, etc., part or whole time. No money or experience necessary—we teach you—distinctive designs. Samples FREE. Write to-day.

Mitchell & Church Co., 434 Water St., Binghamton, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE

Great Opportunity for Men and Women at Present time. Travel, Secret Investigations, Excellent Pay. Write C. T. Ludwig, 522 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH

Don't matter if broken. We pay up to \$35.00 per set, also actual value for diamonds, old gold, silver and platinum. Send by parcel post—receive cash by return mail. Will return goods if price is unsatisfactory. Mazer's Tooth Specialty, Dept. 34, 207 S. 5th St., Phila., Pa.

BE A DRESS DESIGNER

Learn Designing and Making, easily by mail, at your home. Designers earn \$25 week up. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dep't V861, Rochester, N. Y.



LOOKING back to the early days of my life I remember the damp pine boards of kitchen floors on which small children were forbidden to step. I also remember one neighbor's house where the woman scrubbed continually, and the impression of that home that remains with me is not of cleanliness, but of musty dampness. I explored that house shortly after the family moved and the muddy corners explained the odor.

TAKING CARE OF THE FLOORS

Scrubbing is hard work, so the modern woman may rightly rejoice in modern methods and equipment for cleaning. A good floor oil and a dust mop with a long handle (see the string mop at bottom of this page) gather dust better than the scrubbing brush, and keep the floor smooth and bright. An oiled floor is ready for use one second after the mop has been passed over it. A dust mop must be shaken to remove the dust adhering to it every time that it is used, and will do its work better if it is washed and re-oiled about once in two or three months.

A bristle-brush with a long handle makes a better broom for smooth floors than an ordinary broom. The one at the foot of the page is very satisfactory. It will do less injury to the polish of the floor. Like the dust mop, the brush broom ought to be scrupulously clean. Ravelings and hair must be disentangled from the bristles and the dust shaken from the broom. Unless its bristles are set in with pitch, it can be washed like a hair brush, but this is necessary only once in a while. When washed, it should be thoroughly dried before it is used.

THE BEST WAYS WITH RUGS AND CARPETS

The carpet sweeper and the vacuum cleaner are the best tools for cleaning rugs. The carpet sweeper will pick up coarse particles not collected by the vacuum cleaner, so these tools work well together. There are many kinds of vacuum cleaners and, like automobiles, each cleaner has its friends who claim their favorite to be the best. There are many inexpensive kinds, but of course these are without fixtures. The interesting feature of the one illustrated below is that it is a vacuum sweeper and plain sweeper combined; the latter is in the center and is detachable.

Neither the carpet sweeper nor the vacuum cleaner can do its best work unless it is clean. When one of these tools scatters dust, see if its brushes are not clogged with dirt. The machines on the market row are so perfected that they do not scatter dust unless badly treated. Remember that the cleaner must be kept oiled like any other machine. A radiator brush is a great help; its shape and thinness (see brush at extreme right above) enable it to go under and behind radiators, the piano, and other stationary objects. A similar help is the bath-tub brush hanging at the extreme left of the board at the top of the page. The medium length of the handle is planned for scrubbing under and back of the tub, places too often neglected. No less useful is the strong scullery brush (third from right above) that enables you to give toilet and drain a cleaning.

HELPS IN DUSTING

After sweeping we are supposed to dust, even though the vacuum cleaner reduces dusting to a minimum. The oil duster is a close relative of the oil mop; it gathers

rather than scatters dust. It can be made at home from cheese-cloth or old cotton stockings moistened with a cleaning oil. Care should be taken not to get it too oily lest it leave a gummy film on the wood-work of the house. Like the mop, it needs washing and re-oiling occasionally. There is a dusting "mop," similar to the dustless floor mop; it is soft and light (see brush on second hook from right, above) and, if kept clean, does excellent work. It will be especially pleasing to the housekeeper who dreads getting dust ground into her hands.

WINDOW CLEANING MADE EASY

I suppose the floor is the most trying to keep clean, but the windows surely come next. Inventors have not neglected tools for cleaning windows, but housekeepers have been too slow to adopt them. If the housekeeper will walk down the street of any business section early in the morning she is likely to see a good demonstration of window cleaning. One of the tools to make window washing easy is a brush made somewhat like a whitewash brush (like the round one below). Washing the outside of second story windows is always a problem. The curved handle of the short window brush hanging on the second hook from the left, above, solves the problem satisfactorily for it enables you to reach out and up. These brushes are used to put the water on the window. A squeegee (see illustration in group below, second from right) is then used to take it off; this leaves the window bright and clean. When the brush and squeegee are used, the brush should be dipped into clean water and then as much of the water as possible should be taken off. Then when the window is brushed over, the water will not slop over the frame. As the window is being wiped and dried with the squeegee, a cloth should be at hand to wipe up any water that may drop on the frame. When carefully used, a squeegee can be made to help in cleaning the inside as well as the outside of the windows.

BRUSHING DOWN THE WALLS

There is a new tool that is helpful in that back-breaking task of wiping off walls. This is a soft wool brush that will gather the dark greasy dirt which darkens the walls of every heated house. This brush must be washed and rinsed in moderately warm water or it will smutch the walls rather than clean them. It is made with either a short or long handle. On the third hook from the left, above, you will find the short-handled kind.

Though modern equipment requires some more care than a scrubbing brush, broom and dust pan, it amply repays for this care in keeping all the house cleaner all the time. Proper tools save time and strength and so enable the housekeeper to cover more ground each day. In this way they remove the awful bugbear of the old-fashioned, semi-annual housecleanings.

PROPER TREATMENT

To obtain the best service from any brush it should be cleaned each time after using, and hung up. Never allow the weight of a brush not in use to come on the bristles. If it is allowed to lean against a wall, always let the end of the handle rest on the floor. Even the faithful broom of broom corn will appreciate this treatment and repay you fully with its longer service. Good tools are worth being well cared for.



"Try this easy way to clear your skin"

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the fingertips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will probably be astonished to see how quickly the healing, anti-septic Resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores, helps to remove pimples and blackheads, and

leaves the complexion clearer, fresher and more velvety.

If the skin is in bad condition through neglect or an unwise use of cosmetics, apply a little Resinol Ointment and let it remain on ten minutes before the final washing with Resinol Soap.

The extreme purity of Resinol Soap, its freedom from harsh, drying alkali, and the soothing, healing Resinol medication which it contains, adapt it also to the care of the hair and of a baby's delicate skin.

Resinol Soap is delightfully cleansing, and has no artificial coloring in it, the rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol balsams it contains.

It is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

Discriminating men use Resinol Shaving Stick, and find it really soothes the face.

Resinol Soap



Nadine Face Powder
(In Green Boxes Only)

Keeps The Complexion Beautiful

Soft and velvety. Money back if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users prove its value. Popular tints: Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. 50c. by toilet counters or mail. Dept. M. National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U.S.A.

Mr. Edison's Wonderful Amberola

Only \$1.00 After Free Trial



Yes, you may keep this New Edison Amberola—Edison's great photograph with the diamond plate—and your choice of records, too, for only \$1. Pay the balance at rate of only a few cents a day. Try the New Amberola in your own home before you decide to buy. Send no money down. Then return if you wish. Write today for our New Edison Book. Send your name and address for our new book and pictures of the New Edison Amberola. No obligation. P. H. BARSON, Edison Photograph Distributors, 2044 Edison Block, Chicago, Illinois.

Bradley Quality Books for Children

With these books in your home you are never at a loss for the right kind of stories to tell your children—

Bradley Quality Books

are made for "mothers who care"—who are interested in stories which exert the right kind of influence upon their children.

The stories in these books have been written and selected by authors who are recognized authorities on the subject of child training. Every story is intensely interesting to children. The moral is never obtrusive, but so skilfully interwoven that the child absorbs it unconsciously.

Be sure that some of these books are among the Christmas gifts of "the child nearest your heart." The titles include:

TELL ME ANOTHER STORY.	Price \$1.50	WORTH WHILE STORIES.	Price \$1.50
FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.	1.50	FIRELIGHT STORIES.	1.00
STORIES CHILDREN NEED.	1.50	MOTHER STORIES.	1.00

MORE MOTHER STORIES. Price \$1.00
ALL ABOUT JOHNNIE JONES. " 1.00
ONCE UPON A TIME ANIMAL STORIES. " .75

All good Bookstores sell Bradley Quality Books. Ask for them

MILTON BRADLEY CO., Springfield, Mass.





No seams in the
"Nurses DeLyte"
to hurt the feet.
Perfect comfort
with neat style.

\$4.50

For Tender Feet -No Seams

Most foot troubles come from poor fitting. For 39 years Dalsimer Shoes have been recognized for their Comfortable Fit, Unexcelled Quality and Good Style. The wide range of styles and sizes, running from 1½ to 11 and AA to F, enables us to fit you perfectly.

DALSIMER SHOES Comfort with Style

Dalsimer's famous "Nurses DeLyte" Shoe, illustrated above, is specially designed for women with tender feet. Made of fine black, pliable Duree Kid, with no seams to hurt the feet; flexible soles, rubber heels. Lace or button, high or low. Sizes 1½ to 11, widths AA to F. Price \$4.50. Postage prepaid. Sizes 10 and 11, \$1 extra.

FREE! "Care of the Feet"

By Leon S. Dalsimer, M. D.

Order the "Nurses DeLyte" Shoe now, on the Dalsimer guarantee of Satisfaction or Money Back. Or write for "Care of the Feet"—free, illustrated catalog—free. Address:

S. DALSIMER & SONS
1200 Market St.
Philadelphia, Pa.



Why Pay Full Prices for Diamonds

FOR nearly ¾ century Jos. DeRoy & Sons, a firm rated over a million dollars, have offered rare bargains in diamonds, watches and other jewelry.

Diamond banking is our business. We lend money, accepting jewelry of the better grades as security. When loans remain unpaid this jewelry is offered for sale at prices much lower than the market, proven by customers' letters.

Many of such diamonds are offered at prices which you can try to match at full 60% more.

The ring illustrated contains a diamond weighing 1/2 less 1/16 carat, a gem of fine blue-white color in a magnificent mounting with white gold top, yet the ring is priced at only \$75.00.

Write for Jos. DeRoy Bulletin

(Radically different from the ordinary catalog.)

Send us your name today and we'll send you our Bulletin of Bargains, showing hundreds of unpaid loans. It is sent free and without obligations.

JOS. DE ROY & SONS 7444 DeRoy Bldg.
Only Opposite Post Office Pittsburgh, Pa.
References by permission: Farmers Deposit National Bank, Marine National Bank, and any Pittsburgh daily newspaper.



DIRECT FROM MILL

Let us quote you direct-from-mill prices on highest quality Crepe de Chine, Georgette, Taffeta, Washable Satin, Pique de Vierge, Pique de Soie, Satin Duchesse, and more. Every new and popular shade. You will be surprised at our low prices.

Send For Free Samples

Let us send you samples so you can compare prices with those charged elsewhere. Large assortment of varieties, shades and prices. Send no money. Write today.

THE INTERNATIONAL MERCHANTS, INC.
Dept. C 23 E. 26th Street New York



Mail us 15c with any size film for development and 6 prints. Or send 6 negatives any size and 15c for 6 prints. Prompt service. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 229 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.



On The Trail In Mexico

[Continued from page 4]

There lives in a western state a pleasant-faced gentleman who sells sporting goods. His judgment is good on some things, but on pumps for air beds he is a flat failure. The pump he sent would not, in its prime, have sent air enough into a sensitive tooth to satisfy the gentlest dentist. Unrolling our bed rolls in the dust of the ranch yard, by the light of an electric torch, the pump emerged. It had suffered an amputation of the nose, or whatever that organ of the pump may be through which the air emerges. Over the flashlight I stared at Mary Elizabeth, and she stared back from the security of a stuffed mattress. Between us lay the flat and lifeless form of my twenty-five-dollar bed, as flat as a leaf of lettuce wilted in the sun.

"I am going back," I said firmly.

"C-Can't you come in with me?" said Mary Elizabeth in a small voice.

"I am going back," I repeated.

But Mary Elizabeth was not listening.

"I saw a rat!" she said.

I turned my flash on it. There were a dozen rats sitting at our heads. One was washing its face like a cat. But it had been a long day, and we were tired. And the mattress loomed large and flat between us.

It was, I think, Mary Elizabeth who suggested mending the pump with adhesive plaster. The chewing gum was my idea. So, together, we sat up in the dark and chewed gum and cut adhesive, and before long the pump had a first-aid dressing and was weakly sending out a trickle of air.

We slept, rats and all, and at four o'clock a heartless individual with a loud voice suggested that we rise and take up our beds and start.

Now the object of the trip was threefold. First, I have once each year a wild longing to get away from my kind into the empty places, and to see new countries, the emptier the better. Second, a curiosity to learn what plans Germany had for that portion of our border. And third, game.

There are mountain sheep in lower California. I know this, because a man I knew came to see me, and to tell me that some years ago he went far down into the Peninsula, and brought out twelve sheep heads. He said I'd get mountain sheep and other things, including tarantulas.

But he was wrong. I got neither. I never saw a tarantula, still or jumping, although the second morning out, going down into my bag for court plaster, I drew out a large black spider with a mean eye.

In some details, however, my hunter with the husky voice was right. There are sheep in Lower California. There are, to be truthful, just as many there now as when we went in. Except some ducks and quail, there is just as much game of every sort as when we went in.

Although I balked at carrying an eight-and-a-half-pound Winchester thirty-three up beetling crags, I was prepared for any animal whose discretion was overcome by its curiosity. I carried the Winchester, a small combination rifle and shot gun, which turned out to be valueless beyond twenty yards, and a Smith and Wesson thirty-eight revolver in my belt.

I remember Mary Elizabeth's eyes when she saw me moving out like an armored tank.

So much for the game-hunting phase of the expedition.

As for Germany's plans as to that portion of our border, I doubt if she has any of importance.

From the time the draft law was passed, rumors went through the country that great numbers of slackers were escaping over the border into Mexico. Most of them were headed for Mexico City, according to these reports, but, from Baja California, the physical difficulties of getting to the city of Mexico were very great. Therefore most of those who had gone over were probably still in the province.

There are many slackers there now. Even by arrangement with Governor Cantu, I doubt the value of bringing them back. They are not the caliber we want in our fine army. And they are suffering enough where they are. Shut off in lonely ranches, hanging around the pool-rooms of tiny Mexican towns, they are lost, lonely and dispirited. They are men without a country.

Some of them are of German parentage. All of them are living on remittances from home, or, scantily, by what they can earn. Remittances to these men are going over the border. The very banks which send the money are known.

There is, undoubtedly, a German underground to Mexico City. By its means,

slackers from the United States are financed at the border and given special instructions as to routes, water holes and so on. But at the best, it is precarious.

I am still wondering whether we did not stumble on one of the underground stations.

We had traveled, through desert and heat, some forty miles that day. At noon we stopped for luncheon, to find that the lunch mule carried a choice assortment of tin pans, kettles, a hatchet, a lantern and the Dutch oven—nothing else.

We had been following the Laguna Salada all day and we felt as dead and lifeless as that most moribund of all salt and alkali lakes. The pack mules fell behind.

Late in the afternoon we climbed over a barricade of rocks, to find the mountains beside us and a deep canyon opening up. Up into that gash we turned our horses.

It was there that we discovered our bandit, or whatever he was, across the canyon, and far below us.

He had been there for some time and he was provisioned for a lengthy stay. Our outfit knew him as a notorious smuggler. He was an ugly little Mexican with an evil face, and he was neither near the coast nor the border. A half-breed Indian was with him. He said he was there to take the baths, and perhaps he was.

Tony had promised us palm trees and water in the canyon, but also, mysteriously, he had promised a hot bath. And he was as good as his word. There were hot sulphur springs there.

Now there are difficulties for two women in traveling with eleven men, and one of them developed when it was found that the only spring not too hot to get into occupied a hole about the size of a bathtub in the center of the only level place for a camp.

Mary Elizabeth and I took a survey of the ground, and at last I went to Tony.

"Can't you take some blankets," I suggested, "and rig up a shelter about that hole in the ground?"

"Why don't you bathe at night?"

"There's a full moon. And anyhow it's bad enough to get into a foot of ooze in daylight, when one can see what's crawling about."

"Nothing crawls in a hot spring," said Tony. But he gathered some blankets, and from behind our boulders we could hear stakes being driven. We cut for the first bath and Mary Elizabeth won.

"My dear!" she said. "Have you seen it?"

Well, it was the blanket protection. And it was three feet in height and very unsteady in the wind.

"How did you manage?" I inquired with interest.

She told me and I followed her procedure, which was, while still in the bath, to dry and clothe the upper part of one's body. Then, standing up to complete one's toilet as far as was practicable, at last to crawl out of the pool and put on one's shoes and stockings. I tried it and it worked very well.

Life had settled down by that time into a regular routine. We rode all day, and, at night, we found the heavenly oasis which had lingered in Tony's mind for twenty-three years, like my early hero's mustache.

It rained while we were at the hot springs. We had placed our bed rolls inside a circle of boulders lined with cactus, as usual, and had gone through the evening program of chewing gum and blowing up the air-mattress. It was a heavenly night with the stars curiously close, as they so often are in the south. We lay there, I remember, side by side, and Mary Elizabeth had her flash-light and a map of the heavens. We had just found Cassiopeia when a large drop of rain struck me on the right eye.

We were doubly outraged.

In the first place, there was not a cloud in the sky. In the second, why a desert if it rained?

However, it rained. One could hear the wind coming. Soon our boudoir was a lake with two islands in the center, said islands being Mary Elizabeth and myself. At each onslaught of the gale some treasured and intimate article of wearing apparel took wings and departed into the night.

At two in the morning we heard a crash, and knew that the palm-leaf hut which had sheltered our guns had fallen.

We saw a light soon after that, and plodding through the pool came one of the men of the party, dragging a huge tarpaulin. He covered us with it, heads and all, and anchored it down with stones. But a trap is just as air tight as a cement side-

walk, and we were compelled to emerge now and then for air, like whales coming up to blow.

On one such occasion we met.

"And they call this the desert!" said Mary Elizabeth.

"Of course it's the desert," I said bitterly. "Didn't we travel endless miles today to find water?"

"Well, we've found it," said Mary Elizabeth, and submerged again.

It rained for thirty-six hours.

On the day that it cleared we climbed the mountain wall. Up slippery boulders the horses climbed, struggling frantically for a foothold. And on one such boulder Mary Elizabeth's horse fell.

It might have been very terrible. As it was, she emerged considerably shocked, very calm, and with a number of bruises.

"Deer country now," called Tony over his shoulder when we reached the top.

It was at the very top of the climb, when behind and far below us lay the Laguna Salada and, to the south, the head of the Gulf, that we happened on the grave. It lay in the sunlight only a foot or two from the trail, and was marked by a small wooden cross, crudely whittled with a knife. In lead pencil was written on it the word "Dick."

It was after we had moved on, that one of the men in the party repeated a poem. All over the world I have found men who, followers of the open road, lovers of the trail, carry their books in their hearts. I took it down in my note book.

I thank you, Lord, that I am placed so well,
That you have made my freedom so complete,
That I'm no slave to whistle, clock or bell,
Or dim-eyed prisoner of wall or street.

Just let me live my life as I've begun,
And give me work that's open to the sky.
Make me a partner of the wind and sun,
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the horse between my knees;
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze.

Let me be easy on the man that's down,
And make me square and generous with all.
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
But never let them say I'm mean or small.

Forgive me sometimes, Lord, when I forget,
You understand the reasons that are hid.
You know the many things that gail and fret,
You know me better than my mother did.

Just keep an eye on all that's done and said,
And right me sometimes when I turn aside.
And guide me on the long dim trail ahead,
That reaches upward toward the Great Divide.

With every mile that day the trees grew larger. We found a small creek and Tony prophesied a lake. We were dubious.

"Ducks!" cried the man who had brought a shot gun. "Millions of ducks!"

"We are going to stop here," I said.

I have never in my life had enough wild duck. Now I intend to have it.

That lake was a sort of duck heaven. Frightened away from one end of the lake, they would merely migrate to the other, flying low in dense clouds. And as those of us without shot guns took to potting at them with rifles, I fancy they lost considerable weight while we camped them.

Tony cooked them, putting them in the Dutch oven.

The cook was one of the disillusioned of a life spent in unlimited faith in cooks.

He was a bald-headed man, that cook, with an unctuous smile and a clinging disposition. When the truth came out that he was a barber and not a cook at all, and we tried at Ensenada to get rid of him, he refused to leave us.

It was then that I turned on my party bitterly.

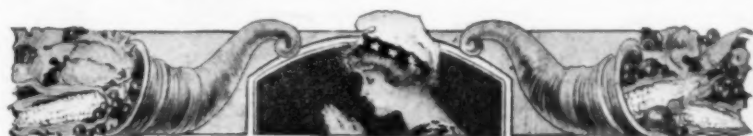
"If you had only let me shoot him when I had a chance," I reminded them, "we might be out of this mess."

I had, indeed, nearly shot him.

I saw one day in camp a moving brown spot on the opposite canyon wall. It gave every indication of being a mountain lion; no one would have expected it to be the cook. Now I am pretty accurate with a rifle, and I had my gun in my hand. I had turned it on him, and only my vanity saved him. For I called loudly to the camp to watch and see something, and they very nearly did.

We would have saved something like thirty dollars and the united digestion of the camp if some one had not spoiled it by yelling.

In the end we paid him to the end of the trip and left him behind, gazing wistfully after us with the morning sun gleaming on his bald head. I do not know why he loved us so.



Miss Doctor Lady

[Continued from page 12]

equal numbers. The men have come to take her at her word; they come to her as a doctor, because they believe she can heal, without prejudice for or against her because she is a woman. This, in itself, is in the nature of a triumph, although the town and Dr. Selover have come to regard it merely as an established fact.

"I think it would hamper any physician to refuse any class of cases," said Dr. Selover. "There is no room, in the country, for specialists. I do not want to suggest that the women who stick to the method of doctoring women only, fail in their profession. Men doctors continue to go to the front and their places must be taken by women."

"I suppose the biggest bugbear that stands in the way of young women coming into the profession is the thought of marriage. I cannot understand that very well. I married when I had been practicing three years and it was understood that I was to keep on practicing. I cannot remember a time when I felt that marriage had hindered me. As I am always popping in and out, I am at home far more than an actress or lawyer or business woman, all of whom seem to manage to have children and go on with their work. And I believe in women doctors."

"I would feel rather foolish making a statement like that except that I am often asked it. Sometimes one of my patients will inquire,

"But doctor, do you really believe women are strong enough to be doctors?" I am strong and any woman must be to be a physician. I think women can be anything they want to be. I believe that they are on the whole better doctors than men because they are more sympathetic and more conscientious. I have to believe this on cold winter nights when some one who is not my patient calls on the telephone, and begs:

"Please, Miss Lady Doctor, come around."

"But where is your own doctor?" I will ask.

"He won't come," is the mournful reply. Sometimes when I arrive at the house and find there was no necessity for anyone to have gotten up, I sympathize with the refusal—but I continue to go."

This reminded me of a story I had heard of the doctor and the smallpox epidemic and I interrupted her to ask:

"Is the smallpox story true, doctor?"

"Well, I don't know," she said. "There might be a good many smallpox stories. What is it?" I told her the story as I heard it. Two officers of one of the local banks told it to me.

"She doesn't know what fear is," said one, as proudly as if the lady doctor had been a member of his own family. "Why when smallpox broke out here they made her the smallpox doctor. There was a man in Sayreville who was suspected and she went there and he wouldn't let her in. She just knocked him down and sat on him and kept him down until she found out."

"Did you?" I asked.

"Well I did sit on him," said the doctor, "but I did not knock him down. I am not a light person and in the heavy rubber suit I wore when I attended smallpox cases I was a weight calculated to keep anything down. But sitting on a patient is not an everyday occurrence."

"I had the time of my life during that smallpox epidemic," she added. "It was before I used an auto much and I had four horses on the road day and night. It began with two cases—one in South River and one in Sayreville. Neither the doctor there, nor I, was certain that either case was smallpox, so I sent to the State Board of Health and a physician came from there to find out."

"Both cases proved to be smallpox and as there was no hospital and there had, up to that time, been no quarantine, it spread. Before long, I had twenty-four cases and the other doctor had eight. I had been wearing a rubber suit over a special wrapper to attend to my cases and disinfecting myself in the barn—as a safe place—when I came back to my office, but it soon came to my ears that my rival of the eight cases wanted the appointment and had spread the news that I was taking no precautions whatever. As a matter of fact he had taken few and was wearing an old gray ulster to the cases he visited. I was indignant and I went before the town council to explain matters. My rival was there—and so was the gray ulster. I waited not one minute.

"Why doctor," I exclaimed. "That is the very ulster you wore when you attended W—and S—and they both have smallpox. Please take it away. I am afraid of it." The town council moved in a body from the dangerous ulster and as the owner of it contracted smallpox shortly after, it was no longer a question of him or me on the smallpox work. By this time, the town had decided to open a hospital. But the town councillors said openly they couldn't think of letting a woman come in and take all that money out of town, so they appointed a man physician. My patients refused to see him, and finally one of them got up and went through the streets at midnight to the home of a local politician who had some influence with the town council.

"See here," threatened my patient. "I've got three in my family down now, and I've been staying in and keeping quarantine, but if you don't let Dr. Selover keep her cases I'll break quarantine and infect the town."

"It was an effective argument. And as, at this time, two other doctors went down with smallpox, the council decided I could have the hospital. I had a right lonely time of it those days," she concluded, smiling. "The people gave us a wide berth everywhere."

"And you weren't afraid?" I asked.

"Afraid," the doctor answered quickly, her black eyes snapping, "why should I be? I have never even caught the measles. Why even when I was a much younger woman and night after night at all hours picked my way across the docks as a short cut to some house of illness, I had no trouble. Men would be lounging and sleeping there. Not one of them ever bothered me. Again and again I have heard whispers at my approach."

"Shut yer mouth. Don't you see the lady doctor's comin'?" And I have gone past without a word or a sign of comment. I believe it was my profession that did it."

Since the days of the smallpox epidemic, the country side has gotten used to seeing a woman take town money. Dr. Selover has been town doctor, township doctor, school examiner, doctor for a number of lodges and societies, physician and surgeon to many of the outlying plants and industries. Every year she holds some of these offices. If a new bank starts, or a memorial is proposed, or a Chautauqua is coming to town, the lady doctor is one of the first waited upon to subscribe stock, or to head the list of contributors or to become a guarantor. When there is a municipal question to be decided, Dr. Selover is informed upon it, takes a stand upon it for or against, and preaches her belief far and wide, as she goes on her rounds. She regrets keenly that she cannot vote. When the suffrage question was referred to popular vote in New Jersey three years ago it was Dr. Selover who organized the first local suffrage society. Thanks to her unremitting energy and a recount insisted upon by the suffragists the women won out by a single vote. For years she has promoted in every way possible what might be called the town's "reform" movements. As for the effect these various activities may have on her practice, she refuses to consider it.

She made her profession carry itself; her private life has been just what she wanted it. And she has succeeded in both. When the post of school examiner was created two years ago it was given to her.

"It was hard work the first year," she said. "There were one thousand children to be gone over and examined and I wrote letters to the parents of those children who had anything the matter with them. As most of them had something the matter, that meant writing to almost all the parents in town. Some of them were insulted at my note and called upon me indignantly, protesting that Willie's hearing was as good as mine, or that Mary had no adenoids. It seemed like a hopeless task. But this year it has been very different. The parents have stopped being insulted and have gotten to work. This is the only work I have done that promises much for the future. And I like it."

"But then I like it all," she added. "I could not keep on going if I did not—and, most of all, I like this work with the children who have come to be my friends and often visit me, not only with their physical ills, but with a story of marks at school or just for a swing on the front porch."



How This Home Uses Puffed Grains

This is but one of a million homes which houses Puffed Grain lovers. But the folks who live here have discovered many winsome ways of serving—perhaps some which you don't know.



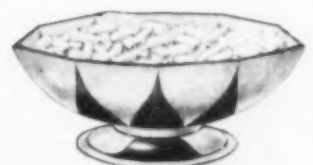
Beside serving Puffed grains with cream and sugar, they serve with melted butter. And the majority of people who come there or live there like the butter better.

Butter brings out in these grain bubbles a toasted nutmeat flavor.

Butter brings out in these grain bubbles a toasted nutmeat flavor.

Puffed Grains, crisped and lightly buttered, are served to hungry children in the afternoon. This in place of tidbits which less easily digest.

These airy grains, when served in this way, are like food confections.

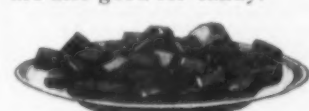


The girls make fudge with corn syrup. And they stir Puffed Rice in to make it porous and nut-like.

Corn Puffs, which are pellets of hominy puffed, are also good for candy.

Corn Puffs, which are pellets of hominy puffed, are also good for candy.

These flimsy, flavory globules are also used as garnish for ice cream. Also as wafers in soups. No other suitable morsels are so thin and crisp and airy.



Puffed Grains are served in every bowl of milk. There is no other way to make a milk dish so likable.

And they are mixed with fruit. Puffed Grains add to fruit what crust adds to a shortcake, tart or pie.



**Puffed
Rice
Puffed
Wheat
Corn
Puffs**

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c Except
in Far West

— not only for Headaches but Colds Burns & Chaps



"The Little Nurse for Little Ills" is a dependable first aid for 101 small accidents. It heals cuts, soothes nervous headache, and relieves colds. Have Mentholatum handy—beforehand.

Mentholatum

Always made under this signature *A. H. Hyde*
is gentle and antiseptic—and its action is soothing and quick as well as efficient.

At all druggists in tubes, 25c. Jars, 25c, 50c, \$1.

Do this: Write today for Test Package, Free. Or send 10c for special Trial Size.

The
Mentholatum Co.
Dept. C, Buffalo, N.Y.



SAVE TIME AND MONEY

Do Your Shopping Direct and Save Money
**Buy Jewelry—Diamonds
Watches and Silver by Mail**
From JASON WEILER & SONS,
Boston, Mass.—Manufacturing
Wholesale and Retail Jewelers
and Diamond Importers.

No sale is completed until your satisfaction is without question. We refund money in full on any purchase unless you are entirely satisfied.

Guaranteed twenty-year gold-filled case with fine jeweled movement, silk bracelet with gold clasp. Jason Weiler & Sons' special price direct, \$20.00.

No. 7878A 9P
The New "Over There"
Service Pin
Distinguishes the wearer
as one having a relative
actually at the front.
1, 2 or 3 stars.

The "Vogue"
Pattern in
SILVER—
of enduring beauty
that carries an un-
limited guarantee of service.
Yes! Spoon, \$2.50 the half doz.
See our catalog for complete line of
tableware.

WRITE TODAY
For Our 43rd Annual
12-Page Catalog—FREE.
Beautifully illustrated. Save money on
Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches and Silver.
Full of useful Gift Suggestions.

Jason Weiler & Sons
363 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.
Wholesale and Retail Jewelers, Est. 1870
Diamond Importers since 1876

Foreign Agencies: London and Paris

Dear Madam:

Your copy of our Fall and
Winter Magazine of Fashions is now
ready. It is the most unique Fashion
Book of its kind published in America
and there is no charge.

Send for it at once.

Yours truly,

Newcomb-Endicott Company.

Detroit, Mich.
Dept. E

M/PS



The Abandoned-Farm Dwellers

[Continued from page 12]

said that probably some day we should find a horse and buggy and harness, which was about all that we needed now. It was just one of those careless remarks we all make on occasion. It never occurred to me that it was tinged with prophecy.

The automobile had not yet reached Brook Ridge, but it was arriving in the centers and suburbs, upsetting old traditions, severing old ties. Once, we had been commuters on Long Island, and, in our happy suburb, there still lived a friend to whom the years had brought prosperity, and motor machines. In those earlier, more deliberate years he had found comfort and sufficient speed in an enviable surrey, attached to a faithful family horse which now, alas, was too slow. So the old horse stood in the stable, until, one day, they heard how we had turned ourselves into farmers, and presently word came that if we needed "Old Beek" (shortened from Lord Beaconsfield), surrey and harness complete, they were ours to command. They would be delivered to us in the city, the message said. It was a windfall from a clear sky—we said it must be our lucky year. We speedily accepted and were presently in the city to receive Lord Beaconsfield.

We admired the dignity with which His Lordship drew up in front of our New York hotel. He was a large, handsome animal, sorrel as to color, and of a manner befitting his station and advanced years.

As for the Joy, she was quite beside herself. Anything with the semblance of a horse would excite the Joy. I got in with the driver and we made our way to the river front, where I saw his Lordship to his stateroom and the surrey stored away. I don't suppose, in all his twenty years, he had ever taken a voyage before, but he showed no nervousness or undue surprise, and that night at the port of arrival he came stepping down the gang-plank as unconcerned as the oldest traveler. We were up and away rather early next morning, for we wished to travel leisurely, and we were not familiar with the road.

On inquiry, we learned there were two roads—one to the east and one to the west of a little river—the same that formed a mill-pond in Westbury's dooryard and here, a wide orderly stream, flowed into the sea. The "Glen" road—the one to the east—was thought to be the shorter, so we chose that. It was a good selection, so far as scenery was concerned, but if I had the same drive to make again I would go the other way. With the exception of a small box of lunch crackers for the Joy, we had provided no food for the journey, for we said we could stop at a village inn when the time came and get something warm. That was a good idea, only there were no villages. Now and then we came to a house, but so dead and forbidding was its aspect that we did not dare even to ask our way. The land was asleep, under the spell of the white touch.

We traveled slowly, for the roads were sticky, and there were hills. We could not ask Lord Beaconsfield to do more than walk, which he did sturdily enough, tugging up the long grades, though they were probably the first he had ever seen, for his part of Long Island had been level ground. What must he have thought of that chaotic desolation, where most of the woods and a good many of the fields were set up at foolish angles against other woods and fields, and where there was no sign of food for man or beast?

As the afternoon wore on and we arrived nowhere, we became disturbed by doubts as to our direction. It was true that we seemed to be following the general course of the river, but was it the right river? The brief daylight was fading and it was important that we arrive somewhere, pretty soon. It would be better to rouse even one of the seven sleepers than to wander aimlessly into the night. At the next house we would knock.

But at the next house, we actually discovered something moving—something outside. As we came nearer it took the form of a man, a sad man, dragging a crooked limb from a woodpile. I drew up.



"Good afternoon," I said. "Can you tell us where we are?"

"Why, yes," he grunted, as he worked at the limb, "you're at Valley Forge."

Valley Forge! Heavens! We were within twenty miles of Philadelphia, on the Schuylkill. This must be enchantment, sure enough.

"Look here," I said, "you don't mean that this is where Washington was quartered?"

"Don't know anything about that," he said, "but I've been quartered here for more'n sixty years an' it's always been the same Valley Forge in my time."

"Is—is this Connecticut?"

"That's what it is."

I breathed easier.

"Do you know of any place called the Glen?"

"Of course, right up ahead, a few miles. Where do you folks come from? You don't appear to know much about locations."

I side-stepped, thanking him profusely. We were all right, then, but it seemed a narrow escape.

At last, we entered the Glen and recognized landmarks. It was a somber place, now, its aspect weirdly changed since that first day of our coming. Then, it had been a riot of summer time, the cliffs a mat and tangle of green that had shut us in. On this dull December evening, with its vines and shrubs and gaunt trees bare, its pointed cedars and hemlock the only green, its dark water swirling under overhanging rocks, it had become an entrance to Valhalla, the dim abode of the gods.

How friendly Westbury's lights looked when we crossed the bridge by the mill and turned into the drive, and what gracious comfort there was in his bright fire and warm, waiting supper. We did not go up the hill that night, and Lord Beaconsfield found rest in Westbury's big red barn.

I have referred more than once, I am sure, to my study behind the chimney, a tiny place of about seven by nine feet—once, no doubt, the "parlor bedroom." I selected it chiefly because of its size. I said one could condense his thoughts so much better in a limited area. I shelved one side and end of it to the ceiling, put dull green paper on the walls, padded its billowy floor with excelsior and put down green denim as a rug basis, painted the woodwork to match, set my work-table in the center where I could reach almost anything without getting up, and, certainly, with its capable fireplace, it was as cozy and inviting a work-room as one could find.

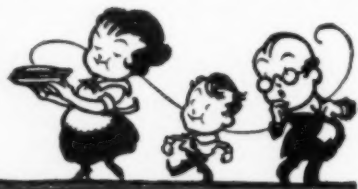
The difficulty was to get busy at the condensing process. Work was pressing. Not exactly the work, either, but the need of it. No, I mean the necessity of it. It was the need of funds that was pressing—that is what I am trying to say. I am not really so lazy, once I get started, but I have a constitutional hesitancy in the matter of getting started. My will and enthusiasm are both in good supply, but my ability to sit down and begin is elusive.

It was especially so that winter; there were so many excuses for not getting started. Mornings I would rise firm in the resolve that the day and hour were at hand. After breakfast, I would determinedly start for the room behind the chimney. But then I would be certain to notice something out in the yard that was not in place. Once outside, one thing generally led to another, and in the course of time I would be pawing over stuff in the barn. Then it was about luncheon time.

Perhaps I would actually get into the room behind the chimney after luncheon, but one could not begin work until the fire was replenished and a supply of wood brought. Then, while one was at it, one might as well get in a supply of fuel for the other fires, so as to have a clear afternoon for a good substantial beginning.

Oh, well, you see where all these paltry subterfuges ended.

But a beginning was finally made, and, after that, the condensing process went better. I was pretty fairly under way by Christmas, and the little room behind the chimney had become the most alluring place in the world.



**Barley flour Pie Crust
bakes light
and flaky.
War Time
Recipe Book
free for asking
tells how**

**Always use
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT**

"Like mother used to make"
Merrell-Soule Co. - Syracuse, N.Y.



17 Cents a Day Pays

For the mellow-toned Symphonic Piano. Several beautiful models in genuine Mahogany, Oak and Walnut. Guaranteed 25 years. Sold the celebrated Larkin Factory-to-Family way. Many music lovers have saved \$100 to \$200 in buying Symphonics. Our plan permits 30 days trial in your home. Four years' time without interest. Convenient monthly payments. Ask today for FREE Catalog illustrating and describing Symphonics. Shows

**Symphonic Pianos
Also Player Pianos and Grands**

Instruments in actual colors. Please state whether interested in the Symphonic Piano, the Symphonic Player Piano (which anyone can play) or the Symphonic Baby GRAND. Write now for your Catalog.

Larkin Co. Desk PMC1118, Buffalo, N.Y.

**BIG SAVING ON FUEL WITH MY
Rapid Fireless Cooker**

Be sure to get my special low price. Saving in fuel is now every woman's duty and my Rapid saves two-thirds fuel cost. Saves on food. Gives you more time for war work.

30 Days' Trial FREE
Test my Rapid thoroughly. Money back if not satisfactory. Aluminum-lined throughout. Full set of aluminum utensils. Write for catalog and special factory price.

Wm. Campbell Co.
Dept. 21 Detroit, Mich.

HOOSIER STOVES & RANGES FREE

To try in your home 30 days free no matter where you live. Show your friends, send it back at our expense if you do not want to keep it. Million members of families enjoying the comforts and pleasures of "Hoosier" Stoves & Ranges—perfect bakers and heaters, beautifully finished, smooth latest design, guaranteed for years. Write for our big free book showing photographs, describing large assortment of sizes and designs of Fuel and Gas Ranges, Cooks, Sift and Hard Coal Heaters, to select from explaining our free trial. Send postal today.

HOOSIER STOVE CO.
208 State St., Marion, Ind.

**Kornlet Costs Less
Than Other Foods**

Not a luxury at present prices. Only modest advance above pre-war prices—not 80% like other foods. It's the milk of green sweet corn, concentrated—nourishing. Label tells many delicious uses. At grocers.

The Haselet Canneries Co., Cleveland, O.

**Just Dip the Brush
Kyanize**
SANITARY
FLOOR ENAMEL
BOSTON VARNISH CO.
3 EVERETT STATION, BOSTON
FREE BOOKLET

**LEPAGE'S
GLUE** HANDY
TUBES
A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

Our Housekeeping Exchange



Conducted by
Helen Hopkins

TO STRAIN CRANBERRIES run them through the potato ricer while they are still warm from the first cooking. The pulp may then be cooked with sugar.—Mrs. J. J., Logansport, Indiana.

QUARTERS FOR THE GAS METER will always be on hand if a check or bill is given in exchange for them to the man who empties the meter at the end of the month. The returned quarters should be kept in a convenient place.—Mrs. K., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

STARCH THE HEMS OF PILLOW SLIPS with a very thin starch. This makes them keep fresh-looking longer.—Mrs. H. T. S., Stratford, Connecticut.

AS PIE-CRUSTS OF SUBSTITUTE FLOURS tear easily, roll them out on oiled paper, invert paper over pan and detach from the crust.—Mrs. G. E., Belle Plaine, Kansas.

SMOKY MICA IN THE STOVE DOORS may be made to look like new by washing it with a cloth dipped in cider vinegar. This can be done while the stove is very hot.—Mrs. W. W. C., Chicago, Illinois.

THE NIPPLE ON THE BABY'S BOTTLE will not collapse if a sterilized cord is placed across the center of the opening of the bottle before the nipple is put on. The rubber nipple holds it in place.—Mrs. W. S., Dunellen, New Jersey.

WHEN MAKING PILLOWS make a slip of strong mosquito-netting and put the feathers into this. Slip this first pillow into the ticking and fasten the ends with clasps. The feathers can be easily removed for airing and the ticking for washing.—Mrs. E. M. G., Nashville, Tennessee.

WHITE STREAKS IN BLACK WASH GOODS are easily avoided. First rinse the articles thoroughly, and then put them into a thin starch water to which enough bluing has been added to make it a blue-black.—M. C. B., Highland Mills, New York.

THE CREASES OF TUFTED FURNITURE may easily be freed from dust by using a bicycle or automobile tire pump like a vacuum-cleaner.—B. N., Shinglehouse, Pennsylvania.

TO KEEP HOT PACKS HOT without burning my hands, I put the towels in the top of the double-boiler, with water in the lower part only, thus avoiding having to wring them out. By putting the oil heater by my bed, I can wait on myself easily.—Mrs. F. S., Albany, New York.

WHEN BAKING STUFFED PEPPERS place them upright in deep muffin tins in which there is a little water. This keeps the peppers in shape and gives the filling a better chance to brown.—A. M., Charleston, Illinois.

SCOTTISH POTATO SCONES are delicious and economical. Boil potatoes and mash while hot; add a little salt, knead out to desired thickness with barley flour and toast on hot griddle. Prick with a fork so they will not blister and serve hot with butter. Instead of mashing the potatoes they may be put through a potato ricer alternately with either oatmeal or barley flour. The secret of light scones lies in baking them while the potato is hot.—C. B., Brattleboro, Vermont.

SAVE THE ADVERTISEMENTS that come in the mail, and keep the children supplied with paper for drawing pictures or homework practice in these days of rising prices. There are many pages of good paper with one side blank which may be smoothed out and kept in a special box in one corner of a cupboard or drawer.—Mrs. H. H. D., Mahwah, New Jersey.

UNIQUE CANDLEHOLDERS for a birthday cake are made of maraschino cherries.—M. G. D., Chicago, Illinois.

TO HANG DISHTOWELS, wash cloths, etc., instead of tape use the heavy white twine which comes around large bundles. This does not wrinkle when washed but remains stiff and open.—M. M. D., Worcester, Massachusetts.

FOOD KEPT ON THE CELLAR FLOOR will be safe from snails if a ring of salt about four inches wide is placed around the receptacles.—J. G., Urbana, Ohio.

WELL-SHAPED LOAVES OF BREAD are insured if a broad band, made of two or three folds of paper, is pinned firmly around the pan, extending an inch or two above the edge. When a good crust has formed, remove the paper so that the bread will brown.—Mrs. R. K. L., Oak Ridge, Missouri.

WHEN YOUR SWEATER HAS STRETCHED across the shoulders, sew a piece of tape inside along the shoulder seams and across the back of the neck, at the same time taking in the extra fullness to bring the stretched parts back to their proper size. It is well to sew another piece of tape three inches below this one on the back and one on each side of the front. The stitches will fall back to their former places without showing any fullness.—Mrs. J. R. McC., Baltimore, Maryland.

SERVE OATMEAL WITHOUT SUGAR by cooking three tablespoonfuls of corn syrup with each two cupfuls of oatmeal and four cupfuls of water used.—M. T., Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

KEEP BABY'S BOTTLES WARM by pulling over them the small woolen stockings she has outworn. They fit snugly and help to keep the bottles from slipping.—Mrs. E. M. W., West Newton, Massachusetts.

CHILDREN LIKE HOME-DRIED FRUIT, soaked in water and sprinkled with sugar, as a sweet in the school lunch box.—Mrs. F. A. L., Jacksonville, Texas.

TO MAKE BREAD RISE in cold weather, line an empty packing-case with several thicknesses of paper; have a door made for the open side, and put a shelf inside. Place pans of bread on the shelf and slip a hot flatiron underneath. Any degree of heat may be kept up.—Mrs. A. W. D., San Jose, California.

Cranberry Sugar Saving Recipes

Show how to serve cranberries frequently, and save up to one-half the usual amount of sugar.

Cranberry Sauce

No. 1 One quart cranberries, 2 cups boiling water, 1½ cups of sugar.

Boil the sugar and water for five minutes. Skim if necessary. Add the berries and cook without stirring until all the skins break, or about five minutes over a hot fire.

No. 2 The same ingredients as No. 1 with a pinch of salt added.

Cook the cranberries in the salt water until tender; remove from the fire and stir in the sugar when the sauce is nearly cool.

No. 3 One quart cranberries, 2 cups boiling water, ½ cup syrup (white preferred), and ½ of a cup of sugar.

Boil the syrup, sugar, and water for five minutes. Skim if necessary. Add the berries, and cook without stirring until all the skins break, or about five minutes over a hot fire.

As individual tastes vary, we have suggested three recipes for Cranberry sauce.

Cranberry Butter

Three pints cranberries, ½ cup water, 2 cups sugar (or 1 cup of sugar and 1 cup of syrup, white preferred).

Cook the cranberries and water until the skins of the fruit are broken. Add the sugar (and syrup if you use it), and cook for ½ hour over a very gentle fire, stirring constantly. When slightly cool turn into jars, and cover closely.

This makes a delicious and healthful spread on hot biscuits, buttered toast, bread, or cake.

Cranberry Jelly

Cook any quantity of cranberries in water until very tender, using 1 pint of water to each 2 quarts of berries. Drain the juice through a jelly bag, and bring it to the boiling point. To each pint of juice add 1 cup of sugar. Boil five minutes and turn into tumblers or molds.

Cranberry Pie

Short pastry made with mixed war flour, barley flour, or corn flour, and shortened with butter substitute.

For the filling:

Two cups cranberries, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup sugar (or ½ cup sugar and ½ cup syrup, white preferred), ½ cup water, a pinch of salt, 2 tablespoons butter, or butter substitute.

Boil the water, salt, butter (and syrup if you use it) in a saucepan. Thicken with the sugar and flour stirred together, and add the cranberries. Cook three minutes; cool and turn into a pastry lined pie-plate. Put strips of pastry over the top, and bake in a moderate oven. Will serve six persons.

Cranberry Betty

Slices of stale bread, butter, unstained cranberry sauce, grated lemon rind. Cut the bread thinly, butter it, and lay two or three slices in a deep baking dish. Add a generous layer of cranberry sauce to which the lemon rind has been added, then more buttered bread, and proceed till the dish is filled, having bread for the last layer. Cover the dish, and bake half an hour; then remove the cover to brown the top of the pudding. Serve with sauce.

(See recipes for Cranberry sauce.)

With Pot Roast

Cranberries cooked with pot roast and the cheaper cuts of boiled meats, make the meat exceedingly tender and delicious. To prepare a 3 lb. pot roast: brown the meat in 3 tablespoons of hot fat; when the surface is brown, remove the meat from the pan and add 5 cups of water; stir until boiling; add 2 cups of cranberries; replace the meat in the pan with the gravy and cranberries, covered to cook in the ordinary way, adding flour, to thicken, also salt and pepper, to taste, when cooking is about half finished.

Cranberries make the most economical sauce because:

There is no waste; the whole of the fruit is used.

They require little time for preparation and for cooking.

A quart of cranberries will serve 12 persons, at a cost of about two cents per portion.

The delicate, distinctive acid of cranberries counteracts the cloying taste of fatty meats, and gives a delicious flavor to the coarse, but nutritious, cuts.

Always specify

Eatmor
TRADE-MARK
Cranberries

a selection of the choicest cultivated varieties.

American Cranberry Exchange
A growers' organization

Chicago

New York



SEGIS FAYNE JOHANNA, CHAMPION COW OF THE WORLD, OWNED BY THE LIQUID VENEER PEOPLE

What Has This \$150,000 Cow To Do With **LIQUID VENEER** Read The Wonderful Story!

Send for a free copy of this true story telling you about this Official Champion Cow of the world over all ages and breeds and her connection with that other world champion, the great home beautifier,—that wonderful dusting, cleansing, polishing and renewing preparation, Liquid Veneer.

This fascinating story tells how the great virtues of Liquid Veneer have endeared it to the hearts of millions of housewives the world over and how its universal popularity has enabled the president of the Liquid Veneer concern to acquire by far the greatest herd of pure bred registered Holstein Cattle the world has ever known, including the great Official World Champion Liquid Veneer Cow. The story also tells of the splendid patriotic service being rendered by these wonderful animals for the benefit of mankind.

Just think! Segis Fayne Johanna, the Liquid Veneer Cow, has produced 7½ lbs. of butter and 52 quarts of milk in a single day, while the average daily production of the ordinary cow is but ½ lb. of butter and five quarts of milk. The story tells how all this has been accomplished.

To obtain the story, study this ad, and write us, telling us what you think is its most striking feature. That's all. We will then send you, entirely free, the story and a photogravure reproduction of a beautiful painting of this wonderful Liquid Veneer Cow.

When studying this ad, don't forget that good old Liquid Veneer used on a dusting cloth for ordinary dusting relegated the feather duster

to oblivion, thereby revolutionizing dusting methods and enabling housewives all over the world to keep their homes beautiful and sanitary, almost entirely eliminating the great expense of refinishing.

Don't forget that you can make *your* piano, victrola, furniture, woodwork, picture frames, floors, linoleum and white enamel all look like new and keep them so with Liquid Veneer. Remember, Liquid Veneer is *not an oil* and leaves no greasy film. Remember that oil polishes come and go, but Liquid Veneer goes on forever.

You get the same high quality, at the same old prices—25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Use Liquid Veneer today for dusting. You will be delighted.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
373 ELLICOTT STREET
BUFFALO, N. Y.
BRIDGEBURG, ONT., CANADA



THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

What to have to eat and how to cook it

Secrets of a Successful Thanksgiving

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

Approved by the United States Food Administration



For the very center of the Thanksgiving board, with ribbons extending from it to the corners of the table, nothing could be more effective than this sort of basket filled with the winter fruits.

"Ah, on Thanksgiving day from the east and the west,
From the north and the south come the Pilgrim and Guest."

IF the New England poet who said this could look down upon his native land to-day he would lift his eyebrows in surprise. On this Thanksgiving day his words will be particularly true. Familiar faces may be gone but as never before there will be "pilgrims and guests." There will be boys in blue and boys in khaki, borrowed for the hour—some other mother's son, some other girl's sweetheart. Whoever sits in the chairs, there will be Thanksgiving in our hearts that the opportunity is ours to make a happy day for at least a few of them.

This year the groaning table and its elaborate courses will be abolished. The simple dinner, carefully cooked and served, will take its place. Many will banish His Expensive Majesty the turkey, and will replace him with a plump chicken made into an old-time chicken pie, or some other meat equally delicious.

If poultry is purchased, remember that it is economy to buy a heavy, rather than a light-weight fowl, for we must pay for the bones, and there is more meat on the larger bird.

For the center piece on the table a basket of fruit is always appropriate, or a pumpkin hollowed out and filled with fruits and nuts. If you prefer, in courtesy to the "service" guests, the decorations may be patriotic. A blue bowl filled with red and white flowers will produce the color arrangement, or, if the dinner is at night, the candles may be of red, white and blue.

Three different menus are offered. One of these provides turkey or other poultry; one suggests a meat substitute; the third, a still more radical departure, is entirely vegetarian.

DINNER WITH TURKEY

Oysters on the Half Shell
Roast Turkey
Creamed Cauliflower
Glazed Sweet Potatoes
Baked Onions
Frozen Cranberries
Celery
Pecan and Grape Salad
Corn Wafers
Apple and Pumpkin Pie
Raisins
Nuts
Coffee

A DINNER WITH BAKED HAM

Cream of Corn Soup (popcorn garnish)
Stuffed Baked Ham
Mashed Brown Potatoes
Succotash
Cold Slaw
Sweet Pickles
Thanksgiving Pudding
Spiced Raisins
Cheese Straws
Salted Butternuts
Coffee

VEGETARIAN DINNER

Fruit Cocktail
Tomato Bouillon
Chestnut Roast
Corn Cuts
Mushroom Sauce
Hominy Croquettes
Sliced Beets
Currant Jelly
String Beans
Pineapple Salad
Rye Wafers
Ripe Olives
Charlotte Russe
Cheese Dates
Chocolate Cake
Coffee

RECIPES FOR DINNER DISHES

FRUIT COCKTAIL

One tart apple pared and cut in cubes
½ pound skinned and seeded grapes
Two oranges (pulp only)
1 tablespoonful lemon juice

Stir the apple into the lemon juice, add the other fruits and chill in the ice-box. Garnish with maraschino cherry and serve in tall glasses.

CHEESE DATES

Wash, dry and stone dates. Season the cream cheese highly with salt, cayenne and paprika. Moisten with a little milk or cream. Form the cheese into oblong pieces and put into dates.

HOMINY CROQUETTES

1 pint cold cooked hominy
2 tablespoonfuls milk
1 egg
2 tablespoonfuls butter
½ teaspoonful salt
2 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley
Little pepper

Warm the hominy in a double boiler, add the milk, beaten egg and seasonings. Cook until the egg thickens. Cool; shape, dip in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat or dip in fat and brown in a hot oven.

NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING PUDDING

4 cupfuls milk
1½ cupfuls broken crackers (soak overnight)
Slightly beat 4 eggs, stir into the milk
½ cupful maple sugar
1 teaspoonful salt
¼ teaspoonful cinnamon
¼ teaspoonful nutmeg
1½ cupfuls raisins which have been stewed in a little water until soft and plump

Pour all into a well-buttered pudding dish and bake slowly for 2½ hours, stirring once or twice the first hour to keep the raisins from settling to the bottom of the pudding.

FILLED RED APPLE SALAD

Select firm red apples, and carefully remove the inside from the stem end, leaving a wall about one-quarter of an inch thick. Brush the inside with lemon juice and place in the ice box. Chop the apple which came from the inside, after removing the core, and mix with an equal quantity of minced celery and a sprinkling of chopped nuts. Moisten with cream dressing well seasoned, fill the apples and serve on lettuce. If desired, a slice can be cut from the top of the apple, carefully saved, and replaced when served. Otherwise garnish with yellow celery tops.

PUMPKIN PIE FILLING

Stew pumpkin with a little water, sift through a strainer. For each pie take

1 cupful pumpkin
2 cupfuls milk
½ teaspoonful cinnamon
1 egg
Corn syrup to taste
¼ teaspoonful ginger
Grating of nutmeg

Mix all the ingredients and bake in a crust in a slow oven.

CHICKEN PIE

Two fowls cut up. Cover with boiling water and add 1 very small onion, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, a tiny bit of bay leaf and 1 whole clove, cook until tender. When they have cooked an hour,

add two teaspoonfuls salt and one-eighth teaspoonful pepper.

Remove the chickens and cook down the stock until a quart remains. Skim off all the fat possible, and thicken the stock with one-third cupful of flour moistened in cold water. Cool the chickens and stock. Place the chicken in a deep baking dish, removing some of the large bones. Make a rich baking-powder crust, cut several good sized openings in it and place over the top of the dish. Wet the edge of the crust and place a crust rim over it. Bake in a moderate oven until the crust is a delicate brown.

BAKED ONIONS

Boil large onions for ten minutes. Drain and cool; remove the centers with a sharp knife. Chop the centers and add bread crumbs and seasonings, moisten with milk if necessary until of packing consistency, fill the centers of the onions with the mixture, put buttered crumbs on the top and bake in the oven until tender and the crumbs brown.

GLAZED SWEET POTATOES

Boil sweet potatoes after paring. Cut in slices lengthwise. Put in a well-greased pan and brush over with 2 tablespoonfuls melted fat, one-fourth cupful corn syrup and one-half cupful hot water. Bake in a hot oven until brown, basting with the syrup mixture once during the baking. Serve very hot in dish in which they are baked.

BAKED CORN

1 can corn
2 eggs
2 cupfuls scalded milk
2 tablespoonfuls melted butter
1 teaspoonful salt
Dash of cayenne

Slightly beat the eggs, mix all the other ingredients; pour into a well-greased baking dish and cook slowly until firm.

FROZEN CRANBERRIES

4 cupfuls cranberries
1¼ cupfuls corn syrup
½ cupful sugar
2 cupfuls boiling water

Pour the water over the sweetening, add the berries and cook 10 minutes. Cool. Put into a mold, cover tightly and pack in ice and salt for 4 hours. Baking powder or coco tins may be used. If preferred, the mixture may be strained before cooling. It may be frozen in a freezer by occasionally scraping the mixture from the sides and not turning it. Use equal parts of ice and salt for packing.

TURKEY STUFFING (WITH NUTS)

2 cupfuls nuts. If chestnuts, blanch and cook until tender and then put through a ricer. Walnuts may be chopped in the meat grinder.

4 tablespoonfuls fat
1 teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful poultry seasoning
2 cupfuls bread crumbs moistened with 4 tablespoonfuls butter
¼ teaspoonful pepper

Melt the fat, mix all together. Moisten, if necessary for packing, with a little hot water.

OYSTER STUFFING

4 cupfuls bread crumbs
½ cupful fat
2 cupfuls oysters
1 tablespoonful poultry seasoning
1 teaspoonful salt (more if desired)

Melt the fat, add the crumbs and seasonings. Cut the oysters in two if large and stir into the rest of the stuffing. Cracker crumbs may be substituted for two cupfuls of bread crumbs. Moisten with hot water if necessary to make of packing consistency.

CHESTNUT ROAST

1 cupful cheese
1 cupful chestnuts
1 cupful bread crumbs
Juice of half a lemon
2 tablespoonfuls onion juice
Seasoning
1 tablespoonful butter

Grate the cheese and grind the nuts in a meat grinder. Mix the dry ingredients, melt the fat and combine with the other ingredients. Mix all together and moisten with stock, milk or water. Pack in a well-greased pan and bake one-half hour. Serve with mushroom sauce.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

6 tablespoonfuls butter
6 tablespoonfuls flour
½ pint stock (any kind)
1 pint cooked mushrooms
1 teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce

Melt and brown the butter; add the flour and brown that. Then add the stock gradually and the seasonings. Add the mushrooms and cook 5 minutes. Canned mushrooms may be used.

PREPARATION OF MUSHROOMS FOR COOKING:

Scrape the stems and cut off the ends; peel the caps. Wash in salted water, then soak in cold water for two minutes. Sauté in butter.



Try freezing your cranberries this year



Above, corn soup with popcorn garnish beside baked stuffed onions. In long-stemmed dish, a new treatment for dates with cream cheese filling



What Dreams are Made of

Banquets come in dreams, if nowhere else, as many other good things do, and there are fairies some time in every child's life.

Not yet have we begun to dream about the vanishing delicacies that have been given up to the soldiers. There are so many other good things to take their places that they are not greatly missed.

JELL-O

Isn't a new thing as plain Jell-O alone, or as mixed with fruit and nutmeats in desserts, or with vegetables in salads; but the varied uses of Jell-O offer so many possibilities that hardly a day passes without a new one being discovered.

It should be understood, in the first place, that Jell-O can be whipped in the same way that cream is whipped. Explicit directions are given in the Jell-O Book for whipping Jell-O in the easiest and most effective way, as well as for making up the different whipped Jell-O dishes.

Bavarian creams, snow puddings, rice and fruit compotes and "Glorified" rice are made in perfection with whipped Jell-O. The Bavarian creams are made by whipping the Jell-O while it is still liquid and stirring in pineapple juice or shredded pineapple for a pineapple Bavarian cream; or strawberry juice and berries, from the canned fruit, for strawberry Bavarian cream; or other fruits, fresh or canned, for other forms of the ever popular Bavarian cream.



PEACH
BAVARIAN
CREAM

No sugar or cream is required for these Jell-O Bavarian creams, but only Jell-O (whipped) and the particular fruit that is to be stirred into it to make the perfect dish.

A delightful snow pudding is made by merely whipping Lemon Jell-O to the consistency of whipped cream.

Following is a recipe for a "Jappy Jell-O Compote," and if you do not agree that it is a splendid one we shall be very much surprised.

Pour half or a full cup of peach juice into a pint measure; fill with water, let it come to boiling point, and dissolve a package of Lemon or Orange Jell-O in it. Add one cup of cooked rice (cold). Pour half into a dish or individual moulds and set away to harden. Place six or seven halves of peaches on the jellied rice and cover with the rest of the rice.

The facts given above scarcely more than hint at the variety of desserts and more substantial dishes that can be made of Jell-O. Not to speak of the salads for which Jell-O is quite generally used now.

For desserts that do not require sugar, cream or "fats" of any kind, and for salads, follow the recipes in the latest Jell-O Book. A copy of this book will be sent to any woman who will send us her name and address.

Jell-O is put up in six pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate. Each in a separate package and sold by all grocers. 2 packages for 25 cents.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.



THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

To a Young Housekeeper

By Lilian M. Gunn

MY Dear Mrs. Sheldon: The news that you are planning to keep house is, indeed, very interesting to me and I am glad to answer your questions about kitchen equipment. My suggestions are, for the most part, about the little things which you might not think of when you are first starting in, the things I have learned only by years of experience in keeping house.

First about your stove. Have as little nickel work about it as you can, for though it looks very pretty it is very hard to keep clean. If you want a gas range, try to get one with the little handles which pull out when you turn on the gas, and not the ones which turn around. With the first kind you can tell at a glance just how high your flame is when you are cooking, and this is a great convenience both with the oven and the upper burners. If you select a higher oven, do not get it so high that you cannot see into it with ease. I like it better on the side than over the burners; you see, if the oven is over the burners you cannot lift kettles off the back burners easily, nor can you see into them when you are cooking. Have your oven large enough so that it will hold a good-sized dripping-pan for roasting and still leave room enough for the heat to circulate.

NOW I want to talk about your sink.

Be sure it is set high enough so you will not have to stoop when washing your dishes. Insist upon this, it can be done no matter what the plumber says! Have the faucets set high enough so that you will not strike the dishes against them when lifting them out of the dish pan. I think about ten inches is the right height. Have a sloping draining-board on each side and have your sink large enough.

I know you will have judgment enough to buy good materials which will last. Avoid the cheap, pretty things which will have to be replaced soon; they are not cheap in the end. This is especially true of the enamel and agate ware; the best quality is the least expensive. Get your things medium-sized.

When you select your double boiler, choose one with a base which will hold

a generous amount of water, so you will not have to watch it all the time for fear the water will boil away. At the same time see that it is of a shape that will serve as an extra kettle.

Buy two tin measuring-cups. Have one which is marked in fourths on the sides, and one in thirds. Get a perforated tin pieplate, as your pastry will bake so much quicker and better on this. I should have at least two iron baking-sheets; they are excellent for rolls, cookies, etc. See that they are the right size to fit your oven.

INVEST in a coffee-grinder; it will soon pay for itself, for if your coffee is ground fresh every morning it is better and goes farther. Buy a fine strainer to use as a flour sifter when a small amount is needed. Buy a wooden, revolving rolling-pin, as the glass ones break so easily.

Provide yourself with the best steel knives and get a vegetable-knife, a spatula, one good case knife, a scalloped bread knife and a large French knife for meats, fish, etc. When you get your can-opener be sure the point is steel and sharp. You suffer so trying to get the dull ones into the cans! Buy a pair of sharp scissors for the kitchen; so many people think that scissors that cannot be used anywhere else are good enough for the kitchen, but I would rather have none than a dull pair with broken points.

Put on your list, too, a kitchen clock: it may be inexpensive but it must keep good time. An alarm clock is excellent. Be good to yourself and get a comfortable kitchen chair; I like a rocking-chair, myself. Do begin right. Sit down to do all the work you can. A stool on which you can sit at the sink to wipe dishes is a great energy-saver.

Make some oven cloths of pillow ticking. They are most convenient for handling all the hot pots, and to wrap up your hand when you must reach into the oven. Let them be of double thickness.

Of course this is not a full list of all the utensils you will need, but perhaps you'll find some hints here. Do write me if your cooking problems trouble you.

Cordially yours,

LILIAN M. GUNN.

For the Small Family

By Emma Gary Wallace

THERE are times in everyone's house-keeping when the family is small, and it is difficult to plan enough without having a distressing amount of left-overs or serving the same thing until the appetite wears. Here are a few practical plans to offer variety without waste.

A ROAST PORK DINNER

We usually think of roast pork with dressing as a big dripping-pan affair, prepared for a numerous family. Only the other day a young housewife was heard to lament, "We can never have roast pork at our house because John and I simply couldn't use up a great big roast by our two selves!" She was quite surprised to know that this was not necessary, for she could have roast pork with dressing with very little trouble.

It is only necessary to buy four meaty pork chops cut thick. These can all be stacked in a neat, solid pile, sprinkled with salt, pepper, a little flour and poultry dressing of sage, put into a basin with a little water in the bottom, covered up, and roasted an hour. The condensation of the steam will baste them. The last three-quarters of an hour, the cover is removed and the pork allowed to brown.

In the meantime, the few pieces of dry bread from the table, remaining in the bread box, a little onion, salt, pepper, butter, a few cracker crumbs, and a little poultry seasoning can be blended to make a nice dressing. By this time the roast pork will be done and it can be lifted out without separating the chops (by slipping a pancake turner under the pile) to a waiting hot platter. Next make a little brown gravy from the meat juice and drippings, and serve in the gravy boat. The dressing balls can be laid

around the roast of pork, and the whole garnished with a few sprays of parsley.

With a vegetable dish of rice potatoes, a few creamed onions, and a tiny mold of cranberry jelly, the main part of a substantial meal is provided for. Now comes the problem of the dessert.

CONCERNING PIES

It is difficult for a couple of people to dispose of a whole pie unless they are both great pie eaters. In such a case mix up a quantity of pastry, all except the water, rubbing the regulation amount of flour, lard, and salt together until fine and crumbly. This pastry powder should be stored in a cold place and covered. Just enough of this need be taken at a time for a tiny pie, a couple of turnovers, or open tarts. Wet the powder with ice water and mold in the usual manner.

Since it is difficult to find small pie tins which are satisfactory, it will pay the person with a small family to have a tinsmith make a couple of little pie tins, just the size and depth she wishes to use. The following is another device:

Select a large pie tin (enamel or glass will not answer for this) and have a tinsmith put an upright tin divider right through the middle of it. Now, Milady has a pie tin to meet her own needs. When she rolls out her paste, she can make an apple pie on one side which will cut into three pieces, and a pie shell on the other side for a cream or a lemon pie a couple of days later. As the empty pie shell will bake quicker than the apple pie, the crust will have to be lifted out when done. Have the paste fit up to the top edge of the divider neatly, so as to prevent the juice from running under the crust.

THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

Pretty Clothes for Plain Carrots

By Anna Barrows

Recently with the United States Food Administration

IN the entire vegetable family there is no member whose possibilities are so little appreciated as are those of the carrot.

Solid worth, wholesomeness, substantiality—these we grant willingly, but the carrot is more often the housewife's last resort than her deliberate choice.

Not only is the carrot wholesome but it is ornamental and lends itself to more delicious combinations than any other of the winter vegetables.

The carrot is capable of running the gamut of the entire dinner menu from the famous Crecy soup to carrot pudding and pie, and at a pinch the tops will provide a touch of attractive decoration.

Perhaps the raw food advocates have gone farthest in discovering the variety of uses to which the carrot may be put.

When it is grated or put through a food grinder, its golden particles enrich and adorn many a soup and salad. The dark outer layer alone may be used to give deepest color. With vegetable cutters all sorts of fancy shapes may be stamped from raw or cooked carrots to garnish soups, salads, and meat cooked en casserole. A horn of plenty, made by digging out the center of a large carrot and filling the cavity with stuffed olives, is a vivid and novel table decoration.

In the early spring, high prices have to be paid for the bunch of delicate young carrots, but during the rest of the year few vegetables are more worth the money they cost. Carrots two or three inches long should be washed, scraped, and cooked tender (generally less than a half hour) in as little salted water as will prevent burning. At the end, allow the water to evaporate and add a little butter or cream. When it is inconvenient to watch the carrots cooking in a little water, more may be used and the surplus drained off to add to the soups. Crecy soup, by the way, of which carrot is the chief ingredient, according to tradition dates back in the fourteenth century to the battle near the town of that name which was fought in a carrot field.

The carrot may be cooked and served in any of the ways in which other vegetables are prepared, but too often it appears in unattractive fashion. The large carrots should be blanched or parboiled for ten minutes and then cooked as usual in fresh water. They may be cut crosswise before cooking, or in slices, strips or cubes. By using all the shapes in turn variety is gained. Changes are also possible through the use of white sauce, combining with green peas, or with a sprinkle of finely chopped parsley, the brilliant green intensifying the beautiful orange-yellow of the carrot.

Cut in thin slices and dried or roasted until its sweet juices caramelize, the carrot may be used to extend coffee. When the composition of vegetables or fruits is similar, it is an easy matter to substitute one for another; thus, cooked carrot mashed and sifted makes delicious

filling for pies in place of pumpkins or squash.

Lyonnaise carrots are like the potatoes of that name, heated in butter or other fat with a little finely chopped onion.

Croquettes and fritters of cooked carrots alone or in combination with celery or onion are appetizing. The carrot is less often pickled than its neighbor in the garden bed, the beet, but there is no reason why it should not be prepared in spiced vinegar, sweet or sour. Cut in thick slices and partly boil until tender. Drain the slices, being careful not to break them, and scald in prepared vinegar.

An old recipe worth trying as a novelty is the following for Carrot Pie: One cup cooked and sifted carrot, one-half cupful sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg to flavor, or the rind of lemon, two beaten eggs, two cups milk. Bake in one crust like a squash or lemon pie.

A cupful of grated carrot may be added to almost any recipe for a steamed suet or fruit pudding. Since the carrot is mainly water, a little less moisture will be required.

Meat loaf may also be extended and at the same time greatly improved in flavor by the addition of grated carrot.

A good substitute for candied sweet potatoes is prepared by basting carrots with a sugar syrup and a little butter while browning in the oven after parboiling. Instead of a syrup the sections may be brushed over with butter and sprinkled with grated cheese; they are then placed in the oven until the cheese melts, and served before it gets too hard.

Carrot salads are susceptible of great variation. The root may be used raw or cooked.

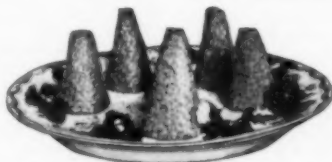
Equal parts of potatoes, carrots and peas or string beans is a favorite combination, while raw grated carrot and orange or grape-fruit pulp with either French or mayonnaise dressing is delicious.

Tempting sweets result from combining carrots with fruits and adding the proper flavoring. Halwa Tardak is an East Indian preserve, made by cooking carrots in a syrup. Sometimes a little saffron is added to give a deeper yellow or orange color to the preserve. When the carrots have absorbed most of the syrup, becoming somewhat transparent, a flavor of rose water, and garnish of shredded almonds, are added.

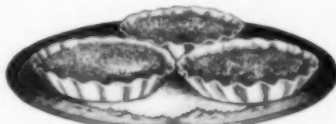
Marmalade may be made from carrots in combination with orange or lemon.

Ginger root is a useful flavor for the sweetmeats made from the carrot, squash or pumpkin, which have little flavor of their own.

Carrots are a reasonably safe venture for the amateur gardener. It is wise not to plant too closely. Where that has been done, watch carefully, and when any reach the size of one's finger begin to pull them, even if there are but a few to grate in a soup or over a salad. Keep the roots well covered with earth while growing, or they will become green and strong.



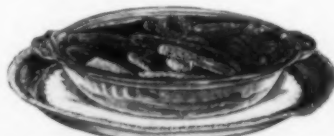
Whoever heard before of Carrot Croquettes! Well—here they are!



No one can resist one of these individual carrot pies



Let carrots predominate in your next vegetable salad



Candied carrots will be a real surprise for the family



Note How Scientific Cookery
Has Changed Some

Famous Soups

THE Van Camp kitchens, in the past few years, have brought about a cooking revolution. A staff of culinary experts, college-trained, have done it. Laboratory methods, scientific and exact, have supplanted guesswork.

The Van Camp Soups are among the most conspicuous results. A test of any one of them will prove a revelation.

Most of these soups are based on famous recipes. They were first made in our kitchens by a noted French chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris.

Each of these soups was considered the finest of its kind. Some had won prizes in that capital of cookery. But our scientific cooks, through countless tests, improved each soup beyond all recognition.

They made a study of every ingredient. They compared things by analysis. They learned what seeds and soils best grew the needed vegetables.

Thus they found a way to attain in every material the pinnacle of quality and flavor.

Then for each soup they made countless different blends. They tried a thousand ways of adding to the flavor. Years were spent on some of these soups to reach today's perfection.

Then every step and detail were recorded in a formula. A single formula covers many pages. So every Van Camp Soup is exactly like the finest soup of that kind which these experts have created.

Now we urge you for your own sake to do this:

Choose any soup which, under old methods, seemed to you delightful. Then learn for yourself how the Van Camp methods have improved that soup.

One test like that will win you to this scientific cookery. Then every soup you serve will be a masterpiece. Your soups will never vary. Still these Van Camp Soups will cost no more than others.

VAN CAMP'S

SOUPS—18 Kinds

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens in Indianapolis



Van Camp's Pork and Beans
A dish which will change your whole conception of what Pork and Beans should be.



Van Camp's Spaghetti
A famous Italian recipe made vastly better under scientific methods.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter
A new style of this dainty which will bring you multiplied delights.



Perfectly Delicious—Highly Nutritious Made From Corn

This new salad and cooking oil is a scientific food dainty made from the heart of corn, our conservation cereal.

Users report it perfectly delicious. Food experts pronounce it highly nutritious. Economy suggests its adoption for every salad and cooking purpose.

Douglas Oil is the ideal salad oil,

better liked than olive oil and costing much less. It equals butter for shortening, but is more economical. It is the best of all fats for frying and will not absorb flavors or odors.

Your dealer has Douglas Oil or can get it for you. If you cannot secure it write us direct, giving us your dealer's name, and we will see that you are supplied.

The Douglas Recipe Book, compiled by food experts and published to sell for 50 cents, is offered FREE for a limited time to users of Douglas Oil. Beautifully illustrated in colors. Send your name, address and dealer's name.

Douglas Oil

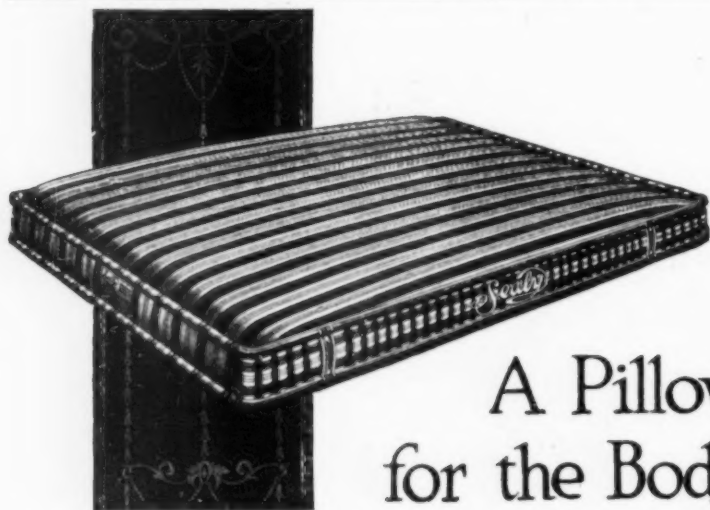


Use Douglas Corn Starch

Douglas Corn Starch is the finest quality that can be produced—made by the world's largest exclusive corn starch manufacturers. Makes the best sauces, gravies, desserts, pastry flour—recipes on package. Highly nutritious—a splendid food for children.

Insist on getting Douglas Corn Starch

DOUGLAS COMPANY, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Manufacturers of Corn Products



A Pillow for the Body

THE Sanitary Sealy Tuftless Mattress provides uniform resilient and soothing support for the body. It assists in quickly bringing sleep to persons fatigued in mind or body. Reclining upon the hygienically clean, snow white cotton, you relax and experience the utmost in luxurious comfort obtainable through the use of a body-rest.

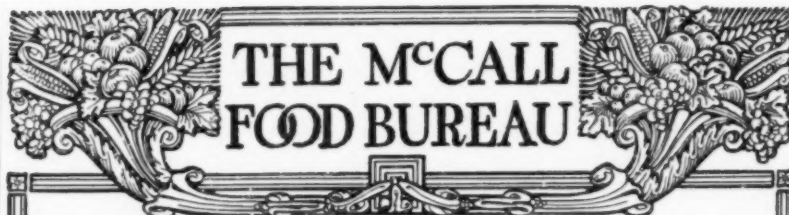
The Sealy cotton is inseparably interwoven by the Exclusive Sealy Air-Weave Process into a single, light, fluffy batt, five feet high. This batt is then gently pressed down to the required softness, buoyancy and generous depth of the mattress.

The Sealy retains its shape and body-conforming resiliency at least a score of years. With proper use it will not grow hard, uneven or lumpy.

Your request will bring attractive cover samples, interesting descriptive literature and the name of Sealy Dealer in your city.

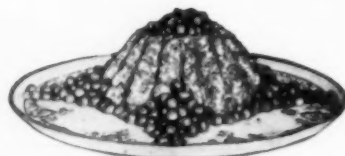
The **Sealy** Sanitary
Tuftless
Mattress

Made at Sugar Land, Texas, by the Sealy Mattress Co.



All From a Can of Salmon

By
Selina
Baker
Avery



Steamed Salmon with Peas

Approved by
United States
Food Adminis-
tration

GUARANTEED to keep the wolf from the door, feed the family substantially, and delight the unexpected guest—so the inscription should run on every can of salmon. With cold weather approaching and prices rising, it is comforting to realize that some foods have remained within easy reach of our purses. For breakfast, luncheon or dinner, right through the week to the informal Sunday night tea, the inexpensive can of salmon is ready to be converted into any number of appetizing dishes, each one different from the last.

To-morrow's breakfast will be dainty as well as nourishing if you will follow one of the recipes immediately following:

CREAMED SALMON

Put two level tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan; when it bubbles add the same amount of flour, salt to taste, pinch of pepper; mix perfectly smooth. Add slowly one cupful of hot milk, stirring until it thickens. Some of the salmon liquor may be added, also a beaten egg, and this sauce poured over a can of hot salmon. Serve with baked potatoes.

SALMON TOAST

To one cupful of white sauce stir in one cupful of salmon flaked fine, and pour over rounds of crisp toast.

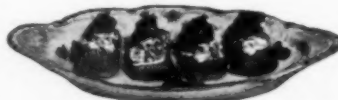
SALMON OMELET

Make an omelet in your favorite way, adding one-half cupful of flaked salmon to each three eggs in the mixture. Cook as usual, but before folding spread one cupful of the salmon over the top.

A dinner will be the better for having any one of these three for its main dish:

STEAMED SALMON

While one-half cupful of milk and the same quantity of bread crumbs are cooking to a smooth paste, free one can



Crisp Loaves with Salmon Filling

SCALLOPED SALMON

Put into a medium-sized agate dish a layer of salmon, a layer of white sauce, a layer of cracker crumbs, a grating of onion; repeat, covering the top with crumbs. Bake in a hot oven until brown.

DEVILED SALMON

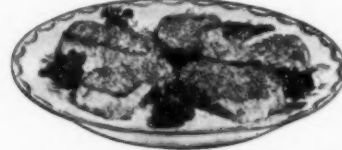
To one pint of thin cream sauce add a small half-cup of Worcestershire sauce, juice of one lemon, salt, pepper, and one can of salmon picked fine. Fill individual baking dishes, spread crumbs over the top, add a little cream to help it brown, bake quickly.

SALMON SALAD

Free one can of salmon from skin



Scalloped Salmon for a cold night



Try Salmon Cutlets instead of Meat

of salmon from skin and bones, flake it, add salt, pepper and two tablespoonfuls of juice. Stir into this the bread and milk, add two eggs beaten light, pour into a buttered mold and steam 25 or 30 minutes. This may be made with one egg, but it will not keep its shape so well. Serve with white sauce to which one cupful of peas has been added.

SALMON CUTLETS

Remove skin, bones and oil from one can of salmon, mix with one tablespoonful of lemon juice, add one cupful of thick white sauce. Stir well, turn on a plate to cool, then divide into twelve portions and shape like cutlets. Beat an egg slightly, roll cutlets in crumbs, then in egg, then crumbs again and fry until brown. Garnish according to taste.

COTTAGE PIE

Line a pudding dish with hot, mashed and seasoned potatoes one to one and a half inches in thickness; fill the center with creamed salmon seasoned with onion. Cover with mashed potatoes, brush over the top with melted butter or milk and bake a delicate brown.

and bones and oil, flake, and add one cupful of chopped celery and the same amount of mayonnaise dressing. Season to taste. Arrange in a salad dish; garnish with curled lettuce.

PICNIC SALAD SANDWICHES

Mix the desired quantity of flaked salmon with cooked salad dressing, and put into a glass jar. Sprinkle one head of lettuce and shut tightly into a tin pail or can. Keep in a cool place and when the bread and butter sandwiches are spread with the mixture at the picnic grounds, a leaf of crisp, fresh lettuce may be added to each. Nothing will be more appreciated than these delicious sandwiches.

SALMON AND CUCUMBER SANDWICHES

For the Sunday night tea passed around in the living-room, thin slices of cucumber may be added to the layer of seasoned salmon before putting on the top of the slice of bread. Sandwiches of salmon paste are simply made by mixing the flaked salmon with chopped stuffed olives and highly seasoned salad dressing. Add a leaf of lettuce to each sandwich.

Fashions



Coates 8585
Small, medium, large

View A

View B

View C

Coat Suit 8628
Sizes 34-46

Coat 8623
Sizes 34-42
Transfer Design No. 926
Skirt 8388
Sizes 22-30

Fur Coatees, Latest Whim of Fashion

IN many instances these coatees will replace the fur coat of previous seasons, for they give an excellent opportunity to wear a smart velvet dress all during the winter season. And from this form of protection has sprung the little velvet coatees shown here in the circle. These clever designs may be well substituted for fur and look quite as attractive when worn with a stunning street dress.

No. 8585, LADIES' AND MISSES' COATEES.—The medium size requires, view A, 2½ yards of 36-inch velvet and 1½ yards of 36-inch Dresden lining. In this view the cape effect is used which has already proved popular with smart women. Fringe is another charming and desirable accomplice to the tout ensemble of the ultra smart coatee. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust.

COSTUME NOS. 8623-8388.—The medium size requires 3 yards of 54-inch material and ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting for the vest. No. 8623, LADIES' COAT, in 28-inch length. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch for vest. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Transfer Design No. 926.

No. 8388, LADIES' ONE-PIECE WRAPPED-ON SKIRT; 38-inch length. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards of 45-inch. Width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. No seams are necessary in the skirt. Pattern in 5 sizes, 22 to 30 waist.

Coat Dress 8624
Sizes 34-44

Coat 8617
Sizes 34-46

Coat 8626
Sizes 34-46

No. 8624, LADIES' COAT DRESS; two styles of vest attached to lining; one-piece skirt; instep length. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material for the dress and ½ yard of 36-inch for the vest. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. This design gives the appearance of a coat suit but is simply a dress that the home dressmaker can easily make. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

No. 8617, LADIES' COAT, in 47-inch length, with detachable collar. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 54-inch material for the coat and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar. The economy cuffs and pockets are slashed at the edges and bound and a contrasting material set in under. The belt is in three sections, the back pointed up in girder effect. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust.

No. 8626, LADIES' COAT, in 55- or 47-inch length. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 48-inch material and 4¼ yards of 36-inch for the lining. This model is one of the newest designs for winter, featuring the collar in throw-scarf effect. It may be developed in velvet or any of the new smart novelty weaves that are so popular this season. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34- to 46-inch bust.

No. 8628, LADIES' COAT SUIT; coat in two outlines; 30-inch length; two-piece skirt; high waistline; 40-inch length. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. The shawl collar may be worn open or closed. The two-piece skirt is made on the new long narrow lines. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust.



Waist 8605 Skirt 8615
Sizes 34-46 Sizes 22-34
Transfer Design No. 792

Dress 8393
Sizes 34-44
Coat 8621 Skirt 8388
Sizes 34-44 Sizes 22-30

Waist 8581 Skirt 8611
Sizes 34-44 Sizes 22-34

Dress 8625
Sizes 34-44

No. 8605, LADIES' WAIST. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Transfer Design No. 792.

No. 8615, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 4 yards of 36-inch satin. Width, 2 yards. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist.

No. 8393, LADIES' DRESS; two styles of sleeve and vest; one-piece straight skirt, pleated or gathered; instep length. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch serge, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting for collar and vest. Width around the lower edge is 2 yards. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

No. 8621, LADIES' COAT. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch contrasting. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

No. 8388, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Pattern in 5 sizes, 22 to 30 waist.

No. 8581, LADIES' WAIST. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

No. 8611, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT, 40-inch length. Size 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist.

No. 8625, LADIES' DRESS, with or without sleeveless coatee; two-piece skirt section; instep length. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for the sleeveless coatee and skirt section and $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch for waist and sleeves. Width, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

For other views
and descriptions
see page 50



Waist 8601 Skirt 8575
Sizes 34-44 Sizes 22-34
Transfer Design No. 888

Waist 8609 Skirt 8597
Sizes 34-46 Sizes 22-34

Dress 8394
Sizes 34-44
Transfer Design No. 744

Dress 8349
Sizes 34-46

Waist 8593 Skirt 8587
Sizes 34-46 Sizes 22-34



Coat Dress 8619
Sizes 34-46

Waist 8607
Sizes 34-44

Skirt 8579
Sizes 22-34

Waist 8427
Sizes 34-44

Skirt 8595
Sizes 22-36

Dress 8355
Sizes 34-44

Cape 8421
One size

No. 8619, LADIES' COAT DRESS; semi-fitted; two-piece skirt; instep length. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch satin and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar. Width around the lower edge, 2 yards. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust.

COSTUME NOS. 8607-8579.—Medium size, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch.
No. 8607, LADIES' WAIST; two styles of sleeve. Size 36 requires 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust.
No. 8579, LADIES' SKIRT; 40-inch length. Width, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist.

COSTUME NOS. 8427-8595.—The medium size requires 4 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch.
No. 8427, LADIES' WAIST. Size 36 requires 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust.
No. 8595, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Pattern in 8 sizes, 22 to 36 waist. Transfer Design No. 928.

No. 8355, LADIES' DRESS; two styles of vest and sleeve; straight skirt, pleated or shirred at high waistline; 38-inch length. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material and 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch for long collar. Width around the lower edge is 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Developed in smart all-over figured material. This model is charming for afternoon. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

No. 8421, LADIES' CAPE, in two styles. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material for the cape and 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch contrasting for the collar, which is draped and buttons over on itself. What more charming and more elaborate in its simplicity than this luxurious cape trimmed with fur for evening wear? Developed in velvet with satin collar. Pattern in one size.



For other views,
and descriptions
see page 50

Dress 8613
Sizes 34-44

Waist 8599
Sizes 34-42

Skirt 8439
Sizes 22-32

Dress 8577
Sizes 34-44

Dress 8627
Sizes 34-46
Transfer Design No. 927

One-Piece Dress 8583
Sizes 34-44

Simplicity Combined with Style



No. 35, Black kid button boot, military heel, and welt sole.

A Woman's Shoe that's Easy from the Very Start

—one you can put on today and wear with comfort tomorrow and every day.

Dr. Edison CUSHION SHOE

"The Easiest Shoe for Women"

Made of finest soft kidskin, its insole is a felt cushion of pure, live wool. Conforms readily to the foot, removing the objectionable jolts and jars and relieving aches from corns, bunions, etc.

The Dr. Edison is stylish—a shoe of pretty lines and one that quickly appeals to women of good taste.

A reasonably priced shoe for war workers, shoppers, nurses, teachers and all who take many steps and who must have ease and freedom.

Write for 1919 Dr. Edison Booklet and name of dealer who will show you this shoe

UTZ & DUNN CO

Makers of "Style Shoes of Quality" for Women
220 Canal Street, Rochester, N. Y.



No. 27, Black kid lace boot, sensible heel, and turn sole.



Smart Fitting and Comfortable

BURSON FASHIONED HOSE

Knit to shape without seams, just as you would shape a hand-knit garment.

When wearing Burson Hose you not only enjoy the comforts of a smooth, seamless foot, but the pleasure of a smart fit as well.

Made in Cotton, Lisle, Mercerized, and Silk twisted with Fibre

Write for Free Booklet

BURSON KNITTING CO.
811 Mack Street Rockford, Ill.



Save Leather

Wear COMFY FELT SLIPPERS at home and save leather for our Fighting Men.

Daniel Green Felt Shoe Co.
126 East 13th Street, New York

COMFY SLIPPERS

No. 8610, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; closing at shoulder and underarm; circular peplums; one-piece straight skirt in two lengths. Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch satin. The width around the lower edge is 1¾ yards. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years.



Dress 8610
Sizes 14-20



Dress 8384
Sizes 14-20



Coat and Cap 8622
Sizes 10-20

No. 8618, MISSES' EMPIRE COAT; suitable for small women; detachable collar; three-piece skirt section. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material. What could be more fetching than this big warm top coat for cold winter days? Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years.



Empire Coat 8618
Sizes 14-20

No. 8384, MISSES' DRESS; shorter length. Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch figured and ¾ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years.

No. 8622, MISSES' AND GIRLS' MILITARY COAT AND CAP. Pattern in 6 sizes, 10 to 20 years.

No. 8426, MISSES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 36-inch, and 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years.



Transfer Design No. 819
Empire Dress 8358
Sizes 14-20



Semi-Fitted Dress 8426
Sizes 14-20



Dress 8582
Sizes 14-20

No. 8358, MISSES' EMPIRE DRESS; suitable for small women; sleeves attached to waist or lining; one-piece straight tunic, pleated or gathered; in two lengths. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 45-inch material, and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width is 1½ yards. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years.

Transfer Design No. 819



8358



8610



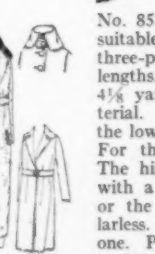
8384



8426



8622



8618

No. 8582, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; three-piece skirt in two lengths. Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1¾ yards. For the fringe, ¾ yard. The high neck is finished with a throw scarf collar or the open neck is collarless. Panel and belt in one. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years.

Seen in these Chic Designs for Misses

No. 8432, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt, in two lengths. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 38-inch material for the dress and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and vestee in one and cuff facings. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years.



Dress 8432
Sizes 14-20



Coat Suit 8616
Sizes 14-20



One-Piece Dress 8586
Sizes 14-20

No. 8602, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; one-piece mandarin blouse, closing center-back or on shoulder; straight lower edge; one-piece skirt in two lengths and sleeves attached to underbody. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch satin, 1¾ yards of 36-inch serge and ¾ yard 36-inch for the puffs and sleeve facings. Width, lower edge, 1¾ yards. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years.



Dress 8602
Sizes 14-20

No. 8616, MISSES' COAT SUIT. Width, lower edge, 1½ yards. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years.

No. 8586, MISSES' ONE-PIECE DRESS OR TUNIC. Size 16, 1¾ yards 54-inch, 1½ yards 36-inch, ½ yard 36-inch organdie. Width, 1¾ yards. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years.

No. 8596, MISSES' AND GIRLS' SMOCK, closing on shoulders. Pattern in 8 sizes, 6 to 20 years.

No. 8238, MISSES' TWO-OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT; suitable for small women; high waistline; shorter length. Size 16 requires 17½ yards of 45-inch serge. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years.



Dress 8614
Sizes 14-20



Smock 8596
Sizes 6-20

Skirt 8238
Sizes 14-20



Dress 8424
Sizes 16-20

No. 8614, MISSES' DRESS; three-section skirt, or tunic with one-piece foundation lengthened by straight section in two lengths. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch satin and 2½ yards of 40-inch contrasting. Width is 1¾ yards. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years.



8432

8616

8596

8586

8602

No. 8424, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two styles of sleeve; straight lower edge; in two lengths. Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch serge for the dress and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and vest. Width is 1½ yards. Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years.



THE rich seal effect of Salt's PecoPlush and Salt's Esquimette Plush is borrowed from the natural fur—and improved. Its durability, economy and pliant conformity with fashion, drape and comfort—these are qualities developed by Salt's alone and not to be matched elsewhere in furs or fur textiles.

Garments made of Salt's Fabrics are sold by leading retailers throughout the country. You can always tell a Salt's Fur Fabric garment by its superfine texture and exquisite "air." But, for certainty's sake, see the Salt's Label.

SALT'S TEXTILE CO.
Incorporated
38 East 25th Street
NEW YORK



"See how well they're made." Notice how carefully they are knitted and finished to make the soles and toes smooth, seamless and even. And the wide, elastic tops. Every woman who has had experience in buying hosiery can tell at a glance that there is extra comfort and longer wear in

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

Every pair is strongly reinforced at points of hardest wear. Legs are full length, sizes correctly marked, colors will not fade.

Now that colder weather is approaching you may want

Durable-DURHAM Fleecy-lined Hosiery

It is truly full of warmth and full of wear. Every pair has thick, warm, soft fleecing and splendid wearing quality.

Ask your dealer for Durable-DURHAM Hosiery and look for the trade-mark ticket attached to each pair.

A free catalog of all styles retailing at 25, 35, 40 and 50 cents, including fleecy-lined hosiery, will be sent if you will write to our Sales Department, 88 Leonard St., New York.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, Durham, N. C.



BIG SISTER

A fine, wide-elastic out-size stocking with extra wide elastic top. Medium weight. Made from soft-combed lisle-finish yarn. Strongly double reinforced heels and toes. Balbriggan, black and white.

Price 40c pair



ALPINE

A warm and comfortable fleecy-lined stocking, with extra wide elastic top. Full of warmth and full of wear. Double reinforced heels and toes. Feet and toes are smooth, seamless and even. Black.

Price 35c pair

Modes for the Flappers



Middy Dress 8606
Sizes 4-14



Dress 8594
Sizes 4-12

Transfer Design No. 822

No. 8606, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS; blouse to be slipped on over the head, with or without back yoke; straight pleated skirt attached to underbody. Size 12 requires 3 yards of 32-inch material for the blouse and 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch serge for the skirt. The skirt is attached to underbody and requires no opening. Excellent design for combination of materials. Also developed in one material. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years.

No. 8594, GIRL'S DRESS; opening center-back or side-front; straight lower edge. Size 10 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material for the dress. A distinctive touch is added by the embroidery on the simulated box pleats in front. Simple and youthful in line; it is suitable for dressy occasions. The collar is a novel feature and will be well liked by all girls. Pattern in 5 sizes, 4 to 12 years. Transfer Design No. 822.



Dress 8612
Sizes 4-14



One-Piece Dress 8584
Sizes 4-14

Transfer Design No. 830

No. 8612, GIRL'S DRESS; closing at side-front under panel. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards of 50-inch material for the dress and 1 yard of 40-inch satin for the collar, cuffs and pleated section. The panels, back and front, are set-in and the sides are in one from shoulder to hem. Here is a smart little model which is well suited for wear at school. An odd design with desirable features. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years.

No. 8584, GIRL'S ONE-PIECE DRESS; straight lower edge, cut from one width of 54-inch material. Size 12 requires 1 7/8 yards of 54-inch material for the dress and 3/4 yard of 27-inch contrasting for the collar. Even if there is a shortage of wool, this dress only takes a minor quantity, and the junior must have one dress of a warm woolen material. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years. Transfer Design No. 830.

Belding's
Silk Fabrics - Spool Silks

The superb quality and texture beauty of Belding's Silks show to fullest advantage in the faultless folds of classic drapery.

Belding Bros. & Co. New York

AMBITIOUS GIRLS!

Do you need to earn your own living—or even support a family? Perhaps very soon you'll have to.

If you like to draw, become a trained Commercial Illustrator. Develop your artistic talent. In this modern profession you are not handicapped—you are paid as much as a man with the same ability. Women are naturally fitted for the work. Women thoroughly prepared earn \$20 to \$75 a week, and there many have made notable success. The work is fascinating, and with the "Federal" home-study method is easy to learn and apply.

"Your Future"—a beautiful 66-page book in color, explains these opportunities—shows how to start. You should read it before deciding on your life work. It will gladly be mailed to you,—just send 6c. in stamps for postage.

Federal School of Commercial Designing, 5502 Warner Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

SO-E-Z Snap with the Turtle Back.

The only DRESS FASTENER GUARANTEED NOT TO INJURE THE GARMENT. At all Notion Counters, 10 cents, card of 12—made in six sizes, fast black and silvered. Send 10 cents for card.

Made by THE AUTOMATE COMPANY
A. L. CLARK & CO., Inc. Sole Distributors 852 Broadway, New York City

Designs Demurely Simple



8598

Dress 8598
Sizes 4-12
Transfer Design No. 699

No. 8598, GIRL'S DRESS, smocked or shirred, opening center-front or on shoulders; two-piece straight skirt sections. Size 10 requires 1 yard of 36-inch material for the yoke, collar, sleeves and cuffs, and 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch contrasting for the straight skirt section. A charming design for the combination of materials. Pattern in 5 sizes, 4 to 12 years. Transfer Design No. 699.



8576

Dress 8576
Sizes 4-14

No. 8576, GIRL'S DRESS; two styles of sleeve; straight gathered skirt. Size 12 requires 2 5/8 yards of 40-inch material for dress, 1/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting for the yoke and sleeve facing, 5/8 yard 40-inch for gathered sleeve. What a wealth of charm in this simple little design! It is so easily made at home for the construction is not complicated. Suitable for school and everyday wear. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years.



8608

One-Piece Coat 8608
Sizes 2-14

No. 8608, GIRL'S ONE-PIECE COAT; straight lower edge; cut from one width of 54-inch material. Size 12 requires 1 3/4 yards of 54-inch material for the coat and 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch contrasting for the collar facing and front facing. The coat is slashed at the waistline, and the skirt portion is gathered and attached to the waist at the sides. Suitable for dressy wear. Pattern in 7 sizes, 2 to 14 years.



8596

Smock 8596
Sizes 6-20
Transfer Design No. 448

No. 8596, MISSES' AND GIRLS' SMOCK; closing on shoulders; two styles of sleeve. Size 14 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Pattern in 8 sizes, 6 to 20 years. Transfer Design No. 448.

No. 8238, MISSES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 14 requires 1 yard of 54-inch. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years.



THE little differences of style and cut, finish and fit, demand the exercise of judgment in selecting suits and dresses, gowns and wraps. To rest assured on the quality and value of fashion's favorite fabric, however, it is enough to know that you are getting—

CROMPTON VELVETEENS

Made by

CROMPTON-RICHMOND COMPANY
31 East 31st Street - - - New York, N. Y.

BUY
W.S.S.



BUY
W.S.S.



THESE dear little wearables keep baby pretty, warm and happy from head to foot. Made of finest, soft yarns, in baby's own colors. You know them by the label of the lamb—it identifies the genuine Ascher's Knit Goods, maintained at highest quality for nearly half a century.

You can get this same superb quality in fancy knit goods for infants, children and women,—Booties, Sacques, Leggings, Sweaters, Shawls, House-Jackets, Caps, Afghans, Play Suits, Mittens, etc.

Write for name of nearest dealer selling Ascher's Knit Goods, and Auntie Bee's book for the children, "The Chubbies Sail to Dodo Land".

SIMON ASCHER & CO., Inc.
Established since 1878
362-E Fifth Avenue
New York



"Mama I want My Denton"



Dr. Denton Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments

protect your little ones at night and give you unbroken sleep.

Dr. Denton Garments cover body, feet and hands. Feet are part of the garment. Hands are covered by cuffs that turn down and close with draw-strings. Made from our Dr. Denton Hygienic, Double Carded, Elastic, Knit, Mixed Cotton and Wool Fabric, specially devised to give most healthful sleep. We use only clean, new, high-grade cotton and wool; no waste, no dyes and no bleaching chemicals. Our Soft-Knit fabric carries off perspiration and keeps the child warm even if bed covers are thrown off. Prevent colds that often lead to pneumonia. Eleven sizes for one to ten years old. Prices, the and upward, according to size and style. **Soft, Elastic, Durable. Do Not Shrink.**

Write for booklet giving Dr. Mary Wood Allen's practical ideas "Healthful Sleep for Children." Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Denton Garments. Our trade mark, shown here, is attached to each garment. If you cannot get them of your dealer, write us.

DR. DENTON SLEEPING GARMENT MILLS,
232 Mill Street, Centerville, Michigan.



NURSES NEEDED

The Army has called for 30,000 hospital nurses. Thousands of nurses must be recruited to take their places at home. Patriotic women are meeting this need by taking the C. S. N. Home-Practice and Correspondence course in trained nursing. They earn from \$15 to \$25 a week. Send for your book explaining method. State age. **The Chautauque School of Nursing**
304 Main St. Jamestown, N. Y.

Fetching Play Togs

No. 8354, CHILD'S DRESS AND HAT. Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27-inch figured material for the skirt and collar, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting material for the body and sleeves. A delightful little model for the tot. It is an excellent design for the combination of materials. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 months to 6 years.



Dress 8354
Sizes 6 months to 6 years

No. 6778, CHILD'S COAT. Two styles of sleeve. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 50-inch material. Here is a cute little model for the small girl to play in or to wear to kindergarten. When one is so tiny one can't be expected to regard conservation rules and besides this little tot is so wee it won't take much wool. The large roomy pockets are just the thing to keep the little one's hands warm, if she is not quite so fortunate as to have a muff like this little girl. Pattern in 6 sizes, 1 to 10 years.



Coat 6778
Sizes 1-10



Apron Bibs 8590
Small, medium, large
Transfer Design No. 891



Dress 8592
Sizes 4-12

No. 8590, CHILD'S APRON BIBS. The medium size requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material. The bib illustrated covers the arms and entire front of the child and fastens at the back with buttons. Transfer Design No. 891 for figures on larger view and No. 632 for scallops on small view. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 6 months, 1 year; medium, 2 years; large, 4 years.



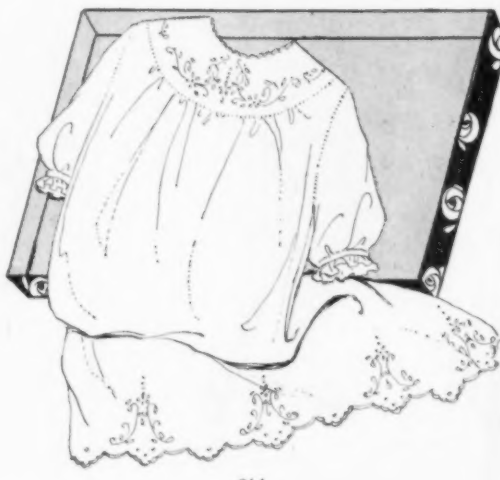
Suit 8604
Sizes 2-6

No. 8592, GIRL'S DRESS; two styles of sleeve. Size 6 requires 1 yard of 36-inch material for the collar, yoke, sleeves and pocket sections, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch contrasting for the skirt. Attractive little design. The yoke of a novelty shape is the prominent feature. Pattern in 5 sizes, 4 to 12 years.

No. 8604, BOY'S SUIT; shirtwaist or sailor blouse; knee trousers. Size 6 requires 1 yard of 36-inch for the waist and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 44-inch contrasting for the trousers, collar and pocket lap. The flaps of the pockets are attached to the yoke edge. Pattern in 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years.

No. 914.—Transfer Design for Baby's Dress. These simple sprays and fine scallops make an adorable little dress. One or two threads of strand cotton should be used for the embroidery, working the sprays in satin, outline- and eyelet-stitch, and the scallops in button holing without any padding underneath.

Dress cut from Infant's Set No. 8124.



8592

914



6778

8590

8354

8604

WOMEN! there's great convenience in

OVERALLS for House and Farm Work

For real economy be sure those you buy are made of

Miss Stifel Indigo Cloth

Look for this boot trademark on the back of the cloth inside the garment.



Remember it's the CLOTH in the overalls that gives the wear!
J. L. STIFEL & SONS
Indigo Dyers and Printers
WHEELING, W. VA.
200 Church Street, New York

Vapo Cresolene

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it rips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold. Mrs. Hollington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp." The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights. It is called a *boom* by Asthma sufferers. For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities. It is a protection to those exposed. Cresolene's best recommendation is its 39 years of successful use. Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet. Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't thicken. Of your druggist or from us, in stamps. **THE VAPOR-CRESOLINE CO.,** 62 Carlton St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

Has been healing children's skin 25 years

Sykes Comfort POWDER

Chafing Scalding Rashes and Irritations

quickly disappear under the healing and soothing influence of this medicated powder, because it contains antiseptic and healing ingredients not found in ordinary talcum powders. Nurses insist on it after bathing children because it prevents skin soreness. For skin irritations of the sick, bed sores, and for chafing of fleshy people one box will prove its extraordinary healing power. 40c. at leading drug stores or by mail. Send 3c. stamp to pay postage on **THIS TRIAL BOX FREE** **THE COMFORT POWDER CO., Boston, Mass.**



10 Cents a Day Pays for This Symphonola

Plays all records, Victor, Columbia, Edison, Pathe, Little Wonder, Emerson. Take a year to pay, after 30 days' trial. Compare its tone for clearness, volume, with more costly instruments. Return at our expense if it fails to make good. Ask today for the **Beautifully Illustrated Symphonola Book FREE** Shows this and other Symphonola styles, sold on easy payments. **Symphonola Records** Get our list of the latest song, full toned disc records. Playable on any Phonograph. **Larkin Co. Desk SMCI118 Buffalo, N. Y.**

Rock-a-Bye Xmas Presents Baby Will Enjoy

Rock-a-Bye Swing No. 1.	\$1.50
Rock-a-Bye Swing No. 2.	2.50
Rock-a-Bye Walker No. 17.	2.50
Perfection Rock-a-Bye:	
Walker No. 18.	2.50
High Chair No. 5.	2.50
Auto-Seat No. 6.	2.50
Auto-Bed No. 16.	2.50
Crib No. 3.	2.50
Baby Play Yard No. 4.	2.50
Nursery Seat No. 15.	2.50

Order through your dealer or send money order and we will supply you direct. **Perfection Mfg. Co.,** 2707 R Leffingwell Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Dealers: You can do a big Christmas business with Rock-a-Bye Products. Send for Catalog. **No. 1 \$1.50 No. 2 \$2.50**

TELL YOUR BOY ABOUT THIS: Boys, you can make good money each month selling THE BOYS' MAGAZINE. Write us today for five copies. Send no money. **The Scott F. Redfield Co., Dept. A129, Smithport, Pa.**

For the Little Tots



Dress 6588
Sizes 6 months to 6 years

No. 6846, BOY'S OVERCOAT AND CAP; coat with side- or center-front closing. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material for the coat and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch for the cap band and collar. The cap has earlaps which protect well against the cold winds. Pattern in 4 sizes, 1 to 6 years.



Overcoat and Cap 6846
Sizes 1-6

No. 8588, CHILD'S DRESS; closing on shoulders or center-back. Size 1 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material. Very good model for baby's dress; comfortable and easy to get into. The skirt section is gathered on to the yoke at either side of the front. The sleeves are trimmed with lace. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 months to 6 years.



Dress 8578
Sizes 2-10



Three-Piece Suit 8574
Sizes 2-6

No. 8574, CHILD'S THREE-PIECE SUIT; suitable for boy or girl; slip-over blouse with bloomers for girl, and knee trousers for boy, attached to shirtwaist. Size 6 requires 1 yard of 44-inch material for the shirtwaist, sleeves, collar and facings and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting for the overblouse and trousers. A patent leather belt is worn around the waist. Pattern in 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years.



Coat 8620
Sizes 4-14

No. 8620, GIRL'S COAT. Size 6 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 48-inch material for the coat and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting for the collar. The stole novelty collar may be used also as a throw scarf. The yoke is empire back and front with dropped sides. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years.



913

No. 913.—Transfer Design for Infant's Kimono. Worked in satin, outline- and buttonhole-stitch, with silk floss on albatross or flannel, this is most dainty. Full directions included. The embroidery may be carried out in white, or else in pink, or blue with a China silk lining and tiny ribbon bows to match. For the scallops a twisted silk should be used.



8620



8574



8578



8588



6846

Girls! Beautify Your Hair with "Danderine"

35 Cents a Bottle! Freshen Your Scalp! Stop Falling Hair! Remove Dandruff! Have Lots of Wavy, Glossy, Beautiful Hair—You Can!



If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it eradicates every particle of dandruff; you can not have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp, the hair roots famish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine; apply a little as directed, and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually—why not now?

35 Cent Bottles—All Drug Stores and Toilet Counters

KNOWLTON DANDERINE CO., WHEELING, W. VA., CHICAGO, ILL.

Fashion Descriptions

Descriptions for page 42

COSTUME NOS. 8601-8575.—Medium size, 3 3/4 yards 54-inch material.
No. 8601, LADIES' WAIST. Size 36, 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch. Transfer Design No. 888. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust.
No. 8575, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26, 2 1/2 yards 54-inch. Width, 2 1/2 yards. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist.

COSTUME NOS. 8609 - 8597.—Medium size, 4 yards 40-inch and 5/8 yard 36-inch.
No. 8609, LADIES' WAIST. Size 36, 1 1/2 yards 40-inch, 5/8 yard 36-inch. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust.
No. 8597, LADIES' FOUR - GORED SKIRT. Size 26, 2 1/2 yards 40-inch. Width, lower edge, 2 yards. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist.

No. 8394, LADIES' SEMI - FITTED DRESS. Size 36, 4 3/4 yards 40-inch, 3/8 yard 27-inch. Width is 1 1/2 yards. Transfer Design No. 744. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

No. 8349, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36, 4 1/4 yards 40-inch, 1 1/8 yards 27-inch. Width, 2 1/8 yards. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust.

COSTUME NOS. 8543 - 8587.—Medium size, 4 1/2 yards 40-inch, 1 yard 36-inch.
No. 8593, LADIES' WAIST. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards 40-inch, 1 yard 36-inch contrasting material and 1 1/8 yards of fringe. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust.
No. 8587, LADIES' FOUR - GORED SKIRT. Size 26 requires 3 yards 40-inch. Width, 2 yards. Suitable for separate wear. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist.

No. 8613, LADIES' DRESS; three-piece skirt with circular peplums; instep length. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch satin. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. Smart design for afternoon wear or street. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

COSTUME NOS. 8599-8439.—The medium size requires 4 1/4 yards of 40-inch.
No. 8599, LADIES' OVERBLOUSE OR WAIST. Size 36 requires 2 5/8 yards of 36-inch satin. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust.
No. 8439, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 2 5/8 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist.

No. 8577, LADIES' DRESS; two styles of sleeve; straight lower edge; instep length. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 54-inch serge for the dress, and 7/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar and girdle. The width around the lower edge is 1 3/4 yards. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

No. 8627, LADIES' DRESS WITH GUIMPE; dress opening at the shoulder and under arm; straight skirt; instep length. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards. Transfer Design No. 927. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust.

No. 8583, LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESS! straight lower edge; instep length. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, and 3/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and cuff facings. It is slashed at the waistline and gathered up under the waist portion. The new standing collar also looks neat lying down. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

"HYGLO" Preparations

make it easier to manicure because two take the place of four.

Send 6c for Trial Outfit

HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach (two preparations in one) removes dead cuticle without cutting and prevents soreness, rough edges and hangnails. It also removes stains from the nails leaving a clear, natural color.

HYGLO Nail Polish tints as it polishes, giving a pleasing, lasting lustre that water will not affect.

If you like the tips of your nails extra white use **Hyglo Nail White**—a pure soft cream that whitens without injuring.

Send 6c for Trial Outfit

including a sample of Hyglo Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, Hyglo Nail Polish (powder), emery board, orange stick and cotton.

HYGLO at Drug and Department Stores

HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach... 25c

HYGLO Nail Polish (cake or powder)... 25c, 50c

HYGLO Nail White... 25c

HYGLO Complete Manicure Set (including Hyglo Preparations, also fine emery board, orange stick and cotton)... \$1.00

Order direct if your dealer is not supplied.

GRAF BROS., Inc., 119 West 24th Street, New York



Freeman's FACE POWDER

The breath of the rose is no more delicate nor the tints more charming. For 38 years Freeman's has been favored by societies smartest women.

Freeman's does not rub off and is guaranteed the equal of any powder made.

All tints at all toilet counters. Miniature box for 4 cts. in stamps.

The Freeman Perfume Co., Dept. 39 Cincinnati, Ohio

25c



\$225

THREE YEARS TO PAY for this beautiful

MEISTER PIANO

and a liberal guaranteed saving

Eight exquisite styles to choose from and the one you select will be sent to you on

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL—ALL FREIGHT PREPAID

If you like the piano we will sell it to you on small monthly payments to suit your convenience as low as \$8 per month. No cash deposit as yet. No interest on payments. No extras of any kind. Stool and scarf free. Write today for our 100-page catalog illustrated in the natural colors of the wood. It's free.

If you are interested in player-pianos send for our free catalog. We have a fine selection.

Rothschild & Company, Dept. M-2 Chicago, Illinois

Nurses Needed Now

Thousands of Nurses are needed in hospitals and in private homes to replace those who have gone to France. You can now become a Trained Nurse with full diploma, in spare time, without leaving your home. Learn the system founded by Christine J. Perkins, M.D., through which thousands of others have been taught during the past 20 years.

LEARN AT HOME

And earn while learning. The Perkins method makes every lesson so simple, clear and practical that anyone can learn by mail in one-third the usual hospital time. Write for Free Book

Get our book and special offer. Nurses offered to undergo graduation and graduates. Special low price and easy terms. If over 18 and under 60 write today. Married women single. Self-sustained by State of Illinois. Authorized Diplomas.

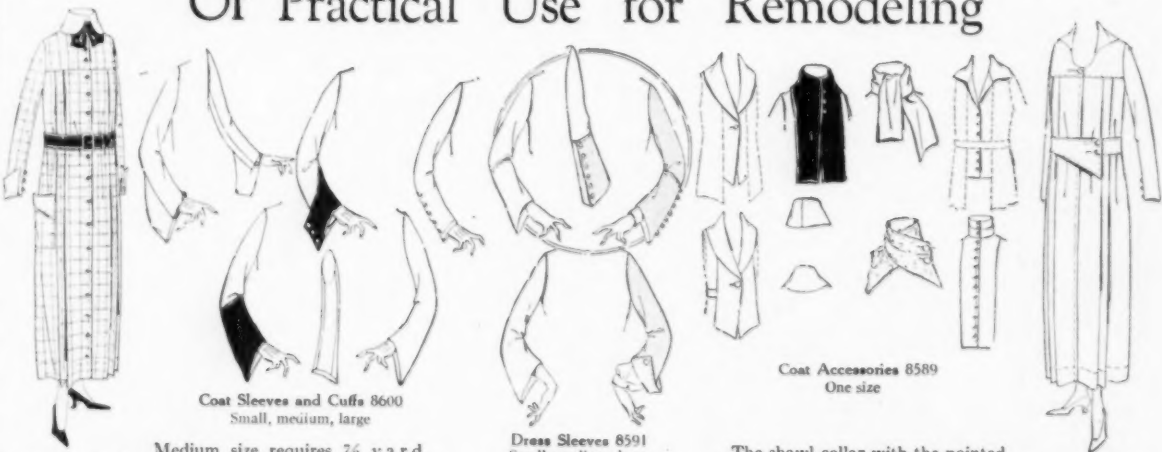
Chicago School of Nursing

Dept. 911, 116 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Vanderbilt Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Minstrel Material, Make-up Goods, Large Catalog Free. T. S. DESIMON & CO., Dept. 48 Chicago

PLAYS

Of Practical Use for Remodeling



Coat Sleeves and Cuffs 8600
Small, medium, large

Dress Sleeves 8591
Small, medium, large

Coat Accessories 8589
One size

House Dress 8603
Sizes 34-46

The garment is also suitable for maternity wear.

House Dress 8603
Sizes 34-46

Developed in gingham or any washable stuff.

Medium size requires 7/8 yard, with extension cuffs, or 3/4 yard with pointed cuffs of 36-inch material. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 11 to 12; medium, 13 to 14; large, 15 to 16 inches.

Medium size 3/4 yard 36-inch with bell cuff. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 10, 11; medium, 11, 12; large, 13, 14 inches.

The shawl collar with the pointed vest requires 1 yard of 36-inch material, 3/4 yard of 36-inch for stole collar and 1 yard of 27-inch for straight collar and vest. Pattern in one size.

How to Get McCall Patterns

McCall Patterns (with detailed directions for use) can be obtained from the nearest McCall Pattern Agency in your locality or ordered by mail by stating the number and size wanted and enclosing the price to

THE McCALL COMPANY

Boston, Mass.
34-48 Chauncy Street
San Francisco, Cal.
140 Second Street

New York, N. Y.
McCall Building
236-250 West 37th Street
Chicago, Ill.
418-424 South Wells Street

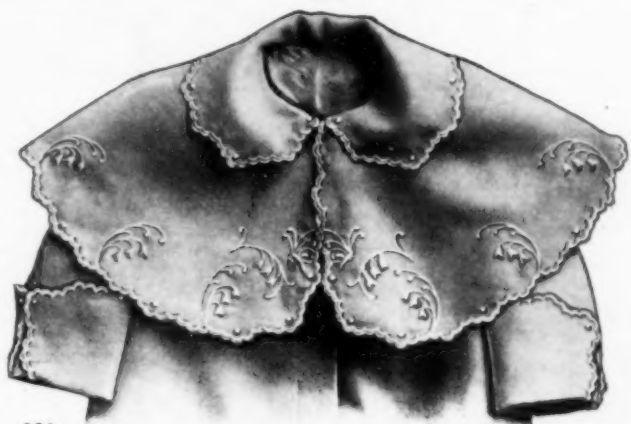
Atlanta, Ga.
82 North Pryor Street
Toronto, Canada
79 Bond Street

Prices of McCall Patterns by Mail

Ladies' and Misses' Dresses, 25 cts.
Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Suits 25 "
All other Patterns 20 "
All Transfer Designs 20 "

Outfitting the Baby

By Helen Thomas



929

No. 929, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR CHILD'S COAT. That this design reaches the top notch of daintiness will be agreed upon by all the busy mothers looking out for something new, pretty and simple with which to embroider the baby's winter outfit. The lily-of-the-valley sprays and two tiny little butterflies give special originality to the design. Full embroidery directions included. The coat is cut from Infant's Set No. 8124.



930

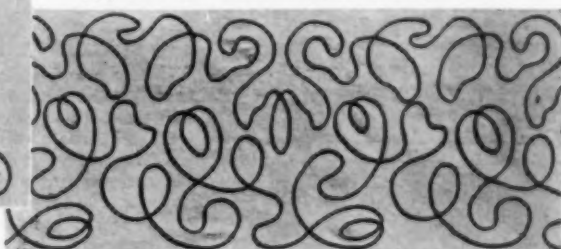
No. 930, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR CHILD'S CAP. Matching the coat this completes a set for the baby that will make her look her very sweetest when taken out for an airing. The pretty bit of embroidery on the cap takes little time to work in satin-, outline- and buttonhole-stitch. The pattern also provides the cutting outline for the cap, which can be made of cashmere, albatross or silk for the cold season. Silk floss is suitable for the work.

Three New Trimmings



925

No. 925, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR BRAIDING. Includes waist motifs, two 17-inch points and four 11-inch points. Yellow or blue.



926

No. 926, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR BORDER. 10 inches wide, 23/4 yards long. Transfer in yellow or blue.



928

No. 928, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR BANDING AND MOTIFS. An effective dress trimming in the new "camouflage" effect. Includes 5 motifs and 2 3/4 yards of 6-inch banding. Quick to embroider in darning- and outline-stitch. Yellow or blue.



927

No. 927, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR BANDING AND MOTIFS. For darning-stitch — the season's most popular style of dress trimming. Includes 2 3/4 yards of banding 7 1/2 inches wide and motifs in different sizes. Transfer in yellow or blue.



FOR INFLAMED EYELIDS

For irritated membranes and nasal catarrh — there's quick relief in mildly antiseptic and soothing "Vaseline" Borated.

Vaseline
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Borated
PETROLEUM JELLY

It helps irritated or infected membranes to heal quickly. An excellent antiseptic dressing for scratches, bruises, insect bites and cuts.

Sold in handy tin tubes at drug and department stores. *Refuse substitutes.*

Send for free illustrated "Vaseline" booklet.

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
5 State Street (Consolidated) New York City



Natural Color Restored Without Crude Dyeing

No Gray Hair After 8 Days

HERE is the dainty way to restore gray hair to its original color. And the way no one can detect or criticize. It doesn't take long—the natural color returns in from 4 to 8 days. It doesn't interfere with washing, curling or dressing your hair the usual way. An application of Mary T. Goldman's leaves your hair delightfully clean and fluffy. Because—this scientific preparation is a clear, colorless liquid, pure and clean as water. Think of that, you who shudder at the thought of dyes.

You simply comb it through the hair and the gray disappears. It seems miraculous until a trial proves every word is true.

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer
Trial Bottle and Comb Free

Every gray haired person should prove these statements. It doesn't cost a cent. Our free trial offer allows a thorough test absolutely free.

Our trial size bottle, with a special comb to make application easy, is sent to everyone who fills out and mails us this coupon.

Test the contents by this bottle on a lock of gray hair as directed. Watch the gray disappear and the beautiful natural color return.

You will never again be satisfied with any less efficient preparation. Nor ever accept cheap imitations. Cut out this coupon now, fill it out and send it. Be sure to mark on the coupon the exact color of your hair—whether the natural color is black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown. Better still, enclose a lock in your letter.

We will send the trial bottle and comb by return mail. You can buy the full sized bottle at your druggist's or direct from us if you prefer.

Remember, when the first gray streaks appear is the time to begin with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and mail the coupon for the trial bottle today.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
825 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Established 50 Years

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
825 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.

The natural color of my hair is
black ☐ dark brown ☐
medium brown ☐ light brown ☐

Name
Street
Town
County State

Our Part in the War

To Help Them Carry On

WHERE is your boy? In camp? Over there? At the front? Wouldn't you love to bake his favorite pie and take it to him on some blue Monday? Or run in with a book he likes? Or sit with him by the fire on a rainy night and comfort his loneliness? And so you can! Not first hand, at all, but by proxy. There are those who have undertaken to be our representatives; who are giving their very lives to perform those precious services. It remains only for us to make their work possible. What sacrifices were ever so gladly and happily made as these we make for our sons? Nothing gives us such solid comfort as the doing without, that HE may be warm and comfortable. The American family has made its supreme sacrifice when it has given its man-child to the country. After that, little matters. The soldier must be well and happy while he trains and unafraid when he comes to face The Thing. We must give what we have for him and the cause.

On November 11th, the great drive of the United War Work Campaign begins. This will be our chance to give money for the comfort of our boys. It does not matter in these campaigns, nowadays, that we are Catholics or Protestants or Jews—it only matters that we give. The Young Men's Christian Association, The Young Women's Christian Association, The National Catholic War Council, The Jewish Welfare Board, The Salvation Army, The War Camp Community Service and The American Library Association, all recognized by the Government for service with troops, are joining forces in this campaign that no money be wasted and every effort conserved for the soldiers' need. These seven organizations look after the health, the home comforts, the amusements, education, moral safety, and the homesickness of our sons—we must look after the seven organizations!

They have sent workers into military centers at home and abroad, built huts, canteens, and hostess houses, guarded the districts around camps, and established central and branch libraries in each cantonment. Our army of women, now nearly two million strong, employed at war orders in factories, has not been forgotten. The Young Women's Christian Association, the one women's organization of the seven, has in the past year developed along lines of emergency housing for girls employed in war industries, club and recreation work for girls living near cantonments.

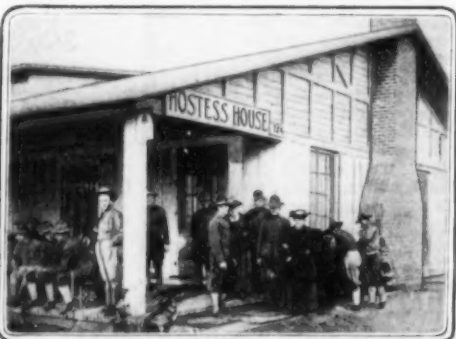
\$170,500,000! We can't think it, but we must raise it, because it is supremely needed.

Back to the Ways of Our Fathers

TIME was when we thought it funny to see our fathers split open a used envelope to make a memorandum slips of it. We said "Nonsense, Father, your time is worth more than the paper." And the older generation was apprehensive and anxious about "what our wasteful young people are coming to." In this matter of not wasting paper and of saving waste paper, the war has changed our prodigal point of view. The fact is, the demand for paper has increased tremendously while the output has necessarily decreased. An example of the increase in the requirements of the Government alone, is shown in a recent order from the War Department for a million envelopes in addition to its regular requirements.

What can we do about it? Two things at least. We can return to the ways of our fathers and save every scrap of paper as they did. We can make such saving "the thing to do" in our families. Then we can install the good old-fashioned rag-bag in its right place. We can save our old paper and rags. We can get other people in our clubs, our churches, and our towns to do the same. We can sell our savings to the junkman and turn the receipts into a war-relief fund, knowing that we are at the same time helping in a conservation that is absolutely necessary.

A Home Corner at Camp



In these inviting, homelike Hostess Houses of the Y. W. C. A., boys in camp can entertain visitors from home by the open fire and enjoy the home cooking of the Cafeteria. Such "little bits of home" set down in the Cantonments do their good part in keeping the boys contented and happy.

Military Training for Girls

IT has taken war's greedy demand for men to awaken us Americans to a really serious consideration of the physical well-being of our boys. The results are already visible in the straighter backs, broader shoulders, clearer eyes, firmer step and general good health of the boys in camps, here and overseas. In the meantime what of the girls? We talk much of the nation's welfare depending upon the women. We have much to say of women's part in keeping up the morale of the home folks and of taking the places of the men who have gone. But what are we doing to make girls more physically fit for the work? While their brothers are being trained in the matters of right food, sensible clothes (especially shoes!), regular exercise, and adequate sleeping hours, girls go on in much the same old careless, sometimes even slouchy ways.

But no, not all of them! A wise Government has turned its watchful eye upon those girls in its immediate charge. The thousands of women and girls in the War Department in Washington are given military setting-up drills (modified so as to be applicable to women) by military officers and competent women instructors. The girls are told simply and clearly how to keep well and how to attain the maximum of physical strength and grace. It is a source of satisfaction to the mothers of these patriotic workers, that their daughters are happy in leading a balanced, normal life. They are given opportunities for tennis, boating, and other sports, and social "good times" keep off the scare of "all work and no play."

Why not this in every store, every factory, every school, every home? The plea of "no gymnasium or equipment" is no excuse. Before breakfast or at the noon hour, the group can go to the courtyard, the street, or the roof, and with the help of one who knows (preferably a man with military training), get the kinks smoothed out. Ten minutes of "setting-up" twice a day would do wonders toward helping the girls get some of what is being given their military brothers.

Fighting with Coal

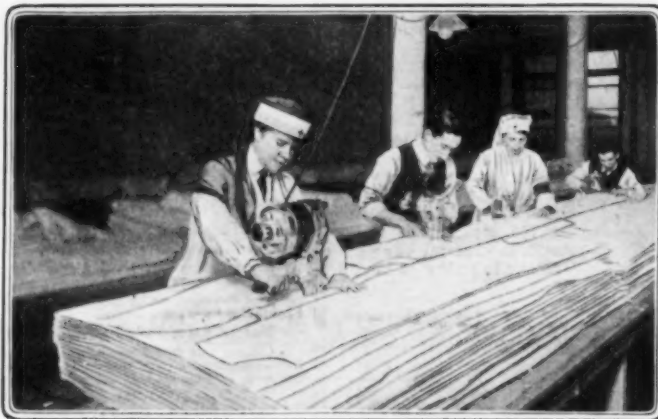
BEHIND the guns are the men; back of them is the nation's food supply, but underneath them both and upholding the safety and welfare of our whole national life is our fuel supply. Men cannot be taken into the trenches unless fuel furnishes power to transport them. Ships and munitions made of steel cannot be produced without coal.

Where shall the Government turn for this vast supply? Many persons suppose increased production can provide it. They forget that last year America increased her production of coal ten per cent. This year the miners and coal operators, with smashing records, are increasing their output tremendously. But the increase in production must be supplemented by the decrease in consumption. This means not only that factories and great organizations shall save by the thousands of tons, but also that each household must be frugal of the dozens of pounds.

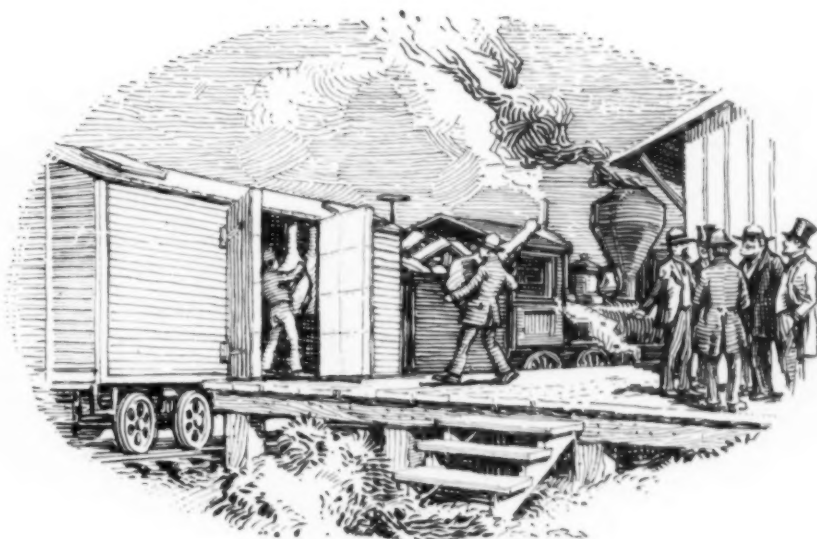
Twenty million families burning, each year, a ton or two more than they really need for comfort, can make a big hole in the nation's pile of coal! We can only be efficient economists when we have caught the vision of saving one and one. The Fuel Administration says that there is still a fuel-leakage of fifteen million tons in American homes. In the operation of the furnace and stove dampers, in the burning of unneeded lights and keeping up excessive temperature, in the unwise use of the burners in the kitchen gas ranges—in thousands of infinitesimally small leaks, fifteen million tons of coal dribble away, each year, in America.

We women are the soldiers of an army of twenty million household savers. It is we who are charged with saving fifteen million tons of coal. It is to our unswerving devotion and patient effort that the United States Fuel Administration appeals.

Red Cross Garments Cut by Millions



Business-like people and business-like ways are typical of Red Cross work-rooms. The material for hospital and refugee garments is laid by machines that stretch it in smooth piles. Then electric stencil machines are used to mark out the lines of the pattern. Finally, the electric cutter enables one person to cut out over two hundred garments at one time.



Another idea that men once laughed at

FORTY years ago the job of transporting beef from the fertile plains of the West to the vast consuming market of the East, was one of America's biggest meat supply problems.

In those days, Western cattle were shipped alive over the long haul East. They were frequently injured; many even died; they all shrunk in weight and the quality of the beef was impaired. Watering and feeding en route was expensive and uncertain.

It was the idea of a number of Chicago meat men that the Western steer should, and some day would, be shipped as *fresh dressed beef*. They were laughed at on every hand as visionaries, their idea branded as absurd.

Among these "visionaries" was Gustavus F. Swift, the founder of Swift & Company. He gave the idea real impetus by trying it.

The refrigerator car had not then been perfected, so he rigged up a crude affair after his own ideas, loaded it with dressed beef and shipped it eastward.

After overcoming many difficulties, he succeeded in getting regular shipments of fresh beef through to the East in perfect condition.

But here he struck a snag. The railroads came out strongly against his idea: it meant supplanting cattle cars, which they had, with

refrigerator cars, which they didn't have. They flatly refused to build.

* * *

Mr. Swift finally saw that only by building refrigerator cars himself could he put his idea into operation. During the following year he built and put into service seventy cars.

Today those first seventy cars have grown to a fleet of nearly seven thousand.

Millions of people depend on this huge fleet to keep them regularly supplied with fresh meats. It delivers to them three billion pounds annually, traveling approximately one hundred and sixty millions of miles.

* * *

Thanks to the "idea that men once laughed at," no longer is the consumer dependent upon the uncertainties of open cattle car shipping and small local meat dressing methods.

Today the meat of the scientifically-bred Western steer—the finest beef-producing animal in the world—is regularly available at all times, in the qualities and quantities needed, *everywhere* in this country.

The distributing machinery of the packer, in which the refrigerator car plays so vital a part, operates—even in the present war emergency—with unfailing efficiency.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 22,000 stockholders





The Art-Carpet on the floor is Pattern No. 5020.



The Art-Carpet on the floor is Pattern No. 5026.

CONGOLEUM

Gold Seal

ART-CARPETS

Always look for this Gold Seal when you buy



The New Floor-Covering—3 Yards Wide!

Imagine a floor-covering made in such a splendid range of color-harmonies that it can be tastefully used in any room in the house—and *three yards wide!*

That's the new Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Carpets, the very latest addition to the "Congoleum Line." The distinctive beauty of their patterns will surprise you. The extra width (three yards) means fewer seams—in many rooms no seam at all.

And in addition, these wonderful Art-Carpets combine the four principal features that have made the Congoleum line famous:

- (1) Absolutely sanitary—no dust-collecting, absorbent surface.
- (2) Easy to clean—the beautiful patterns can be kept bright by simply using a damp mop.
- (3) More durable than other printed floor-coverings.
- (4) Most economical floor-covering you can buy. Comes in rolls three yards wide and retails at \$1.25 per square yard.

The final test of any floor-covering is its service *on the floor*. And that's where Congoleum wins. During the past six years thousands of housewives have proved to their own satisfaction that Congoleum is the best value to be found anywhere.

Do Your Bit—Save Money and Wool

When you buy Congoleum Floor-Coverings, not only do you save money, which

you can devote to Liberty Bonds or W. S. S., but you also help to save WOOL, so necessary to keep our soldiers and sailors warm this winter.

Congoleum (Two Yards Wide)

This is our original line. It is made in the usual floor-covering width (two yards) and in a splendid range of beautiful designs suitable for the kitchen, pantry, bathroom, etc. Sold from the roll at \$1.25 a square yard.

Look for the Gold-Seal Guarantee

The genuine Congoleum is now plainly marked so that you cannot be misled. On every two yards of Congoleum sold by the yard, and on the face of every Congoleum Art-Rug, you will find the Gold Seal as shown above. It is your guarantee that you are buying the genuine, and not an inferior substitute. If you don't see the Gold Seal, insist that the dealer show you the name "Congoleum" stamped on the back.

FREE—A Beautiful Color-Chart

We have prepared two beautiful Color-Charts, one of Congoleum (Two Yards Wide) and another of the wonderful new Congoleum Art-Carpets (Three Yards Wide), that show the splendid designs in the actual colors. Send for one or both of them today. If you will write at once to the nearest office, we'll show you how to beautify your floors for little money.

All prices subject to change without notice.

The Congoleum Company

Philadelphia Department of San Francisco
Boston The *Barrett* Company Chicago
Montreal Vancouver St. John, N. B. Toronto
Winnipeg Halifax, N. S.

